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AN

ILLUSTRATIVE KEY

TO THE

POLITICAL SKETCHES

OF

H. B.,

FROM N°. 1 TO N°. 600.

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PREFACE.

The appearance of the Political Sketches of H.B. forms an epoch both in politics and in the history of the fine arts. It is not too much to say, that previously to the publication of these Sketches, there never was a period in the history of our country, when political incidents had so keen, so constant, so faithful, and so amusing a commentator as H.B.; or when caricatures, generally the most ephemeral, and most careless productions of the pencil, possessed so much intrinsic merit as works of art.

Among the many distinguished persons, who, within the last twelve years, have occupied the most exalted stations in the country, and enjoyed the highest honours that public approbation, or the favour of the Sovereign could bestow, there is scarcely one of whom posterity will not have, in some part of this series of Sketches, the most accurate representation that the pencil can convey; a representation, in which the fidelity of the more

elaborate portrait is combined with a degree of freedom and spirit that the more elaborate portrait very rarely exhibits. Nor is it only a collection of the portraits of the most eminent public characters of the day, that posterity will possess in these Sketches; but so vigilant has been the eye, and so prompt the pencil of their Author, that there has scarcely been an incident of any interest in the political world, since the publication commenced, which he has failed to record. And, if it may here be permitted to speak of the general character of the H. B. Sketches, it is but the declaration of an acknowledged truth, to say that they are entirely free from whatever could offend the most scrupulous, or wound the most susceptible. Provided, as they are, for the purpose of pleasing the public taste, which is too apt to require that delicacy should be sacrificed to that which is *picquant*, and which, to borrow a line from Goldsmith,—

> Who peppers the highest, is surest to please,

they are never designed with a view to gratify a vitiated appetite, or inflict pain on a single individual.

The interest which the H. B. Sketches have excited has, perhaps, been in some degree increased

by the *incognito* which their Author has hitherto successfully preserved. True it is, that persons are to be found who make bold pretensions to the merit or good fortune of having discovered him, and are ready to convince their hearers by arguments, which, if not perfectly conclusive, are at least somewhat difficult to be answered. Some have occupied themselves very industriously in making experiments on his initials; and, because the number two does not admit of a very great variety of transposition, have split and divided each of the letters into portions, and rung the changes on the fragments; but the wiser part of the community are content to enjoy the humour of the Artist, and to leave the disclosure of his secret to Time and his own good pleasure.

The Publisher, in presenting to his Subscribers and the Public an Explanatory Key to the first Six Hundred Sketches (which he does entirely on his own responsibility, the Author taking no part therein), trusts that he is rendering them an acceptable service. The subjects of some of the very best of the series were of so light and evanescent a kind, that they have already ceased to live in the recollection of those who did not happen to note

them down at once in conjunction with the Sketches themselves ; and the task of tracing them and bringing them to light from among the mass of by-gone events of the last twelve years, has been one that required no little patience or industry. Nevertheless, the task was one, without which these Sketches would have lost a considerable part of their value. As works of art they would still have retained the high position in which they have always been regarded ; but the point and humour of the design would, in many instances, have become obscure, or been entirely lost. If the Publisher has in this Work succeeded in giving an accurate account of the particular circumstances in which each of these Sketches originated, he has accomplished all that he proposed, and all that he considered necessary. The Sketches would ill deserve that their " birth, parentage, and education" should be recorded, if their "life, character, and behaviour" stood in need of any gloss.

T. M.

H. B. POLITICAL SKETCHES.

I.

THE APPARITION.

A Cabinet Picture from the Downing-Street Collection.

The shade of Mr. Canning appears to the Duke of Wellington and his Cabinet. Throughout the whole of his political life, Mr. Canning had been an advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation, and this was one of the points on which he had been compelled to encounter the opposition of the Tories, who formed as yet but one body, and with whom the Duke of Wellington had always voted. The Duke, indeed, though a constant opponent of Catholic claims, had never been a very distinguished one; but Lord Lyndhurst and Sir Robert Peel had uniformly led the van of opposition, and were identified with it. Nevertheless, when the Duke became Prime-Minister, after the death of Mr. Canning, and when Lord Lyndhurst was Lord-Chancellor, and Sir Robert Peel the leader of the House of Commons, a bill for Catholic emancipation was introduced as a Government measure, and carried. This was surely enough to bring out of his grave a less sensitive ghost than that of Mr. Canning, to enjoy his triumph; and his triumph was complete in the division which this measure occasioned in the Tory party, and the furious and unyielding opposition which the Duke encountered from

that section which ranged under the leadership of the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon, and which his Grace found no means whatever of reconciling to the measure.

The calm dignity of Mr. Canning is quite dramatic, and reminds us of the style of his oratory, which was extremely imposing. The Duke appears to be in a most undignified fright, and to feel with Richard III., that "shadows" such as these strike more terror to his soul

> "Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
> Arm'd all in proof."

Close behind him is Sir Robert Peel, falling backwards against Lord Ellenborough. That pallid countenance which peeps over Sir Robert's shoulder, and manifests as much consternation as any, belongs to Lord Bathurst, and behind them all Lord Lyndhurst is covering his face with the great seal.

II.

THE PROPHECY.

Macbeth is represented by the Duke of Cumberland, and the three witches by Lords Redesdale (beginning on the left-hand), Eldon, and Manners. There being, at this period, an heiress presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, in the person of a young princess, ten years of age, it is not to be supposed that the "weird sisters" entertained either the hope or the belief that the succession might be altered, even for the sake of better securing "Protestant ascendancy," but rather that the prophecy was nothing more than the old trick which the prototypes of the noble and learned witches played upon Macbeth; namely, "keeping the word of promise to the ear, and

breaking it to the hope:"—for has not the prophecy been fulfilled in the letter, though not in the spirit? Is not the Duke of Cumberland a king?—Not, indeed, of Great Britain, but of little Hanover.

III.

THE OLD WHITE LION.

The Earl of Eldon was either a valuable friend or a formidable foe. Throughout the long administration of Lord Liverpool, the Tory party admitted of no variety; it possessed but one sentiment, one opinion, one tone, one manner; it was *totus, teres atque rotundus.* But during the successive governments of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington it exhibited symptoms of disunion, till, by the Catholic Relief Bill, it was fairly riven into two sections, each of which, but more especially that to which Lord Eldon belonged, regarded the other with a hostile eye. The old or ultra Tories, as they were called, amongst whom Lord Eldon stood prominent, would frequently indulge in invectives against the other section, scarcely less bitter than they had been wont to bestow upon their Whig and Radical opponents; and it was on one of these occasions, when Lord Eldon, being strongly excited, attacked his old friends and new enemies with all the vigour which had made him terrific in earlier days, that Lord Lyndhurst compared him to an Old White Lion. Whether such a creature as a White Lion is known to zoology, or exists only on sign-posts and in Heralds' College may be questioned; but when the noble and learned Earl appeared, as he did after his retirement from the woolsack, without a wig, his venerable locks as white as snow, his firm voice, and energetic manner, would naturally suggest the idea of an Old White Lion.

IV.

THE BATTLE OF THE PAMPHLETEERS.

The combatants in this sketch are Mr. Sadler, M.P. for Newark, (on the left,) and the Right Honourable John Wilmot Horton, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Line, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. The subject of emigration has always been a hobby-horse of the latter gentleman, and, accordingly, H. B. has mounted him thereon. He has also armed him with a blunderbuss, from which he is discharging a parliamentary report upon his favourite subject; while Mr. Sadler opposes him with a pamphlet in vindication of the wisdom of our ancestors.

V.

READING THE NEWS.

A rumour having gained currency, that a misunderstanding had arisen between George IV. and the Duke of Wellington, the Duke is humorously represented in the presence of His Majesty, reading the paragraph in which the rumour is contained, in compliance with His Majesty's desire to hear the news. The figure standing next to His Majesty's chair is that of the late Marquess of Conyngham, then Lord-Steward of the Household, and next to him stands Sir William Knighton. The lady is the Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham.

VI.

THE WINCHELSEA HERMIT.

The Earl of Winchelsea conceived so great a disgust with politics, on account of the passing of the Catholic

Emancipation Act, that he announced it to be his intention of retiring altogether from the House of Lords. Moore, the lyrical poet, ever ready with his joke, took occasion, on the day after his Lordship's announcement of his resolution, to tell the story of a man in the gallery at Drury Lane, who, having paid his shilling to see George Barnwell, and not choosing to be disturbed from his tragedy-state of mind by the noise which an Easter Monday audience generally makes before the play begins, called out lustily for silence, and having, with much difficulty, obtained a hearing, very gravely acquainted the audience, that if they did not conduct themselves in a more orderly manner, he should be under the necessity of *leaving the house*. The public laughed *with* the poet and *at* the Earl, well knowing that such resolutions are the offspring of temporary emotions, and are never kept.

VII.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon. The perfect agreement in the politics of these two eminent persons would naturally lead to sympathy on most other subjects, and the fact is, that a strong personal friendship subsisted between them; not, perhaps, quite so intense as to bear serious comparison with that of Damon and Pythias, but sufficient to warrant the liberty of a caricaturist in assigning to it an almost fraternal character.

VIII.

THE THREE AND THE DEUCE.

This is the title of an interlude, now laid upon the shelf, but extremely popular about twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the late Robert Elliston was in his best days, and

could personate the Three Singles with extraordinary versatility and spirit. The Three Singles in this sketch are not played as in the drama by the same actor, but by three separate performers, each very great in his particular line. John Lawless, Esq., commonly called Jack Lawless, a prominent actor at public meetings in Ireland, is on the left hand; in the centre is Daniel O'Connell, Esq.; and on the right is Richard Lalor Shiel, Esq., now Vice-President of the Board of Trade. These are the "Three," and taken together, they certainly were "the Deuce," in the opinion of all good Tories.

IX.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

An announcement in the Court Circular that His Majesty George IV. received a visit from Lord Eldon who (of course) was most graciously received, suggested the idea of this sketch. The Duke of Cumberland, as the particular friend of Lord Eldon, stands by, as if to share the gratification of seeing the cordial reception which his king and brother would give to an old and valued adviser of the crown. Such a visit, however, is quite enough to excite the jealousy of the new Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, who expresses his uneasiness by an anxious enquiry of his colleague, Sir Robert Peel, what the ex-favourite can want at Court so soon after his retirement; and Sir Robert Peel, by way of waggery, and to increase the suspicion of his friend, replies that the visit most probably relates to him.

X.

THE ABSTRUSE JOKE,

A Scene off Terceira.

Part of the Portuguese Navy being employed in at-

tempting to blockade Tereeira, where a Regeney in the name of the young Queen, Donna Naria, was then ruling, Don Miguel made it a pretext for seizing some English merehantmen whieh he eharged with violating the blockade. The ministry was thought to be too slow in demanding reparation for this outrage on British property; and Don Miguel treated the remonstranees of the British Consul with eontempt, until he was threatened with a resort to foree, when the eaptured vessels were restored. With this short history of the event, the sketeh will be easily understood. Don Miguel reading a paper, whieh we may suppose to be a eommunieation from the British Consul, is putting his hand in the most insolent manner aeross the mouth of George IV. A British sailor of the true old Nile and Trafalgar breed, and therefore a fit representative of the national spirit under insult, is venting his indignation at the sight, but is restrained by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, who deem it more prudent to put up with the affront, than to resent it at the hazard of a war.

XI.

DON MIGUEL RECEIVING THE NEWS FROM TERCEIRA.

In the middle of June, 1829, an expedition sailed from Lisbon to effect the reduction of the island of Tereeira, one of the Azores, and the only spot in the dominions of Portugal whieh remained subjeet to the young Queen, Donna Maria. The volunteers of the Island, however, under the eommand of Villa Flor, repelled the attack, and oeeasioned great loss among the Miguelites. Don Miguel and the Queen-Mother are represented as reeeiving the intelligence of this disaster.

XII.

A JOINDER IN THE PLEAS.

Sir James Scarlett (now Lord Abinger) and Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden are shaking hands on their being appointed, respectively, Attorney and Solicitor-General. The head of Sir Nicholas Tindal, just elevated to the office of Lord-Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is seen looking over the screen between the curtains. On the left Sir Charles Wetherell is drawing aside the curtain to look (with no very gratified countenance,) on the felicity of his successor, he having been dismissed for the reason mentioned at No. XV. On the right of the sketch Mr. Brougham appears to be retiring, like a man who, for the present at least, has no chance of competing successfully for such distinctions.

XIII.

A BROAD HINT.

Lord Lyndhurst is represented in the act of introducing Lord Brougham to the Duke of Wellington, and at the same time acquainting his Grace with Mr. Brougham's desire to obtain the appointment of Master of the Rolls. Broad as the hint was, the Duke of Wellington would not take it,—"None are so blind as those who won't see."

XIV.

REPOSE.

There is much discrimination and sound judgment in the choice of the word "Repose" for a title to this sketch. It implies that the labour of the day is done,

and the great master-mind which has been engaged in providing for the political wants and well-being of a vast and highly-intellectual empire, is resting from its toil. An expression less happily chosen might have implied that the noble Premier was slumbering at his post when vigilance and exertion were requisite. The basket of papers contains none but such as appear to have been opened, read, and thrown by as disposed of, and the secretary, still at work, bears testimony to the Duke's having done his part in dictating and directing.

XV.

THE MAN WOT PREFERS HIS CHARACTER TO HIS PLACE.

Sir Charles Wetherell was Attorney-General during the first period of the administration of the Duke of Wellington; but when the Duke made known to those members of the Government who were not in the Cabinet his intention of granting Catholic Emancipation, and requested the Attorney-General to prepare the Bill, Sir Charles Wetherell flatly refused compliance; and, on the second reading of the Bill, made a very powerful speech, not against the measure only, but against the Ministry for introducing it. Of course, it became necessary that his immediate dismissal should follow.

XVI.

A CABINET CURIOSITY.

Lord Ellenborough, a member of the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet; and, in some respects, a curiosity, for at the date of this sketch he made himself remarkable by wearing an extraordinary quantity of hair curling all over

his head, and by other peculiarities of outward appearance not quite suited to his time of life, or to the gravity which is generally considered becoming in a minister of state.

XVII.

A SMALL TEA-PARTY OF SUPERANNUATED POLITICIANS.

This sketch contains admirable likenesses of the elder and more rigid section of the Tory party, from which the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel found it absolutely necessary to separate themselves; or, in other words, whom they "threw off." That "lean and slippered pantaloon" who is just entering the room is Lord Manners, and will be easily recognised as the same person who enacts one of the witches in No. II., the "Prophecy." That garrulous old gentleman, who is so taken up with a story which he is communicating to his neighbour as not to heed the footman at his shoulder presenting him with a cup of tea, is Lord Redesdale, and the neighbour on whom he is "bestowing his tediousness," is the old "White Lion," Lord Eldon. Lord Bexley, with his hands behind him, is voluntarily submitting himself to the infliction, probably conceiving it to be a wholesome exercise of the Christian virtue, "Patience." The occupant of the chair on the extreme right, whose features, dress, and general appearance indicate sternness and precision, is Lord Sidmouth. And now, a description of one class of old ladies being completed, it remains only to say that the old lady who is making tea for the party is Miss Vansittart, the sister of Lord Bexley, who, in the days of the Liverpool Administration, had the reputation of supplying the larger portion of that quota of wisdom which her

brother, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, contributed to the Cabinet.

XVIII.

THE JOCKEY.

The Duke of Cumberland: his appearance in the dress of a jockey must not be understood strictly, and as implying that he had any great taste for the amusements of the turf, but simply as an allusion to a design imputed to him, of running a race for the British crown. The imputation never gained credit but among the ignorant and credulous; nevertheless, it afforded a fair subject for a caricature, and has been handled in H. B.'s best style. Lest the reader should have forgotten, or have never heard of the "Colonel," it is proper to say that he was the best horse of his year; that he won the Derby; and was bought by George IV., for whom he stands in this description by a kind of Metonymy; old Shiver-my-timbers stands for the Duke of Clarence, and Kentina for the Princess Victoria.

XIX.

A SKETCH OF OUR WORTHY MAGISTRATE,

Sir Richard Birnie; who, at this date, was the chief of the Police Magistrates of Westminster.

XX.

TWO PERSONAGES OF GREAT WEIGHT ON THE TURF.

QUERY.—*Which is the weightier?*

The reader will have no difficulty in answering this query, if he is to render the word weight by the Latin

pondus; and the person in whose favour he cannot choose but to determine, is Thomas Thornhill, Esq.; the other, Mr. Chifney. But, if by weight is meant influence, perhaps the smaller gentleman was at that time quite equal to the larger.

The well-known epitaph over Sir John Vanbrugh might, with a slight alteration, be made to apply to the bulky Mr. Thornhill:—

> "Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
> Was, while he lived, a heavy load on thee."

XXI.

A POLITICAL RIDDLE.

During the attempts of Don Miguel to establish himself on the throne of Portugal, the young Queen, Donna Maria, took refuge in Great Britain, and was received by the British Government with the honour due to Royalty. At the same time, an attempt made by some of her subjects to fit out, at Falmouth, an expedition to Terceira, in opposition to Don Miguel, obliged the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen to interfere, and the conductors of the expedition having received warning that they would not be allowed to land at Terceira, their ships were actually fired upon by a British vessel, for attempting to land in defiance of such warning. The conduct of the Administration in this affair, is described as *"a Political Riddle,"* the full exposition of which will be found in the debates in the House of Lords, in June, 1829. George IV. is seated on a sofa, and the young Queen looks up to him as a daughter to her father; he seems to expostulate with his Prime-minister, the Duke of Wellington, on the hardship of observing so strict a neutrality. The Lords Aberdeen and Bathurst are behind the curtain, listening to the discussion.

XXII.

THE AFFIDAVIT.

In the Court of King's Bench, on the 26th of June, 1829, the Attorney-General moved for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against Robert Bell, the editor of the Atlas, for a libel on the Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst, in a paragraph imputing to his Lordship corruption in the disposal of ecclesiastical livings, and stating that Lady Lyndhurst had been chiefly instrumental in the corrupt negotiations. Her Ladyship attended at the chambers of the Judge, (Lord Tenterden,) and made an affidavit denying the imputation in the most positive terms.

XXIII.

POLITICAL HARMONICS.

The Duke of Wellington, as "the Soldier tired," appears in a new character, namely, that of "first-fiddle" in a political concert; in other words, "Prime-Minister."* Sir Robert Peel is playing "Home, sweet Home," because, as Secretary-of-State for the Home Department, he was the Duke's leader in the House of Commons; and Mr. Goulburn's assistance, in turning over the leaves, not only serves to intimate that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was Sir Robert Peel's principal coadjutor in the House of

* It is well known that the noble Duke is passionately fond of music, and an active director of the Ancient Concerts; so that this sketch might be taken for a real rather than an allegorical representation. The love of music is hereditary in his Grace; his father, the late Earl of Mornington, being the author of some of the best and most popular of English glees.

Commons, but that the ministry in general, albeit they were Tories, intended to turn over some *new leaves*, and conciliate some portion of the liberal members. The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon, who are listening at the window, appear to think the performance very discordant. Whether or not his Royal Highness possessed that love of music which distinguishes most of the other members of the Royal Family, is not generally known; but Lord Eldon's taste is well known, since his memorable declaration in the cause of Taylor *v.* Waters,—that he, for his part, would not give one farthing to hear Madame Catalani.

XXIV.

EMBARKATION OF A FRENCH CARGO IN AN ENGLISH BOTTOM.

Prince Polignac, the Prime-Minister of Charles X. of France, is said to have taken counsel of the Duke of Wellington, for the management of public affairs in France. If this were the fact, it is certain, at least, that the Duke did not "row in the same boat" with the French prince; for the latter, as history shews, was wrecked, while his Grace, by trimming his sails in good time, kept himself afloat; and, though ultimately compelled to retire, was able to do so in good order.

XXV.

THE FROG AND THE BULL.

This sketch is a further illustration of the idea which forms the subject of No. XXIV.; that Prince Polignac, in his government of France, took the administration of the Duke of Wellington, in England, as his model. The sketch has a double application: the fable of the frog, that burst herself in her endeavours to swell her size so as

to equal that of the ox, is universally known; and the comparison of Frenchmen to frogs, and Englishmen to bulls, is almost as familiar.

XXVI.

A COURIER FROM FRANCE.

The Duke of Wellington is receiving the first intelligence of the revolution in France, in the "three glorious days" in July, 1830. His appearance betokens not only amazement, but apprehension and dismay, at the news of this most extraordinary event.

XXVII.

A SCENE IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

This sketch represents a scene often acted in the Court of Chancery about this period, when, by order of the Court, the children of Mr. Long Wellesley were taken from him, and placed under the guardianship of persons appointed by the Court. Whoever desires to know the full history of the proceedings, may refer to the case of "Wellesley *v.* the Duke of Beaufort," which is given at length in the published reports of the Court of Chancery. Mr. Wellesley conducted his case in person, as here represented. The Chancellor is Lord Lyndhurst, and the Counsel standing on the left hand is Sir Edward Sugden.

XXVIII.

NEWCASTLE *versus* NEWARK.

After an election at Newark, where Mr. Sadler, the Duke of Newcastle's candidate, was opposed by Mr. Sergeant Wilde, the Duke was charged in the public papers

with having dispossessed a great number of his tenants for voting for Mr. Sergeant Wilde; in reply to which, he published a letter in his own defence, and made use of the expression, that "Surely he had a right to do as he would with his own." This unlucky expression was instantly caught up; and has ever since afforded a constant ground for attacking the noble Duke. This sketch represents him in the act of turning out a family from one of his houses, and his nominee, Mr. Sadler, is expressing his very natural surprize at the simplicity of the voter, who could imagine that general professions of philanthropy and regard for political freedom were intended for actual practice, or any thing else than to tickle the ear. The countenance of the little boy is admirable, and exhibits as much indignation and as resolute a spirit as that of his father.

XXIX.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY, &c.

Diplomacy between Russia and Turkey, at the period when this sketch appeared, might not improperly be compared to the negotiation for a loan between Front-de-Bœuf and Isaac the Jew, in the dungeon where a gridiron was placed over a spacious fire for the roasting of the lender, in case of his demurring to the terms proposed. *(See Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe.")* There are no particular persons introduced into the sketch. It merely illustrates the respective conditions of the two contracting powers.

XXX.

THE GOAT WOT HAS LOST HIS BEARD.

The Duke of Cumberland, after his return from a resi-

dence of many years at Berlin, was rather remarkable for wearing a great profusion of whisker and moustache, perfectly white. One reason for this might be, that his Royal Highness was the Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, who, as well as the Life Guards, wore, and still wear, moustaches. Be this as it may, a rumour got abroad, and was circulated through the newspapers, that his Royal Highness, at the request of some fair lady, had shaved off these martial decorations of the countenance; and H. B. has seized the occasion of placing him, closely shaven, in the midst of a group of his fellow-soldiers, who regard him with as much astonishment and contempt, as the goats in the fable did their shaven companion.

XXXI.

THE VINDICATION.

This sketch is the sequel to the last. The Sovereign has heard of the rumour, and having before him a copy of the foregoing sketch (for being a lover of the fine arts, he was, of course, regularly supplied with H. B.'s sketches) he has been inclined to believe it, until the presence of the Duke, moustached and bearded as before, acquaints him with the joke that has been played upon his brother's peculiarity of visage. The two figures on the right are Lord Strathavon (the foremost) and Lord Mount Charles, both at that time Lords of the Bedchamber.

XXXII.

A LEGAL POINT; OR, CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ.

This sketch illustrates a little incident that happened about this period, and the label issuing from the mouth of the Duke of Wellington contains a copy of the question

put to Lord Eldon by the noble Duke in the House of Lords, while that which proceeds from the mouth of Lord Eldon contains his reply. It is scarcely necessary to add that the letter, or "Modern Lillibulero," of which Lord Eldon was suspected to be the author, contained severe animadversions on his Grace.

XXXIII.

CONSOLATION; OR, OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

This sketch exhibits the venerable Earl of Eldon taking his luncheon from a cheese of most extraordinary dimensions, which was presented to him from one of the most celebrated of the cheese-making counties, as a testimonial of their high appreciation of his indefatigable exertions in defence of the Protestant cause, and the laws and institutions of the kingdom. The countenance of the noble Earl, bearing as it does the impress of mortification and sorrow, seems to require consolation, and the consolation, it must be acknowledged, is ample. The glass out of which he is about to quaff, seems as capacious as the mind of it's owner; the beverage, good brown stout, is typical of the strength and soundness of his judgment: while the magnificent cheese appears large enough to endure for the period of an ordinary Chancery-Suit.

XXXIV.

JOHN BULL'S COMPLAINT TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER.

The steward, of whom honest John has come to complain, is the Duke of Wellington, at this time Prime-Minister. During the progress of the Catholic Relief Bill through

the House of Lords, his Grace fought a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea. The ultra Tories continued strongly opposed to Catholic Emancipation; and the Earl of Winchelsea, (than whom no one is more sincere and straightforward in all his views,) conceiving that the Duke of Wellington had not acted honestly towards his party, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Committee of King's College, announcing his intention of withdrawing his name, and containing this paragraph:— "Late events have convinced me that the whole transaction (of founding the College, as it seemed, in opposition to the London University) was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High-Church party; that the noble Duke, who had some time previous to that period determined upon 'breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688,' might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward shew of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state." A charge reflecting so strongly on the Duke's honour, obliged him to demand an explanation; and the result was, that a hostile meeting took place in Battersea-fields, and shots were exchanged—happily without damage to either party.

XXXV.

THE COUP-DE-GRACE.

An Untoward Event.

The battle of Navarino certainly gave the "coup-de-grace" to the maritime power of Turkey. The Sublime Porte, typified by a fine Norfolk turkey, lies prostrate beneath the claws of the Russian eagle. Of the three great personages on the right, the one in the foreground,

intended for Prussia, looks on with perfect sang-froid; the next, who is the master of the Imperial eagle, is colluding with his neighbour, the wily Austria, to deceive John Bull by a show of mercy, the better to insure the total destruction of his victim. The Duke of Wellington, representing Great Britain, would fain attempt the rescue of our old ally, but finds himself fettered by the national debt; and Prince Polignac, the French minister, finds it equally impossible to interpose, while his hands are tied by public opinion. When the news of the battle of Navarino reached England, many inconsiderate people regarded it with satisfaction, as a splendid victory gained by the united fleet of civilized powers, over a sanguinary and barbarous people; but the Duke of Wellington, regarding with the eye of a statesman the overthrow of an ally who had long opposed a steady barrier to the growth of Russian ambition, designated it, in the House of Lords, as an "untoward event." And here it may not be improper to mention an *on dit* of the day, which was generally believed to be authentic. It was said that the Admiral, Sir Edward Codrington, received, in addition to his formal instructions, a private autograph letter from the Duke of Clarence, in which his Royal Highness gave him his mind in the following characteristic phrase,—"All that I have to say is this: if you come alongside of them, *go it, Ned!*"

XXXVI.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AS A KNIGHT.

This sketch represents Sir Robert Peel as Secretary-of-State for the Home Department, and leader of the House of Commons, under the Duke of Wellington's administration, proceeding steadily on towards the consummation of the great measure of Catholic Emancipation, in his progress

to which he was unmercifully assailed by all the different organs of the High-Church and ultra Tory party. The various newspapers uttering anti-Catholic sentiments, the Age, the Dublin Evening Mail, the Standard, and the Morning Journal, to say nothing of a host of anonymous assailants, hover about him like the monsters in the incantation scene of Der Freischutz. In the back-ground, a figure in a black gown and cap, riding on an ass, with a clerical band tied round his neck, appears like the personification of a certain party at Oxford, who, at this period, succeeded in depriving Sir Robert of his seat in the House of Commons as representative of that University, and compelled him for a time to take refuge in the close borough of Westbury, and subsequently to seek the suffrages of the people of Tamworth, (near which his seat of Drayton Manor is situated) whom he has ever since continued to represent.

XXXVII.

A GREAT ECONOMIST.

It seems pretty evident that the Windsor correspondent of the Morning Herald meant only to pay a compliment to His Majesty's eyesight, which, at the age of sixty-nine, must have been pretty good if he could read the newspaper by candle-light, without the aid of glasses; but the writer, in order to give his compliment the greater force, has almost left His Majesty in the dark; for gloomy, indeed, must be any of the lofty rooms of Windsor-Castle, if lighted only by a single candle. H. B. has caught a very humorous view of the compliment, and made it apply, not to optics, but to domestic economy; and here is George IV., the luxurious George IV.—the Comus of Carlton-House—the restorer of Windsor-Castle at the ex-

pense of a million of money—the builder of Buckingham Palace and the Pavilion at Brighton: he who never calculated the cost of whatever might promote his indulgence or gratify his taste:—here is this dignified, splendour-loving Monarch, reading a newspaper by the light of a single mutton-fat; and reading, too, the market prices of butcher's meat, with a view to check the bills of the purveyors to the royal household. Dionysius at Corinth, or Timon in his cave, hardly present a more violent contrast.

XXXVIII.

HAWTHORN.

The Duke of Cumberland, who is represented in this sketch in the character of Hawthorn, in the Opera of *Love in a Village*, was never popular, and has, at particular times, been the object of very general disapprobation. It is nevertheless true, that he always appeared to be indifferent to public opinion, and as he continued on good terms with George IV. and took his pleasure (the sports of the field among the rest) with very little regard to what the world might be saying about him, the character of Hawthorn, and his well-known song of "My Dog and My Gun," are not at all ill suited to him.

XXXIX.

BOMBARDMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The Punch's show typifies the Morning Journal, a daily newspaper that advocated ultra Tory principles, and was, therefore, strongly opposed to the administration of the Duke of Wellington. The bombardment is an indictment for libel tried in the Court of King's Bench, and on which the proprietor of the paper was found guilty and sentenced

to fine and imprisonment, a mischance that the publication did not long survive, as will appear at No. LXV. It's supporters form a miserable group on the left hand. The cry of *sauve qui peut* is raised among them, and they are flying helter skelter. The white head of the Duke of Cumberland appears among the foremost, and he is closely followed by the Earl of Eldon, who has been sounding Punch's praises on the pipes and drum. Lord Holland, with his gouty leg and crutch, appears to be encouraging the assailants on the principle that, which ever section of the Tory party might have the best of the battle, the Whigs would be sure to profit. The engines of war, which, as Milton says,—

> ——— "Thick ramm'd with touch of fire,
> Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
> From far, with thundering noise, among the foe
> Dread implements of mischief;"

are, 1st, as great gun, Sir James Scarlett, (now Lord Abinger); 2d, Sir James Sugden; and 3d, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, they being the counsel employed against the Morning Journal. The Duke of Wellington, like an artilleryman, is "letting off" Sir James Scarlett, and the person who threatens with the mace is Lord Lyndhurst. Quite behind, on the right, is a file of musquetecrs, among whom the only distinguishable countenance is that of Sir Robert Peel.

XL.

LE MORT.

In August, 1827, George IV. received a present of a giraffe from the Pacha of Egypt, and great care was taken to preserve the animal, who was sent to the royal menagerie at Sand-pit Gate, in Windsor Great Park. But, in

spite of all the care that was bestowed upon her (for the animal was a female) the giraffe died, and as the newspapers informed the public that His Majesty was much concerned at the loss of her, the mirth-loving artist has given us a graphic representation of His Majesty's grief on the occasion, with a parody on two lines from the old ballad of the *Blue Bells of Scotland.* That the poor beast has had all the attention that could be shown her, even in a palace, is indicated by the crimson velvet cushion on which she has laid down her head to die. Her affectionate master, dissolved in tears, applies his cambric handkerchief to his eyes with one hand, while with equal tenderness he lays the other on the fair shoulder of the lady who shares his sorrow, and in whom, if we could see her face, we should probably recognize the Marchioness of Conyngham. The grief of the two negroes on the left, who were the keepers of the defunct beast, is natural enough, their occupation being at an end, and no prospect being left for them but to return to the place whence they came. On the right, playing a solemn dirge, is Lord Eldon, on whom His Majesty, in a playful mood, once fixed the nickname of Old Bags. His sympathetic sorrow shews the true courtier, for in no other character is it likely that his "sterner stuff" would be affected by the decease of a whole forest of giraffes. The pill-box by his side, with a prescription bearing the signature of "Abernethy," shews that the melancholy event would not have occurred if the best medical advice could have prevented it.

XLI.

SKETCH OF TOWNSEND.

Townsend was, in his day, the most eminent of the now extinct race of Bow-street officers. Policemen had

not then come into existence; and among other duties of the persons attached to the public offices of Bow-street, Hatton-garden, &c., was that of attending to preserve order at the opera, the theatres, and large private parties. For the latter employment Townsend was in great request, possessing, as he did, a more extensive acquaintance with the persons and characters of the nobility, and a far greater share of discernment, quickness, and tact, than any of his fraternity. He was even suffered to presume so far on his usefulness, and superiority over all his competitors, as to treat his employers and their guests with a great deal of familiarity; and in other companies he never failed to magnify his own consequence an hundred-fold at least, talking of Lords and Dukes, and even of Royalty itself, as if to associate with him had been an honour. The truth, however, was, that on account of his very extensive and ready knowledge of all that was passing in town, the natural shrewdness of his observations, and the unique drollery of his unabashed and unabashable effrontery, he enjoyed a license which would not have been granted to men of much greater respectability of calling.

XLII.

A BRIGHT THOUGHT.

This is a portrait of Mr. Long Wellesley. It would not be proper here to enter into his history; those who desire to know it will be at no loss for sources whence they may gratify their curiosity. The Bright Thought to which he is represented as giving utterance, does not appear to have been ever reduced to practice.

XLIII.

WRITING THE KING'S SPEECH.

A King's Speech, short as it generally is, must very often be a most difficult piece to compose. It is desirable to make the public believe that things are going on smoothly, and this is no easy matter, when it is plain that their path is full of rugged obstacles. The Duke of Wellington, never very good at equivocation and subterfuge, has stuck fast at the very first sentence. Sir Robert Peel, on the opposite side, finds the currency question in his way; for the act which occasioned the return to cash payments was emphatically called Peel's Bill. Lord Lyndhurst, in the centre, (then Lord Chancellor,) having the advantage of a legal education, which beyond all others qualifies a man to "make the worse appear the better side," seems to be making some progress.

XLIV.

THE MARCH OF THE RUSSIANS AMONG THE TURKS.

This sketch represents a fête, given on board of the Blonde frigate, but no particular persons are intended to be represented.

XLV.

NEW POLICE ACTIVITY.

This sketch gives some representation of the opposition made by the Clergy to the government of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. George IV., sitting in his arm-chair, is the magistrate, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are officers of the Police.

XLVI.

MAKE WAY FOR THE SPEAKER.

This sketch gives an admirable representation of the Right Honourable Charles Manners Sutton, (now Lord Canterbury,) as Speaker of the House of Commons, passing through the lobby, and entering the House. Perhaps the Speaker was not quite so stout, and rather more elegant of limb, but his gait and carriage are well copied. The bearer of the mace is Mr. Seymour, the Serjeant-at-Arms. The taller door-keeper is Mr. Pratt, and the shorter Mr. Williams.

XLVII.

A WILD ELEPHANT LED AWAY BETWEEN TWO TAME ONES.

The Government of India, and the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, were topics of very pressing interest at the commencement of the Session of 1830, and were freely and warmly discussed in the House of Lords in the debate upon the address; during which the Earl of Durham called on Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Controul, to acknowledge or disclaim a certain letter which had, somehow, found its way into the public papers, and purported to have been written by His Lordship to Sir J. Malcolm, then Governor-General of Bombay. A passage in the letter, which excited much laughter, as well as severe animadversion, ran thus:—

"Perhaps the opinions of the law-officers, and those which I may obtain of the Lord Chancellor and Lord-Chief-Justice, may be sufficient to induce Sir J. Grant to

revise his notions of law. At any rate, no more mischief can happen, as he will be like a Wild Elephant led away between two Tame Ones."

Lord Ellenborough was exceedingly annoyed at the publication of his letter, which he declared was meant to be private, and could not have got abroad except through a breach of confidence. His Lordship, in a paroxysm of rage, receiving consolation from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, is very properly suited with the same comparison as that which he had invented for Sir J. Grant; namely, a Wild Elephant led away between two Tame Ones.

XLVIII.

A POLITICAL RUSE.

The same letter, which is mentioned above, from Lord Ellenborough to Sir J. Malcolm, contained the following passage:—"As we may not, impossibly, *renew* the Charter next year." Upon this much discussion arose; and it was naturally presumed that the Duke of Wellington's government had already made up its mind to renew the Charter of the East India Company, notwithstanding the very strong feeling manifested against its renewal by the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. However, on the evening succeeding that of the debate in the House of Lords, Mr. George Bankes, M.P. for Corfe Castle, and one of the commissioners of the India Board, offered the explanation that is given on the label issuing from his lips. Behind him sits Sir Robert Peel, and two ordinary occupiers of the Treasury-bench, very anxiously watching the manner in which the explanation is received. What was the nature of the reception, the

sketch shews plainly enough. The portraits on the opposite bench are those of Lord Nugent, (beginning with the front row, on the right,) Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Brougham, and Mr. Spring Rice; and, on the upper row, of Mr. O'Connell, (in the low-crowned hat,) and next to him, uncovered, Sir F. Burdett.

XLIX.

THE ALTERATION OF THE CURRENCY, &c.

This was a subject of great interest at the date of the present sketch, and the sketch embodies very nearly all the subject matter of the complaints of the two malcontent classes, the manufacturers and the agriculturists. The fundholder, "for the nonce," seems quite content.

L.

A NEW FARCE CALLED A COUNTY MEETING.

On some occasion the Duke of Wellington, with more of plain truth than sound discretion, called a County Meeting "a farce." The expression was an unlucky one, —it was a slip of the tongue,—but it was instantly caught up, and became one of the ordinary weapons for attacking his Grace. The opposition papers made an unsparing use of it. The deputation, here represented as kneeling before the Duke, and offering him the resolutions of a County Meeting, are, in the opinion of his Grace, acting a very broad farce.

LI.

A REFLECTION UPON THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF GREECE.

The crown of Greece was offered to Prince Leopold, but that prudent, sagacious, and reflecting prince having taken time to consider the proposal, came to the resolution of declining it.

LII.

THE ABATEMENT.

The burthens of the country were at this particular time felt to be very heavy, and the complaints from all classes of persons were loud and frequent. It is hardly fair to the Duke, as Prime-Minister, to represent him offering a very small abatement, upon the ground that he had promised something; for the fact was that the Duke made no promise of that sort. It was not his Government, but it's successor which gave the pledges of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." Nevertheless, retrenchment was actually begun by the Duke, and if it amounted to no more than the sketch represents, it was because of the difficulty that always attends a beginning. The steward is Mr. Goulburn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The plan for a palace, which stands on the ground at the foot of the Duke of Wellington, is evidently Apsley-house, which about this time was nearly rebuilt by his Grace, and from a plain small brick building sprung up into the elegant stone mansion that it is now. But it has no legitimate connection with the subject of the sketch.

LIII.

EXTREMES MEET IN A RADICAL EMBRACE.

The Marquess of Blandford (now Duke of Marlborough) embracing Mr. O'Connell, in illustration of the avowal made by the noble Marquess of his sympathy with Mr. O'Connell on the subject of Reform in Parliament. On the 5th of February, 1830, this avowal was made in the following terms. "In the debate last night the honourable and learned member for Clare (Mr. O'Connell,) uttered sentiments on this momentous topic, (Reform,) in which I cordially concur, and I assure the honourable and learned gentleman that I shall be proud to co-operate with him in the noble course that he has chalked out for himself." And, in November following, the Marquess moved an amendment to the address, in which His Majesty was to be informed that the House of Commons, in common with the majority of the people of England, held the memory of the late Parliament, (— the Parliament which had passed the Catholic Relief Act—) in utter hatred and contempt; which amendment was seconded by Mr. O'Connell.

LIV.

A VERY IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

Mr. Liston, in the character of Paul Pry, in Poole's Comedy under that title, made such a decided hit, that Paul Pry, in one way or other, maintained the first place in public attention throughout the whole season: and his favourite expression, "I hope I don't intrude," became a common bye-word amongst all classes. To leave him quite out of the H.B. sketches would have been impossible; and

he is here introduced, as always happens in the comedy, putting a most awkward and inconvenient question. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, however desirous of relieving the country of its burthens, are not quite so devoted to the purpose as to commence with their own salaries. Principles of economy, in public men, resemble the gammon of bacon, which Goldsmith tells us

> "Hangs up for a show
> In some Irish houses, where things are so so;
> But—for eating a rasher of what they take pride in—
> They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fried in."

LV.

COBBETT'S LECTURE.

Mr. Cobbett, the well-known author of the Weekly Register, and various other works, and (after the passing of the Reform Act) M.P. for Oldham, used, at the date of the present sketch, to give lectures on politics at a place called the Rotunda, in Blackfriars'-Road. The merits and demerits of Mr. Cobbett are too well known to need any remark here; but, if his egotism must be ranked among the latter, there was, nevertheless, a good deal in it that was much more amusing than offensive. The speech issuing from his lips, in this sketch, is a fair specimen; and hundreds more may be found scattered through his voluminous works. The present piece of vanity may remind the reader, as it does the writer, of a story which Charles Matthews the elder used to tell of Macklin the actor:—"Acting, Sir," said Macklin, "acting is at a low ebb; there are, in fact, but three actors of the present day; the first of these is myself, Charles Macklin; the next is—is—I forget who are the other two."

LVI.

A PAIR OF VERY RIOTOUS FELLOWS.

If H. B. had never drawn any thing else than the Lord Eldon in this sketch, his fame, as an artist of caricature, would have been established. The opposition of the ultra Tories to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel was not only earnest and violent, but so much so as to bring them (according to the old rule, that extremes meet,) into an approximation to Radicalism; and as those Radicals who have been so zealous in opposing the Whigs as to approach, on some occasions, towards Toryism, have been nick-named the Tory-Radicals, so the ultra Tories might, for a similar reason, be denominated the Radical-Tories, or, as H. B. calls them, the Radicals of the new school. Of this school, the two personages who are here seen, arm-in-arm, may be considered the head boys. The younger, Lord Stanhope, is a very talented but eccentric scholar; but the senior, Lord Eldon, must be regarded as, in all respects, a first-rate one. The Duke of Wellington, as a policeman, civilly requests them to be less noisy; whereupon the younger one, appealing all the while to his senior, makes a kind of pot-valiant speech, in defiance of the hint to be quiet, though he looks, at the same time, as if the flourish of a policeman's truncheon would reduce him to order in a very little time; but the old boy (Eldon) looks like one who is bent on mischief, and very little mindful of personal consequences. One can see, by his mouth, that he is brimful of generous old Port. They have evidently been to a Pitt Club dinner, toasting "*Church and King*" without day-light, and "*Protestant ascendancy*" with "three times three and *one cheer more.*" They have drunk "*the immortal memory,*" and listened to "*the Pilot who weathered the storm;*" "*With a jolly full bottle;*" and "*Hail!*

star of Brunswick." Having thus worked-up their loyalty, from *temperate* to *fever-heat*, they are now fully prepared to "*die in the last ditch.*" The hat of the old Lord looks defiance; his hands in his pockets proclaim his independence; his coat, buttoned to the top, shews him prepared for action; and confident in himself and the goodness of his cause, and, above all, his knowledge of the law, he cares not "a marvedi" for the policeman and his advice.

LVII.

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

The person extended on his couch is the Duke of Wellington, at this time Prime-minister. He is soliloquizing, somewhat after the fashion of Henry IV. In the midst of so much satire as these sketches contain, and of which his Grace comes in for an ample share, a sketch, in every respect so grave and complimentary as this, is an unlooked-for relief.

LVIII.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY, &c.

The lot put up for sale to the highest bidder, is the Marquess of Chandos, now Duke of Buckingham. The politics of his Grace seem now too much decided to justify the charge of vacillation implied in this caricature. From the eulogium of the Auctioneer, it is to be inferred that the question of giving him a seat in the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet, with the office of Master of the Mint, was under consideration; and the speech of the noble Duke intimates the probability of his obtaining it. Close to the Duke stands Sir Robert Peel; and the old gentleman in green spectacles, next but one, bears a strong resemblance to Sir John Newport. On the other side of the picture the figure of Lord Nugent is too plain to be mistaken.

LIX.

A TOUCH OF THE PALPABLE OBSCURE.

The shade of Lord Liverpool appears to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, and points out two lines of policy; one of which (but they have their choice) is indispensible. From their attitudes, and the expression of their countenances, it would appear that one course is as repugnant to the Duke as the other is to Sir Robert; but such, in fact, was not the case. Sir Robert Peel, the author of the great measure of the return to cash payments, could not consistently advocate an extension of the currency by means of Bank-notes; but the Duke of Wellington was practically a friend to economy and retrenchment, though a stickler for the dignity of the Crown, and a respecter of vested rights.

LX.

THE WOOLSACK,

A Sketch from Nature.

Lord Lyndhurst, as Lord-Chancellor, between their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland (on the left) and Sussex (on the right). Not only are the likenesses extremely correct, but there is a surprising degree of spirit and fidelity, in the attitudes, manners, and characters of all three. At the date of this sketch it was no uncommon thing to see the woolsack so occupied.

LXI.

A HINT TO DUELLISTS.

At the Kingston assizes, in April, 1830, Richard Wil-

liam Lambrecht was tried for the wilful murder of Oliver Clayton, by shooting him in a duel on the 8th of January preceding. The prisoner and the deceased had quarelled; a challenge ensued; they met in Battersea Fields at seven o'clock in the morning, and Clayton was killed. The trial took place before Mr. Justice Bailey, and the inscription on the label issuing from his lips is a portion of his charge to the jury. This event taking place so shortly after the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Earl of Winchelsea (see No. XXXIV.), on the same spot and at the same early hour, has suggested the idea of placing the noble Duke in a situation to hear the judge's awful exposition of the law, and to feel abundant cause to rejoice that circumstances had saved him from occupying so dreadful a situation as that of the prisoner Lambrecht.

LXII.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF IDLENESS.

The riotous roystering old boy whom we lately saw arm-in-arm with the Earl of Stanhope (No. LVI.), in desperate jollity, ripe for any mischief, and standing at no repair, having slept off his debauch, appears in the present sketch in the character of a trim neat old beau; but still we see the same reckless and riotous spirit, though under a different aspect; and we feel assured that he has only to see the "glasses sparkling on the board," and meet his old bottle companions, to get quite as riotous as on the former occasion. All this is the natural consequence of his being out of employment. After spending nearly a quarter of a century in the active duties of the Lord-Chancellorship, it cannot be matter of astonishment that idleness is so irksome to him, that he has recourse to mischief rather than be at a loss for something to do.

LXIII.

REPULSED, BUT NOT DISCOURAGED.

After the passing of the Act for the Relief of the Roman Catholics, the emancipation of the Jews became a favourite project with a certain number of reformers. The chief advocate of this proposal in the House of Commons was the late Sir Robert Grant, (then M. P. for Finsbury,) the brother of the present Lord Glenelg. This sketch represents a Jew, who is to stand for the whole of the twelve tribes, in the act of attempting to get into the House of Commons, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel resisting him with all their force. Mr. Brougham, in his gown and wig, offers a lawyer's reason for admitting him; and Mr. O'Connell wisely recommends him to pursue the same course which has already procured admission for himself, namely, to keep up agitation. That the law, as it stands, admits some very extraordinary persons, is shewn by the group in the left-hand corner, among whom is the Rev. Edward Irving, of "unknown tongue" notoriety. Those two who are taking the oaths at the table behind, appear by the looks with which they regard Mr. Brougham, to be placed there for the purpose of demonstrating the truth of his observation.

LXIV.

PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING PARTIALLY ILLUSTRATED.

The date of this sketch is within a month of the death of George IV., whose recovery was at this date scarcely considered possible. The effect of the news is humorously shewn on several persons having different ob-

jects and pursuits. The old gentleman on the left is evidently one of those placemen, whose offices, to use the common expression, run upon castors, that is to say, are changed with every ministry. He naturally sings "Long live the King." Next to him is a votary of fashion, or perhaps a fortune-hunter: the postponement of a ball at which he might exhibit himself, and win the heart of an heiress, concerns him more than all the kings, ministries, and places in the universe. The young lady laments the loss of His Majesty's presence at Ascot, but finds consolation in the prospect of a queen-consort, and the consequent gaieties of the Court. Between these two, and in the back-ground, is a certain Mr. Moneytrap, whose only regret is that he loses, for a time, his opportunity of making gain in the funds. The tradesman (on the other side of the lady) whom we may call Mr. Gripe, is the counterpart of Moneytrap, and finds the stagnation of trade his only matter of grief. Equally selfish is the member of Parliament walking off on the right; the approaching dissolution of his sovereign troubles him only as it may involve a dissolution of Parliament, and put his seat in jeopardy. From all these different individuals, and their peculiar and heartless causes of grief or consolation, we turn with pleasure to the general feeling of the nation, as exemplified in the figure of John Bull, who proclaims his ancient regard for his king, and sincerely hopes he may recover.

LXV.

ALAS! POOR YORICK.

The Morning, or *Mourning* Journal, was a daily newspaper set up to advocate ultra Tory principles; but it ceased to exist very soon after the conviction of the pro-

prietor, Mr. Alexander, of a libel on the King, for which he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of £400. As the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon were among the warmest supporters of those principles, it is probable that they were also supporters of the paper; but in either character they were very fit persons to do honour to its obsequies.

LXVI.

RAW-HEAD AND BLOODY-BONES.

It has already been said that proposals were made to Prince Leopold to accept the crown of Greece, which he deemed it prudent to decline. The insinuation of the present sketch (as appears by the extract from the *Times*) is, that he was terrified by the frightful representations of Count Capo D'Istria, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grecian army, as to the difficulties by which Greece was on all sides surrounded, and the personal dangers which the occupant of her throne must be prepared to encounter. The Duke of Wellington, like a brave soldier, is astonished at the Prince's timidity; but Lord Aberdeen expresses his doubt if it be any thing more than a pretext for declining an offer that could have but few temptations for a person so comfortably circumstanced as Prince Leopold.

LXVII.

SAN LEOPOLDO MATAMOROS.

Prince Leopold, as "the Princess Charlotte's Own," mounted on a fiery steed, and animated by the shade of his late lamented wife, which appears to him from above, extending her hand to crown him with a victorious wreath, is charging furiously the "holy alliance" of those members

of the administration who deemed his conduct, in abandoning the proffered throne of Greece, a fit subject for reprehension. He has, already, overthrown the Duke of Cumberland, and filled, as it seems, even the gallant soul of the Duke of Wellington with alarm. The sturdy veteran, who covers himself with his shield, and by his resolute countenance reminds one of Lord Byron's description of the "wary, cool old sworder," is Lord Eldon, the Nestor of the party.

LXVIII.

THE MAGIC MIRROR; OR, A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

This sketch refers to the disputed question of the guardianship of the Princess Victoria, and the issue of the dispute. It was a matter of contention between the Whig and Tory party, under whose care and superintendence she should be educated; and, accordingly, the Dukes of Cumberland and Wellington, representing the Tory party, appear to be pulling on one side, while the Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold, both Whigs, are pulling on the other. But it is to be observed that the countenance of the Princess is turned towards her mother and uncle, and they, of course, prevailed. John Bull is looking eagerly forward for the result.

LXIX.

THE TURCO-GREEK CONSPIRACY.

It has already been said, in explanation of some of the preceding sketches, that the Duke of Wellington's position, in the beginning of the year 1830, was a very difficult one, his Grace having to contend against his natural

enemies, the Whigs and Radicals, and having likewise lost the support of a considerable number of the Tories. The settlement of Greece was a subject which, at that period, served occasionally to bring upon him, at once, all the different parties who might be said to be in opposition to his government; and a scene which would give the artist the idea of the present sketch occurred more than once in the House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington, like Julius Cæsar, is attacked by a number of conspirators. Lord Grey must be intended for Cassius, with the lean and hungry look. Cæsar liked him not—was suspicious of him—and wished him one of those fat, sleek-headed men who sleep o'nights. Yet, from this description of men, he is not safe; or why is Lord Holland among the assassins, looking, with his broad face, and something resembling a rolling-pin in his hand, more like a cook than a conspirator; more like one who would spit a joint than stab a hero? Close by the upraised arm of Lord Grey is the head of Lord Durham; but the Duke regards only the attack of his old friend, the Marquess of Londonderry. This he looks upon as "the most unkindest cut of all," and exclaiming, "*Et tu Brute,*" and muffling himself in his cloak, he prepares to fall at the foot of Canning's (not Pompey's) statue, and, "like immortal Cæsar, die with decency."

LXX.

THE GREEK PAPERS.

This is a lively representation of a debate in the House of Lords, on a motion of Lord Holland, for the production of papers relating to the affairs of Greece. Lord Holland's sympathies appear to have been with the Greeks; while those of Lord Londonderry were with the Turks; but,

though from opposite feelings, they united in the desire to see certain papers which the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen deemed it prudent to withhold.

LXXI.

THE GHEBER WORSHIPPING THE RISING SUN.

Mr. Brougham took the very earliest opportunity of paying a compliment to William IV. The death of George IV. took place on Saturday, the 26th June, 1830; on the same day Mr. Brougham, albeit unaccustomed to flatter kings and princes, took occasion, in the House of Commons, to praise the gracious condescension of the new monarch, in permitting the speaker to take the oaths at an unusually-early hour, in order to suit the convenience of the House; and this, Mr. Brougham declared, he hailed as an indication of the commencement of a reign that would be marked by goodness and conciliation.

LXXII.

DANGER OF RIDING ON TOO HIGH A HORSE.

This sketch is in allusion to what took place in a debate in the House of Lords, on the subject of distress in Ireland. Replying to some questions put by the Marquess of Clanricarde, the Duke of Wellington, "riding the High Horse," (as the vulgar expression runs,) testily said, "I have no further information on the subject than any other noble lord acquainted with the state of Ireland; but, when the noble Marquess comes here to question me, he himself should state what he knows on the subject." The Marquess of Clanricarde, displeased, both with the tone and manner of the noble Duke, answered, that he was not bound

to furnish statements which ought, more properly, to come from His Majesty's government; and that it was the duty of the noble Duke, as the head of the Government, to obtain the fullest information, and submit it to Parliament.

LXXIII.

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

Lord Rosslyn, (on the left,) Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Shaftesbury, the three Lords usually named in the royal commissions, to open and prorogue Parliament, &c. These are admirable likenesses, not only of the features, but of the attitudes and general appearance of their respective Lordships.

LXXIV.

A DETECTED TRESPASSER.

The subject of this sketch is a story which found its way into some gossiping newspaper, and then went the usual round, to the effect that, on the day of the death of George IV., the Duke of Wellington, eager to pay his homage to the new sovereign, was at Windsor Castle before any body was up, except the domestics; and while walking across the turf, which, in any ordinary person, would have been an offence of a most inexpiable character, was hailed by the gardener, who did not recognize the person of his Grace, and addressed in the language set forth in the sketch.

LXXV.

ANTICIPATION; OR, QUEEN SARAH'S VISIT TO BUSHEY.

The Countess of Jersey, or as she is here called "Queen

Sarah," had long held a very eminent and influential station among female politicians. The death of George IV. being daily expected, great anxiety prevailed among all classes to ascertain what changes were likely to ensue upon the accession of a new monarch. With a view to penetrate the mystery in which the contingent arrangements were enveloped, Lady Jersey, unable to endure suspense, made a visit to the Duchess of Clarence at Bushey, but, as appears by the sketch, the Duchess was "not at home." It is intimated that in making this unexpected, and, as it appears, unwelcome visit, Lady Jersey acted as the emissary of the Duke of Wellington; for his Grace is in attendance to receive the news in case of the success of his stratagem. Finding it fail, however, he consoles his fair assistant and himself by the hope of obtaining some information from "his dear little St. James's Marchioness," the Marchioness of Westmeath.

LXXVI.

UNHOLY ALLIANCE; OR, AN OMINOUS CONJUNCTION.

Nothing but a common enemy, and one of no common powers, could have produced an alliance between persons of such very different principles as were professed by the four characters in this sketch. Ominous, indeed, was such a conjunction to the government of the Duke of Wellington. With a Whig King, and a people eager for change, and willing to support the minister who would make the largest promises, Lord Grey saw that it would not be very difficult to supersede a Tory Minister who had already alienated a very considerable section of his own party. Lords Grey and Durham are seated between the Duke of Cumberland on the left and the Earl

of Eldon on the right. The latter seems to be laying down the plan of attack against the Ministry with so much earnestness, and the Duke of Cumberland to be listening with so much simplicity, that it is easy to see that they are to be out-generaled by the noble Earl, and his political elevè.

LXXVII.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

Every season brings forth some new wonder to surprise and delight the residents in this vast metropolis, and relieve them of their shillings for the benefit of some needy adventurer. The wonder of the year 1830 was Michael Boai, a Swiss, who played musical pieces upon his chin, with no other instruments than his own knuckles. The rival candidate for popular favour in the same line is Sir Alexander Grant, who, on account of having a larger portion of face below the lips than is consistent with the best opinions of due proportion, obtained the soubriquet of *Chin* Grant.

LXXVIII.

A HORSE MARINE.

A sailor on horseback has always been considered to be a legitimate subject of a joke. This sketch exhibits William IV., lately transformed from Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, into a Field-Marshal,—mounted,—not on the quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship, but on the back of a spirited war-horse, a position in which he appears to feel himself anything but at home. It was very well for Lord Byron, who was but an amateur sailor, and had been

well trained at a riding-school, to boast his equal enjoyment of land and water riding :—

> Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows it's rider ;—

but your thorough-bred sailors have a general dread of the outside of a horse, and would at any time rather bestride the main-top yard in a gale, than a mettlesome nag. King William, therefore, prudently suggests that a review of the troops on foot would be more convenient. The Dukes of Wellington and Gloucester, and Lord Hill, seem lost in admiration of their Sovereign's horsemanship. His Majesty would have done well to remember the Latin pun in the Fortunes of Nigel, put into the mouth of King James when nearly thrown by his mare's shying at the sudden approach of Moniplies. His Majesty, who kept his seat, upon recovering himself from the alarm, quoted the following line from Horace :—

> *Equam* memento, in rebus arduis,
> Servare.

LXXIX.

RESIGNATION AND FORTITUDE.

The Duke of Cumberland is resigning into the hands of his brother, William IV., the emblem of his office of *Gold-Stick.* As the Duke personates Resignation, his brother enacts the part of Fortitude, and submits to the loss without any very distressing symptoms of sorrow. A time may arrive (for, doubtless, these admirable sketches will live for many generations yet to come)—a time may arrive, when the peculiar expression with which the Lord Gold-Stick takes leave of his sovereign will not be understood,

unless it should happen that some future bookseller should publish a new and enlarged edition of Grose's Slang Dictionary. To provide for this period, and against all contingencies, it may be proper to explain,—that "to cut your stick" is cant, or slang, for going away; and every boy, from Brentford to Bow, is heard to conjugate the phrase through all its moods and tenses: Indicative,—"He has cut his stick;" Imperative,—"Come, cut your stick;" Subjunctive,—"If you don't cut your stick," &c. Superficial observers of men and things are prone to consider such cant phrases as these to be mere vulgarisms, and are satisfied to eschew them without inquiry; but they who look below the surface will frequently discover, in the habits and expressions of the common people, matter of deep interest and great curiosity, giving occasion to much speculation and very profound enquiry. The cant phrase of "cut your stick" is one which is not to be regarded as arbitrary, puerile, and of no precise meaning. Even an ordinary reader will recognize its origin, and perceive that it is classical and alludes to one of the most interesting passages in English history. At the battle of Agincourt, the English archers, to protect themselves from the cavalry of the French, fixed a palisade of pointed sticks in front of their line, and, from behind this defence, plied the enemy with showers of arrows so irresistibly, that they fell into disorder; when Henry, perceiving his advantage, gave the word to his archers to "cut their sticks" and advance to the slaughter. Here we find the origin of the expression now so general; and, seeing that it is purely classical, and refers to an event of which every Englishman retains a proud recollection, the most refined lips may not be ashamed to use it, nor will it be matter of surprise to find it proceeding from the mouth of a royal prince.

LXXX.

LEGITIMACY IN COMMOTION; OR, ALL WRONG WITH DIVINE RIGHT.

The principal figure in this sketch is Charles X. of France, whom the "three glorious days" of July, 1830, had just deprived of his hereditary crown. He is lamenting his fall in a quotation from Richard II. The boy-looking man, or silly-looking boy, in a cloak, is the Duc d'Angoulême. On the left-hand is another unfortunate member of legitimacy, to wit—the Dey of Algiers, soliloquizing over his fall after the manner of the Orientals. In the distance, other thrones appear to be tottering; and the *Times* newspaper, the most powerful journal of the most powerful nation in Europe, is represented as possessing a magic wand, wherewith it touches kings, however distant, and makes them tremble for the safety of their crowns.

LXXXI.

A CHARACTERISTIC DIALOGUE.

For a period of about ten years, namely, from 1806 to 1816 or 1817, Mr. Cobbett was the warm and invariable eulogist of Sir Francis Burdett; but, a rupture taking place between them, Cobbett's Weekly Register became as vehement and unqualified in invectives against Sir Francis, as it had previously been in sounding his praise. About the date of this sketch, Mr. Cobbett endeavoured to obtain a seat in Parliament, and made that ironical appeal to Sir Francis, which is inscribed on the label issuing from his lips. If Sir Francis had also been the proprietor of a newspaper, he would, most probably, have replied to the appeal, in terms very nearly the same as those which are here attributed to him.

LXXXII.

THE NODDLE BAZAAR.

This collection appears to comprise every public man within the first three or four degrees of eminence; and, though at first sight they may appear to stand and lie about in some disorder, they are, in fact, grouped and classified with tolerable judgment. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are the purchasers; being, as the Duke confesses, very sadly in want of a few good heads. The Bazaar was, perhaps, originally established by Sir Robert Walpole, for he is reported to have conducted the business of a Prime-Minister upon the principle that every head has its price. The front shelf, on which is written a notice that the group is to be sold in one lot, contains—1st, Mr. Huskisson; 2d, Mr. Charles Grant (now Lord Glenelg); and 3d, Lord Palmerston. On the left-hand of this group are—1st, Mr. Hume; 2d, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham; and 3d, on the ground, Mr. O'Connell. The price marked on the bust of Mr. Brougham is "Chancery," "Rolls" having been first written and then struck out; by which we are to understand that formerly, that is to say, while he sat for Winchelsea, as the nominee of the Earl of Thanet, the Mastership of the Rolls would have purchased him; but that, being now one of the representatives for Yorkshire, (as indicated by the pedestal,) nothing less than the Lord-Chancellorship will be held sufficient for his price. The upper shelf contains Lords Grey, Eldon, and Holland, the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Durham;—a strange mixture, as Sir Robert Peel very truly observes, and much more likely to be found separate than together. They did, however, sometimes unite in opposition to the Government of the Duke of Wellington. These are all the first-

class men, and the Wranglers; the smaller busts, on the right-hand, are the *Polls*. Napoleon, on his column, is placed there, we may suppose, not for sale, but for the ornament of the room; and the antiques below are objects of curiosity or mere lumber. Charles X., the dethroned King of France, is ticketed at 2*s*. 5*d*., being less than half-a-crown. The deposed Sultan is also there, not worth a piastre. Lord Sidmouth, looking as prim and as stern as he does in the flesh, and an anonymous antique, that stands next to him, may be had for the trouble of fetching; provided old Lord Manners, who has been kicked over, with his face upwards, be taken into the bargain. But we must not pass unnoticed the *great* Lord Nugent, the Major-General of Bombardiers. This title he earned by his chivalrous enterprize in going out to Spain, as a volunteer in the service of Queen Donna Maria; and, if the reader be desirous of amusing himself with a spirited sketch of his expedition, he will find it in one of Mr. Canning's speeches, about the year 1826 or 1827.

LXXXIII.

THE MAN WOT IS EASILY LED BY THE NOSE.

John Bull, led by the nose by the *Times* newspaper. This, probably, is what the *Times* meant, when it assumed the title of the *leading journal* of Europe. Whether the *Times* leads the public, or the public leads the *Times*, is a question on which there may be some difference of opinion.

LXXXIV.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

The Duke of Wellington, as Prime-Minister, having

relaxed so far the rigid principles of Toryism as to alienate a large section of his own party; and still resisting all attempts to relax so much farther as to obtain the support of the Reformers, finds himself about to become the victim of a combination of both parties, and makes an appeal to John Bull; or, in other words, dissolves the Parliament. John Bull's advice to him, not to be so ready to quarrel with the clever fellows who are willing to help him, refers to the breach between the Duke and Mr. Huskisson. King William IV., like a good king, is desirous only of consulting the will and pleasure of his people.

LXXXV.

A MASKED BATTERY.

Lord Brougham, notwithstanding that in the open field of political warfare he is as conspicuous and constant a combatant as any, has been scarcely less employed in the bush-fighting of pamphlets, newspapers, and reviews. From this sort of masked battery he is launching missiles, not unmixed with dirt, at the Duke of Wellington and his Administration. The dirt seems chiefly to be aimed at the Duke and Sir Robert Peel; but Lord Ellenborough puts his hand to his head, as if he had received a blow from something much harder.

LXXXVI.

THE DERRYNANE CONJUROR; OR, MORE WIGS ON THE GREEN.

Mr. O'Connell, as the Conjuror, is raising the spirits of the Irish patriots, who, from their seats in the Irish Parliament, when it sat on College-Green, raised their voices against the contemplated union with Great Britain. The

line is composed (beginning on the left hand) of Mr. Curran, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Saurin, Mr. Bish, and Mr. (now Lord) Plunkett.

LXXXVII.

A CABINET PICTURE.

The Duke of Wellington is explaining to his Cabinet his line of policy for the then ensuing Session. His speech renders comment unnecessary; and it is, therefore, only needful to mention the names of the personages composing the Cabinet. Beginning at the Duke's left-hand, and going regularly round the table, they are as follows:— Lord Aberdeen, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Melville, (standing up,) Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Goulburn, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Bathurst.

LXXXVIII.

GUY FAWKES; OR, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPISH PLOT.

The ultra Tories, who steadily and firmly opposed the Duke of Wellington's bill for Catholic emancipation, having witnessed the overthrow of his ministry, to which their opposition in some degree contributed, are enjoying their triumph on the appropriate day of the 5th of November. Lord Winchelsea, a zealous anti-Catholic, leads the party. The Duke of Cumberland is one of the bearers, and Prince George runs behind him to enjoy the fun. The bearers behind the effigy are Lords Sidmouth and Eldon, the latter looking very considerably fuddled. Lord Stanhope follows close behind as frisky as on the former occasion, when ordered by the policeman to make less noise. The Duke of Richmond stretches out his arms in

the back-ground, as if he were joining in a general shout of mirth, and the Duke of Newcastle brings up the rear.

LXXXIX.

THE FALSE ALARM.

At the date of this sketch, His Majesty William IV. had been invited to dine at Guildhall, and great preparations had already been made for receiving him with due splendour; when the Lord Mayor (now Sir John Key, Bart.) communicated to the Duke of Wellington the fact of his having received intelligence of a design, on the part of the mob, to attack the royal procession on its arrival at Temple Bar, which was to be closed against the new police, then very unpopular. The communication was made with so much earnestness that the Duke of Wellington deemed it prudent to advise His Majesty to postpone his visit, and it was postponed accordingly, to the great disappointment and mortification of a large proportion of the citizens, who openly arraigned the credulity and pusillanimity of the Lord Mayor, and insinuated that the Duke of Wellington had been too ready to avail himself of an occasion for escaping, under the cloak of a regard for His Majesty, certain marks of popular displeasure which were in store for himself and his colleagues. It was thought that the Lord Mayor would have been made a Baronet on that occasion, if everything had proceeded in a proper manner; but, in consequence of the unlucky interruption, the public, good-naturedly, bestowed on him a title of their own, and named him thenceforth Don-Key. The sketch exhibits John Bull, who on this occasion is the representative of the great bulk of the citizens of London, putting down the mob. His Majesty shrewdly suspects that the affair is all *"much ado about nothing,"* but the Duke of

Wellington, (sheltering himself under His Majesty's cloak,) and Sir Robert Peel behind, as one of the unpopular policemen, evidently consider the matter as serious.

XC.

RAT-ALIATION.

Mr. Hume, as one of the members for Middlesex, and a leader of the Radical party, is presenting, to Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Alexander Baring (afterwards Lord Ashburton,) in the form of a rat. To *rat*, in parliamentary phraseology, is to desert one party and go over to another, and this Mr. Baring did, about this period; having previously been identified with the Whig party, he joined the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

XCI.

A CURE FOR THE GOUT.

During the long supremacy of Toryism, through the reigns of the third and fourth Georges, any Whig who was afflicted with the gout had full leisure to nurse the complaint, nor need he to have been very precise in ascertaining when an attack had actually left him. But the accession of William IV. produced an entire alteration in the fortunes of the Whig party, and a change of ministry happening within five months after this event, Lord Holland, upon receiving the intelligence, suddenly discovers that his last fit of the gout has been gone three weeks, without his being aware of it. Accordingly, he throws away his flannels and his crutches, and hastens to put himself in the way of being seen where political characters are being distributed among a new set of performers.

XCII.

THE COQUET.

The Duke of Wellington having resigned, Lord Grey was sent for by His Majesty to form an administration. To have left out so eminent an actor on the stage of politics as Mr. Henry Brougham, M.P. for Yorkshire, would have been impossible; but the question of what part he should play under the new management, was rather difficult to determine. Mr. Brougham manœuvred and coquetted to admiration. In the House of Commons he gave notice of a motion for leave to bring in a Bill to reform the Representation, and in so doing declared that, as "*no possible changes in the administration could affect him,*" he should proceed with his Bill. The rumour ran that Lord Grey, having no desire to see the question of reform, which was to be the chief *pabulum* of his government, run away with by Mr. Brougham, offered him the office of Attorney-General, which Mr. Brougham indignantly refused; and that his Lordship was reduced to the necessity of bribing Mr. Brougham with the Chancellorship. This courting and coquetting are well represented in the present sketch; Mr. Brougham is admirably drawn as a Bavarian broom-girl. The barrister's wig is made to resemble the little white dimity cap usually worn by these extraordinary dealers in brooms; and his black coat, deprived of its skirt, is converted into the close woollen boddice, which is an invariable part of their dress. The legs speak, as plainly as legs can, "I have twice said *No*, but ask me a third time, and make me a larger offer." Lord Grey looks like a cool, calculating suitor, who, however desirous of attaining his object, will not give one farthing more for it than he need.

XCIII.

EXAMPLE OF THE LACONIC STYLE.

Earl Grey, as the new minister, is making his bow to William IV. and proposing the three main principles of his administration, *Retrenchment, Reform,* and *Peace.* Two of these, Retrenchment and Peace, had been among the principles of the Duke of Wellington, but Reform he had refused to concede; and, finding himself outbid on this point by Earl Grey, he takes the hint from John Bull and marches off.

XCIV.

SAMSON AND DALILAH.

The Dalilah, in whose lap Mr. Brougham is sleeping, is intended for Lady Holland. The point of the caricature is, that the investiture of Mr. Brougham, in the wig of the Lord-Chancellor, was intended as a means of depriving him of the power and influence that he possessed when in the House of Commons. How far, if at all, Lady Holland was instrumental in effecting the change of Mr. Brougham, M. P. for Yorkshire, into Lord-Chancellor Brougham, history does not inform us, though her ladyship's well-known influence in political and literary circles, renders it very probable that she was actively employed at this very critical juncture. The Philistines are Earls Grey and Durham, the latter of whom brings the wig and gown to complete the enslavement of Samson. How Samson's strength grew again, and how he afterwards pulled down the whole fabric of the Grey administration upon the heads of the Philistines, involving himself and them in one common ruin, will be seen and read in a future chapter.

XCV.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, a print might be seen in many of the shop-windows in London, representing a British naval officer at the court of some African chief, who honours him with the offer of one of his daughters in marriage, and allows him his choice of three; and such a trio of Hottentot dumpties the most profound student of ugliness could hardly conceive, unless he had actually seen them. The three learned personages in this sketch are close copies of the African Juno, Minerva, and Venus, particularly Mr. Brougham, who, in the plaid trowsers, plays Venus on this occasion. The rubicund gentleman in the middle is Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, and the third is Lord Plunket. The part of Paris is played by Earl Grey, and the apple of contention is the Lord-Chancellorship, (typified by the Whig,) which, it is well known, was awarded by him to Mr. Brougham.

XCVI.

THE MAGIC SHOT.

The little history told in explanation of "The Coquet," (No. XCII.) affords a key to this sketch. It is there stated how Mr. Brougham "shot at a pigeon and killed a crow." As "*no changes of administration could by possibility affect him,* he should go on with his Reform Bill." At this mark of Reform, as at a target, he pointed his arrow and bent his eye; but the great Wizard behind, Earl Grey, like Zamiel in Der Freischutz, charmed his arrow, and instead of it's hitting the target, it stuck in the woolsack just under the great seal.

XCVII.

EVIDENTLY NOT CONTENT.

In the House of Peers such members as are opposed to the motion put from the woolsack, signify a negative by the expression "*Not Content.*" The four prominent members exhibited in this sketch are "evidently not content" in the more ordinary sense of the words. They are the Earls of Stanhope and Eldon, and the Duke of Newcastle, on the woolsack, and the Duke of Cumberland behind. The cause of their discontent is also pretty evident: they have opposed the semi-liberalism of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in the hope, of course, of setting up themselves and their principles in it's place: instead of which the wholesale liberalism of Earl Grey and Lord Althorp has succeeded; and, worst of all, as Lord Eldon particularly feels, they have put Lord Brougham upon the woolsack. Earl Stanhope is the only one of the four who can find any sort of consolation, and that which he does find, he acknowledges to be but a melancholy one. The Duke of Newcastle refers to his unlucky expression about doing as he will with his own; and the grief of the Duke of Cumberland is so great as to render him speechless.

XCVIII.

THE LORD-CHANCELLOR WOT IS TO BE.

The Duke of Wellington, on the seat and in the robes of the Lord-Chancellor, so drawn by a legitimate inference from the brief anecdote related in this sketch.

XCIX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

In the character of the Schoolmaster Lord Brougham is always at home. The pupil whom he has in hand in this sketch is the Earl of Stanhope, and the occasion of the punishment which he is undergoing was as follows :—

Lord Stanhope, taking the opportunity of a petition presented against West India Slavery, suggested that in case the House should agree to a proposition for sending out a Committee to the West Indies, to examine into the condition of the negroes, the most proper person to be appointed chairman of the Committee would be the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack,—and his Lordship made some further observations on the paradoxical manner in which Lord Brougham had spoken on this question.

These observations called up Lord Brougham, who made one of his very severest and most personal speeches against Lord Stanhope, and with reference to the suggestion of sending him out to the West Indies as chairman of the proposed committee, said, " Whether I go or stay will depend very much on who are to go with me. I must enquire into that first :—and to begin, let me ask the noble Earl if he intends to make one of the party,—and if he do, let me ask if I may calculate upon the pleasure of hearing seven or eight speeches from him upon the same subject—they must be upon the same subject—in the space of every four-and-twenty hours, and whether the noble Earl will promise that they shall all be as entertaining and as instructing as three or four speeches made upon the presentation of a petition, but having no connection with the subject of that petition. * * * Will the noble Earl give me good and sufficient security that

he will embark himself in the same ship with me,—not in the same cabin, but in the same ship,—that he will speak, during the voyage, such speeches as he speaks here, with the same feeble tone, and with the same agreeable absence of reasoning and argument? Will the noble Earl, I say, secure to me well, and sufficiently, and legally, all these advantages,—all these advantages, for I will abate none of them? If the noble Lord will, and will inform me also, who are the others who are to go with us,—how we are to voyage,—and what we are to do when we reach the end of our voyage,—then, and not till then, for then only shall I be in possession of all the circumstances of the case,—then I say I will, like a good and just judge, decide,—whether I will go or stay."

C.

DRAWING FOR TWELFTH-CAKE, A HINT TO CABINET MAKERS.

This sketch represents the formation of Lord Grey's Cabinet, by the plan of drawing lots as characters are drawn by a Twelfth-night party. Though this is intended for a broad joke, Offices of State do sometimes accord so ill with the capacities and qualifications of those who fill them, that it may be seriously doubted if their distribution has not been made by some method quite as capricious as this.

In the centre of the sketch, smiling behind the huge Twelfth-cake, in all the benignity of a generous host, is the Premier elect, Earl Grey. On his right hand sits Lord Durham, who is joining manual force to the persuasive eloquence of the host, in order to induce Mr. Brougham to join the party, an invitation which he affects to decline, upon the ground of an engagement which Earl

Grey well understands, it being no less than the introduction of a Bill to reform the representation. Lord Holland, attacking the coy member on the other side, plies him with a maxim of great weight with politicians in general. Mr. Charles Grant has drawn "Secretary-at-War," and Mr. Wynn "President of the Board of Controul,"—but their offices were eventually interchanged, for the Board of Controul fell to Mr. C. Grant (now Lord Glenelg), and the character of Secretary-at-War was picked up by Mr. C. W. Wynn. On the other side of Lord Grey sits the Marquess of Anglesea, in high spirits with having drawn the office of "Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland," in which he had been lately superseded by the Duke of Northumberland during the administration of the Duke of Wellington. Close to Lord Anglesea is the Duke of Richmond, not yet in possession of any part, and greatly disappointed at finding that he has missed that which has fallen into the hands of Lord Anglesea. The guest in the corner, who holds the character of "President of the Council," is the Marquess of Lansdowne, and behind him, but only partially visible, is Sir James Graham, the fortunate holder of "First Lord of the Admiralty." On each side of the picture there is a profile, which seems to belong to no particular character, yet each bears a resemblance to a very important personage in Lord Grey's cabinet; that on the right is the likeness of Lord Palmerston, and that on the left has the features of Lord Althorpe.

CI.

CONVERSATION AT WHITE'S.

The subject of this conversation appears to be the Reform Bill, then the prominent topic of the day. The

dress and figure of the Speaker, who observes that "vested interests will of course be respected," sufficiently prove him, although his face is not seen, to be Sir Francis Burdett; the respondent is the late Earl of Sefton, a nobleman equally eminent for the good things which he said, and for those which he devoured. Though not conspicuous in Parliament, he was a very distinguished and influential member of the Whig party, of which it was sometimes alleged, by their opponents, that Lord Sefton's head contained more sense than the heads of all the rest of the party put together. This species of supremacy, some of his party might not be disposed to allow him; but his taste and judgment in gastronomy were universally admitted. The other figures in the sketch are not portraits.

CII.

WHIG RETRENCHMENT.

The slender figure of Lord Brougham, rendered yet more slender in appearance by a very small peruke, presented a striking contrast to that of the late Lord Eldon, who, besides being a man of a much broader frame, generally appeared on the woolsack in a flowing full-bottom. H. B. has delineated the new Chancellor very successfully. There are neatness, penetration, acumen, quickness, and decision in his appearance, but certainly no dignity. Lord Shaftesbury, (on the left,) in his official dress as chairman of committees, in which capacity he himself frequently occupies the woolsack, is evidently puzzled at the sight; Lord Lyndhurst puts up his glasses, that he may comprehend the matter thoroughly: the countenance of the Duke of Wellington evinces more displeasure than surprise: but the Earl of Eldon is in a state of absolute despair.

CIII.

A PEEP INTO THE STATE FARM-YARD.

The broad-brimmed hat, old-fashioned coat and waistcoat, and leather gaiters, all proper to the character of a farmer, do but ill accord with the aristocratic figure of Earl Grey. He is represented as the incoming tenant of the State Farm, and, like a prudent man of business, he is making a close inspection of the premises and stock. He is accompanied by Lord Spencer, then Lord Althorpe, who, being the leader of the House of Commons, is the head man in the concern, next to the Earl himself. The disposal of the "sinecure cattle" is the subject of their discussion, and the idea of "shewing them up," in case of their not being otherwise got rid of, would seem to be one that, if acted upon, would most probably be effectual.

CIV.

THE GREAT POLAR BEAR.

That the Bear is the animal by which Russia is invariably personified is well known. But she is here called the Polar Bear, "marry how?—by a trope." She is climbing a Pole, a thin and ragged pole, on the top of which is a rude and grizly-looking head, bearing in it's mouth the inscription of liberty. The sketch is somewhat enigmatical; but it seems to be capable of solution by means of the pun: in which case it would signify that Russia is attacking Polish liberty, while two of the neighbouring powers look quietly on, and a third incites the attack by a provocative.

CV.

POLITICAL FRANKENSTEINS ALARMED AT THE PROGRESS OF A GIANT OF THEIR OWN CREATION.

Mrs. Shelley's story of a monster in human form, created for an experiment by Frankenstein, a German philosopher, who had succeeded in discovering the secret of the vital principle, is so generally known that few persons will fail to understand the allusion to it in this sketch. Mr. O'Connell (the giant) is compared to Frankenstein's monster, because, as it is assumed, his power has not been of natural origin, but is the result of experiments made by political quacks. Lord Anglesea, as the Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr. Stanley as the Secretary for Ireland, are attempting, in vain, to arrest his progress by a proclamation; and Lord Plunkett, as the Lord-Chancellor, seeing one proclamation fail, is feeling in his pocket for another. Lord Grey perceives the necessity of stopping him *at all hazards;* and Lord Althorpe, alarmed at his approach, lets fall his Bill for prohibiting the growth of tobacco in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel, though in opposition, encourages Lord Grey in checking O'Connell. Behind Sir Robert are the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham.

CVI.

RADICALISM AND INCIVILITY; OR, THE FAIR PENSIONERS.

About the period when this sketch is dated, the *Times* contained a series of letters, written in a very powerful style, against the persons whose names figured on the

Pension List. So vigorous and unsparing was the style of the writer, that it seemed as if Lord Althorp were putting into execution, against the pensioners, the threat that he is made to utter, in No. CIII., against the sinecurists,—that, if he could not get rid of them, he would *make a show of them.* The man in the mask is intended for the anonymous correspondent of the *Times,* (generally believed to be Colonel Jones,) and the ladies are some of "the fair pensioners," whose consternation and dismay, under such an unexpected assault, seem to transfix John Bull with amazement.

CVII.

A PALPABLE BOLT, &c.

When Lord Grey took the reins of government, the system on which he began to drive that vicious and uncertain animal, the Public, was to give it its head; and the consequence was, that, before he had driven far, the creature bolted. In other words, his Lordship thought to secure for ever the gratitude and devotion of the people, by a plan of reform which he deemed more liberal and extensive than reformers, in general, had even ventured to believe within the reach of probability. But his Lordship was mistaken. Speaking of the vicious whom he was satirizing, Pope says,

> Feign what I will, and paint it ne'er so strong,
> Some rising genius sins up to my song.

And so, among reformers, Lord Grey found that, while he was thinking to give what he believed no one ever dreamed of asking, every one was asking for that which his Lordship never dreamed of giving. Radicalism was as far as ever from being satisfied. Having got the promise of a certain amount of reform, it dashed onward for universal

suffrage and the ballot. Lords Grey and Althorp scarcely hoping to stop it, are attempting, at any rate, to keep its head straight. The late Lord Durham, looking out from behind, sees, in the distance, some persons—conservatives, most probably—who shew a disposition to oppose the animal's progress, and he is very naturally alarmed for the consequences, as well to himself as to them. The Duke of Wellington, though tumbled out of the state-cart, and sticking in the mud, thinks his situation the safer of the two.

CVIII.

THE TERMINUS OF REFORM.

Mr. Horace Twiss, late M.P. for Newport, (on the left,) and the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, (on the right,) having eulogized the Government of the Duke of Wellington for doing, in the way of reform, all that could be safely done, and for resisting, with firmness, those attempts at further reform which he conceived to be dangerous to the welfare of the community, are here represented in the act of decorating, with garlands of flowers symbolical of their rhetoric, a Terminus, which bears a bust of the noble Duke; while, at the same time, they are stopping-up the path that leads to reform. The travellers in this path are Lords Grey and Althorp.

CIX.

A HANDSOME AND PROMISING PUPIL.

The late Vice-admiral Sir Joseph Sidney Yorke, M.P. for Reigate, was, for some years, the most humorous and entertaining speaker in the House of Commons. His speeches were full of point, but couched in such familiar

expressions, and studded with such droll conceits, that, while they bore with great effect upon the matter under consideration, they were a most agreeable relief to the tedium of a debate. Soon after the entrance of the well-known Henry Hunt into the House of Commons, as member for Preston, and before he had found his level, but was rising to speak on every question, as if he had been determined to vindicate the judgment of his constituents, Sir Joseph Yorke gave him a lecture, in the House, upon what ought to be his conduct there, in very nearly the same language as that which appears to be issuing from his lips. The several rolls of paper protruding from the pocket of the Member for Preston, shew the number and variety of the subjects which divided his attention.

CX.

ALL-SHAM *versus* EVESHAM.

A case of gross bribery having been made out against the Borough of Evesham, the Marquess of Chandos, now Duke of Buckingham, gave notice of a motion to disfranchise the Borough, and transfer to Birmingham the right of returning a member to Parliament. Lord John Russell suggested that the noble Marquess might postpone his motion, as the whole question of Parliamentary Reform was to come on very shortly. The Marquess of Chandos had nothing to do with "the whole question of Parliamentary Reform;" and, entertaining a violent abhorrence of a constituency that had been detected in taking bribes, refused to postpone his motion. In this virtuous resolution he was strongly supported by Sir Charles Wetherell. That two such uncompromising opponents of the Reform Bill should entertain a sincere desire to put an end to

corruption in the case of *Eve*sham, was very generally thought to be *all*-sham.

CXI.

A SCREW LOOSE.

The first budget of Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Lord Grey's administration, was so unpalatable to all parties, chiefly on account of a proposed tax on the transfers of funded property, that on the motion for the Speaker's leaving the chair, ministers were in a minority of forty-six. The broken-down racer, in this sketch, is the unlucky Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of whose fore-legs exhibits the marks of the veterinary surgeon. His Majesty, as the proprietor of the stud, is calling his principal groom (Earl Grey) to an account for this disaster. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are discussing the matter in the left-hand corner, while an undistinguishable group of sporting characters are speculating upon it in the distance.

CXII.

THE LAST OF THE BOROUGHBRIDGES.

Sir Charles Wetherell was the member for Boroughbridge. Throughout the whole progress of the Reform-Bill in the House of Commons he opposed it, section after section, in a series of speeches, ingenious and acute, often very forcible, and at times exceedingly humorous. Boroughbridge stood in schedule A. of the Reform-Bill; that is to say, it was no longer to enjoy the distinction of returning a member to Parliament. Sir Charles Wetherell, on that account, described himself, in a playful speech, which is the subject of this sketch, as the Last

of the Boroughbridges; and, designating the Reform-Bill as "Russell's purge," attributed his decease to a dose of that compound. The sketch of him, in his easy-chair, taking leave of his friends before he actually gives up the ghost, is an admirable likeness; over the back of his chair leans Mr. Horace Twiss, M.P. for Newport. The old nurse, who seems so very attentive to his wants, is the present Duke of Buckingham, then Marquess of Chandos, and behind him are seen Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Goulburn, who, sympathizing with his sufferings, from personal considerations, are yet unwilling to make their sympathy too apparent. But the grief of Lord Eldon and the Duke of Cumberland they neither can nor would conceal.

CXIII.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

Although Lord John Russell was the member of Lord Grey's government, selected to introduce the Reform-Bill into the House of Commons, and conduct its progress, his Lordship was not entirely free from the charge of having changed his opinions very materially on this subject; and, in particular, the following passage, which is to be found in his speech on the disfranchisement of a corrupt Cornish borough in 1819, was very often quoted against him by his political opponents:—"Old Sarum existed when Montesquieu pronounced the constitution of England the nearest to perfection of any which the most enlightened statesman had ever before experienced. When Lord Somers, and the other great legislators and philosophers who flourished with him, bore testimony to its merits, it was open to the same objections that have since been urged against it; and, when Hampden lost his life, Rutland returned the same

number of representatives as Yorkshire. He was not inclined, with the pseudo-merchant in the fable, to cry '*New Lamps for Old*,' and would not consent to exchange the instrument which had created so much national prosperity, for a burnished and tinselled article of modern manufacture."

In this sketch John Bull is represented in the character of the servant of Aladdin, who was taken in by the cunning trick of the African magician, and induced to part with the invaluable Lamp, in exchange for a piece of Brummagem ware. Sir Robert Peel is cautioning John not to be so easily duped; the African magician is Earl Grey.

CXIV.

A SCENE FROM THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

It has already been seen (No. XV.,) that Sir Charles Wetherell seceded from the Duke of Wellington's government, on account of certain differences between them. From the time of that separation he openly opposed the Duke on those points on which he had been inflexible, and the opposition of such a man as Sir Charles was always powerful. The accession of a Whig government, by providing a common enemy, was calculated to unite persons and parties who had previously been hostile to each other; and, in the grand struggle against the Reform-Bill, Tories and Conservatives of all shades fought side by side with perfect good-will.

Sir Charles Wetherell, condemned by the Reform-Bill to a political death, appears in this sketch in the character of Captain Macheath, taking leave of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, as Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit. On the left stands Lord John Russell, as the functionary, waiting to lead the hero to the scaffold. On

the right are Lords Althorp and Grey, in the characters of old Peachum and Lockit. The idea is a very happy one, and very humorously treated.

CXV.

JOHN BULL BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

This sketch is a parody on Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. The Tragedy is the figure of Mr. North, the Member for Drogheda, whose opposition to the Reform-Bill was carried on in a series of speeches, breathing a prophetic spirit of the most disastrous consequences inevitably to result from this fatal measure. The Comedy is Sir Charles Wetherell, equally resolute and persevering in his opposition to the Bill, but carrying on his opposition in a vein of drollery that amused even those who were most desirous of making the Bill the law of the land.

CXVI.

JOHN BULL TRYING ON HIS "BRA" NEW GREY BREEKS.

For "Grey Breeks" we are to understand, of course, "Grey Government." John Bull, though fond of a novelty, not being a philosopher of the "Nil admirari" school, is still so much a creature of habit, that novelties soon tire with him. He has already become dissatisfied with his "bra new" Grey Breeks, and is half disposed to cast them off, and slip into his old ones. Lord John Russell, as the guardian of the Reform-Bill in the House of Commons, personates the artist who has constructed the new article of apparel, and, as a matter of course, he does his best to commend them to John's liking. On the other

side the ex-ministers, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Eldon, like discarded tailors, endeavour to alleviate their mortification by decrying the work of their successful opponent in trade.

CXVII.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

There was a rumour that the Duke of Gloucester was desirous of joining the Whig party, on condition of having some appointment, but that his proposal was declined. The Duke of Cumberland is here represented making use of the fact of his cousin being rejected to incite him to opposition, and the Duke of Gloucester appears to think the argument one of irrefragable force.

CXVIII.

THE HORSE-GUARDS TAKEN BY A COUP-DE-MAIN.

Cedant arma togæ, concedit Laurea linguæ.

On one of the days when the Queen held a drawing-room, and when the road through the mall of St. James's Park is closed against all carriages, except those of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham attempted to enter the park at the Horse-Guards, when he was stopped by the soldiers on duty. An altercation ensued, but the soldiers, though several, were unable to cope with the single civilian, and therefore they gave way, probably on the principle which the learned Dogberry thus lays down :—

Dogberry. You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

Watch. How, if a will not stand ?

Dogberry. Why then take no note of him but *let him go,* and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a ———.

CXIX.

A VERY PROPHETICAL AND PATHETICAL ALLEGORY.

H. B. has, in this sketch, assumed the character of a prophet, and buried the British constitution, after a period of ten years from the passing of the Reform Act, inscribing on its tomb an English translation of the well-known Italian epitaph, *Stavo ben: ma per star meglio sto qui.* The Duke of Wellington, like the forlorn and broken-hearted relict of the defunct, is laying a wreath of flowers on the grave of all that he held dear in this life. Whether the sketch be prophetical or not, let others pronounce; but it is safe to say, that the subject is very pathetically treated.

CXX.

LEAP-FROG DOWN CONSTITUTION-HILL.

The appearance of this sketch created a very extraordinary sensation: it was hailed by the Conservative party as an index of the certain results of the hazardous experiment then being made on the British Constitution. Lord Grey vaults over the head of William IV., tumbling the crown into the dust as he goes; and, at the same time, precipitating himself to the ground with an alarming force. At a distance is the Marquess of Lansdowne rolling over Lord Eldon. Lord-Chancellor Brougham goes over the Duke of Wellington, who sinks under the superincumbent weight, while a vagabond is purloining the great seal. Lord King is scrambling over the Church, personified by one of its dignitaries, and lying prostrate beneath the assailant baron. Lord Althorp has beaten down a judge, and on the other side the Duke of Cumberland is waiting

the onset of Lord Durham. The crutched Lord Wynford makes a back to the crutched Lord Holland: they are making a duet of "Through the wood, Laddie." Behind Lord Holland is Sir F. Burdett. All these are going down the hill, while triumphant at the top are Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hunt, and various nameless Radicals.

CXXI.

ANTICIPATED RADICAL MEETING.

Mr. Henry Hunt, M.P. for Preston, was so very radical in his notions of reform, that he opposed Lord Grey's Bill, because it did not go far enough, almost as violently as the Tories opposed it, because it went too far. This conduct laid him open to the charge of lending himself to the Tories, and there were not a few who seriously believed that he had been bought over. Humouring this belief, H.B. has sketched a Radical meeting to oppose the bill, in which Hunt, elevated in one of his own vans, (he was then following the trade of a blacking-maker) is haranguing a mob, among whom are some of the leaders of the Tory party. On the left-hand are Sir E. Sugden, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Goulburn, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Mr. Horace Twiss; and, on the right, Lord Ellenborough waving his hat, the Duke of Wellington, with his arms folded, Lord Aberdeen close behind the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Eldon shouting one cheer more, as he waves his hat over the head of the Duke of Cumberland.

CXXII.

VOTARIES AT THE ALTAR OF DISCORD.

The *gît* of this sketch is nearly the same as that of the preceding; it insinuates that the Tories encouraged, or

perhaps bribed, Mr. Hunt, whose influence was considerable among the Radicals of the manufacturing towns in the north of England, to decry the Ministerial Reform-Bill as a measure wholly inefficacious, in order to sow discord among the reform party. Mr. Hunt is the demon to whom the altar is raised, and he seems to be propitiated by the sacrifice and the prostrations of his votaries. The foremost of the latter is Sir Robert Peel, and behind him, in the foreground, are Mr. Horace Twiss, Sir E. Sugden, and Mr. Sadler. Next to Sir Robert Peel, but in the back row, are Mr. Dawson, Mr. Goulburn, and Sir Charles Wetherell. The row in the back-ground is composed of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Carnarvon, and the Duke of Newcastle.

CXXIII.

PEERLESS ELOQUENCE.

The Marquess of Londonderry is giving vent to his indignation at certain offensive expressions which had been made use of towards the members of the House of Lords. The head of the Lord-Chancellor Brougham is just visible over the table. The three noble Lords who are sitting on the right-hand of the Marquess, are Lord Aberdeen, Lord Wharncliffe, and the Duke of Wellington.

CXXIV.

HOO LOO CHOO; *alias*, JOHN BULL AMONG THE DOCTORS.

About the date of this sketch the attention of the medical profession was drawn to the case of Hoo Loo, a Chinese peasant, who had been brought over to this country, and was visited by the most eminent surgeons

and physicians in London, on account of a monstrous tumour depending from the abdomen. He had been afflicted with it for many years, but it had been increasing rapidly for a short time before his arrival in England. John Bull's case, as here drawn, is not exactly parallel with that of the Chinese. He represents his complaint as not at all interfering with his general health and enjoyments, and though one set of doctors, to wit, Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Lord John Russell, advise him that his life is in danger, and recommend an immediate operation: another set, namely, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, insist upon it that he is perfectly well. Whether in the sequel the parallel will hold good or not, remains to be seen. The fate of the poor Chinese is already known: he submitted to the doctors, came under the knife of Mr. Key, at Guy's Hospital, and lost both his tumour and his life. John Bull also underwent the operation, but the success of it is not yet certainly known. He is sometimes heard to murmur that, notwithstanding the operation, the mass of corruption in his system is greater than ever.

CXXV.

MAY-DAY.

Poor William IV. enacting the part of Jack in the Green, is in what the Yankees call, a "*pretty fix.*" His situation is "much more dignified than entertaining." He is encompassed by Reform,—he tries to "see his way" through it; while the weight presses heavily on his shoulders. But, save the Monarch himself, the whole party appear to be animated by the most extravagant joy. Lord Grey in the cocked-hat is the master of the ceremonies, and opposite to him is Sir Francis Burdett, like a

beau of the olden school. Lord Brougham, as the queen of the silver-collecting ladle, is in the act of soliciting a donation from the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon. Between Lord Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett may be seen the Duke of Gloucester and the Marquess of Londonderry, the latter most wickedly hooking up with his cane the drapery of the mock-queen, but it is matter of doubt whether he is looking for a pretty leg or a cloven foot. On the left-hand side of the queen is the visage of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and on the right is Mr. Daniel O'Connell flourishing a shillelagh. Next to him is Mr. Hume, and farther still is Lord John Russell, doing his best to keep up the sport by means of the big drum and Pandean pipes. There is nothing in the whole piece so elegant as the style and attitude of Sir F. Burdett.

CXXVI.

LEAP-FROG ON A LEVEL, OR GOING HEADLONG TO THE DEVIL.

In order to understand this sketch it is necessary to look back at No. CXX. The leapers in that sketch, having gone down the hill over the heads of those who appeared to stand in their way, and having thus arrived at the bottom, are forced to make a stand, and bend their own heads to other and more energetic leapers. Lord King, on the left-hand, who overturned the church, is himself overturned by Mr. Hume. The Lord-Chancellor, Brougham, has a most merciless rough rider in the person of Mr. O'Connell. Poor Lord Grey, after rising superior to his King, is sinking beneath the spring of Mr. Henry Hunt, and the aristocratic elegance of Sir F. Burdett is being crushed by the rustic sturdiness of Wm. Cobbett. The end of all this confusion and disorder is the appear-

ance of his Satanic Majesty before the face of Carlile the deistical publisher, who has just knocked down a bishop, one of those, perhaps, who, alarmed at the cry of Reform, and apprehensive of personal danger, have gone down Constitutional-hill, over the body of some more humble brother of the Church.

CXXVII.

THE NIOBE FAMILY.

The story of Niobe, who, in the pride of having fourteen children, insulted Latona because she had no more than the twins Apollo and Diana; of the revenge which Latona took by urging Apollo to kill, with his arrows, the whole of Niobe's offspring; and of her being transformed into a marble statue, may be read, by those who are not already familiar with it, in the 6th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. The Niobe in this sketch is the Duke of Newcastle, who was, perhaps, as prolific of political offspring as a comparison with Niobe would make him appear. The figures by whom he is surrounded are Mr. Matthias Attwood, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Mr. Sadler; the two former, returned by the Duke's nomination as members for Boroughbridge, and the latter, in the same way, as member for Newark. The Apollo of the piece is Earl Grey, whose Reform Bill carries destruction to the boroughs for which the Duke's influence enables him to return the members.

CXXVIII.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin, on the calendar's horse, serves admirably for a type of William IV. on the hobby Reform. How

very well the parallel runs! How pleased were both the haberdasher and the monarch with the thoughts of the ride, and how gaily they sat, while the beast was manageable,

"And slowly pacing o'er the street,
With *caution* and good heed.

"But finding, soon, a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting brute *began to trot,*
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So *fair and softly,* John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,—
The trot became a gallop, soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

* * * * * *

"He never dream'd, when he set out,
Of running such a rig."

He is carried past the Bell at Edmonton (where his wife and her party, represented by the Duke of Wellington and a number of Tories, are anxiously waiting for him to join them,) with an impetuosity that nothing can arrest. John Bull, as the turnpike-keeper, is delighted with the sport, and, with a characteristic indifference to expense, throws open the gate to let him pass toll-free. The bottles dangling at his waist are charged with "Birmingham froth" (such as the speakers at the meetings of the Birmingham Political Union were in the habit of spouting,) and Rotunda pop; the latter, a compound of sedition and profaneness, to be had at the Rotunda in Blackfriars'-Road. Messrs. Hume and O'Connell, on horseback, are following close at John's heels, and cheering him with all their might; and Sir F. Burdett and Sir J. C. Hobhouse, on foot, are joining in the cry. The terrified geese, with

coronetted heads, are representatives of the peers of the realm; while poor Lord Eldon, in the likeness of an old orange-woman, has been tumbled down and rolled in the mire. Over the turnpike-house is a bird of ill-omen, foretelling disaster; the label issuing from his lips proclaims him from the Admiralty, where a certain "Croker" was well known as the Secretary and M.P. for Aldeburgh. Nor is it unlikely that the forebodings may be fulfilled; for a king does not ride bareheaded through the streets, on a runaway horse, without considerable danger to his *crown.*

CXXIX.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND NOW?

After the disappointment experienced by the City of London, when His Majesty's visit was put off, as explained at No. LXXXIX., the citizens continued very eager to obtain the honour of which they had been unluckily deprived, and in April, 1831, His Majesty was again invited. The invitation, however, was for that time declined, on the plea of ill-health. H. B. insinuates some other reasons: Lord Melbourne, as the Secretary for the Home Department, is the bearer of the invitation; and a letter, dated the 9th of May, 1831, bearing his signature, and acquainting the Lord Mayor with His Majesty's answer, will be found in the newspapers of that date. "There's villany in the wind," was an expression in a popular farce of the same period.

CXXX.

THE RIVAL MOUNT-O'BANKES; OR, THE DORSETSHIRE JUGGLER.

The Right Honourable John Calcraft, who figures in

this sketch under the disguise of an Indian juggler, was the Paymaster-General during the administration of the Duke of Wellington; and that his speeches in Parliament were in unison with the Government of which he was a subordinate member, is fully manifest by those extracts which are printed on the paper that he is rolling up and swallowing. All this time he sat in the House of Commons as member for the rotten borough of Warcham; but, after the change of ministry, he started as a candidate for the county of Dorset, upon the strength of having become an advocate for reform, and succeeded in beating the Tory member, Henry Bankes, Esq. Lord Grey, therefore, to whom his sudden conversion to reform principles must be attributed, appears as the master of the show, the chief performance of which consists of Mr. Calcraft's eating his own speeches. The assistant, who raises the trumpet to his mouth, is the late Lord Durham. The bumpkins crowding up to the show are admirable specimens of the constituency during that memorable year, when the cry, from one end of the kingdom to the other, was, "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

CXXXI.

HAND-WRITING UPON THE WALL.

Among the literary productions of the country, the chalk writings upon walls and palings are entitled to a distinct and grave consideration. Passing by the advertisements of Warren's Blacking—Coles's Truss—Somebody's Polish, &c., there have been, from time to time, mysterious essays in this department of literature that have confounded the ablest heads and alarmed the stoutest hearts. For

months was the understanding of the whole British public put to the rack, to resolve the enigma which was embodied in the letters Q.U.O.Z. Not long after this the letters B.C.Y. appeared, in ghastly white, on every wall in the metropolis, and none could tell what dire disaster they portended. What imagination, sublime or subtle, brooding in the hidden recesses of this great city, conceives the direful and cabalistic announcement;—what magic fingers trace it in the most conspicuous places, and yet escape the detection of every human eye;—none can disclose. The wall-chalker is a creature known only by his works; he himself is never seen.

This sketch represents William IV. somewhat puzzled by the words "Reform Bill," chalked, we will suppose, on the garden-wall of St. James's Palace. A vulgar mind would never doubt that the words were intended to signify the wish of the writer, that the bill then before Parliament, for reforming the representation of the people in the House of Commons, should pass into a law; in short, that *Bill* was a noun-substantive, and the name of a roll of parchment; and *Reform* a noun-substantive used adjectively, expressing the particular nature and quality of the said bill. But His Majesty, with the superior subtlety and penetration which belong to exalted rank, perceives that the words may be very different parts of speech, and convey a very different meaning; that *Reform* may be a verb in the imperative mood, and *Bill* a noun-substantive, derived from William, standing in the accusative case, and governed by the verb. This reading very naturally leads to an inquiry as to the particular Bill, or William, who is standing in this uncomfortable case, and is so unceremoniously governed by a disagreeable verb in an imperative mood; and then (going one

step farther) His Majesty asks himself the question, whether or not he may be the individual Bill, whose reform appears to be resolved upon.

CXXXII.

BRISSOT'S GHOST.

Jean Pierre Brissot was one of those who rose to distinction during the French Revolution, and terminated on the scaffold a very short career. There is little or no variety in the histories of these revolutionary heroes. By the extravagance of their opinions, and the boldness with which they made them public, they first attracted the notice, and next the favour of the mob. Following the same course, they trampled down the men who had preceded them, and gained the summit of power; but, halting there, they were speedily overtaken by rivals more extravagant and bolder than themselves, when they were pushed down and trampled on in their turn. This was exactly the fate of Brissot, who fell beneath the tyranny of Robespierre.

It is good-natured enough, in the decapitated reformer, (who, in private life, bore the character of a very amiable man,) to give Lord Grey a timely caution, on account of his inclination to court mob-popularity, but the vast difference in moral qualities between the two nations rendered the admonition quite unnecessary.

CXXXIII.

THE TRI-COLOURED WITCHES.

This sketch represents the concoction of the Reform Bill. The three principal witches, each with a broom in hand, are Lords Brougham, Durham, and Grey. The

witch in the back-ground, behind Lord Brougham, is Lord Althorp, and the small head appearing between Lord Brougham and Lord Durham is that of Lord John Russell. The speeches issuing from their lips sufficiently shew what sacrifices of particular interests were necessary to obtain the general advantage which the Reform Act gave to the country. His Majesty, William IV., appears behind like Macbeth, repenting his folly and temerity in having listened and trusted to their deceptive promises.

CXXXIV.

A TALE OF A TUB, AND THE MORAL OF THE TAIL.

The monster is, of course, the British public, and the boat contains His Majesty, William IV., and the most eminent of his Cabinet Ministers. The vested interests and chartered rights with which the tub is filled, are those that belonged to certain boroughs, and certain classes of freemen annihilated by the Reform Bill. His Majesty is in evident alarm at his proximity to the capricious tail of the monster; but Lord Grey, who sits at the helm of the boat, accounts for his approaching the tail so closely in a speech, which we must suppose is intended to be "*aside.*" Lord Brougham is pulling away at the bow oar, with a determined look; and Lord Althorp, having just thrown out the tub, is parleying with the monster. In the distance is a rival vessel, freighted with Conservatives. Sir Robert Peel regrets that they did not try to amuse the monster by a similar trick, substituting, however, a small keg for the large tub; that is to say, disfranchising some half dozen of the rottenest of the rotten boroughs, and giving to as many of the large towns then unrepresented, Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield for example, the

right to return members to Parliament. But the Duke of Wellington expresses his opinion that neither the small keg nor the large tub would, or will, serve to satisfy the monster.

CXXXV.

A TALE OF A CAB; OR, THE TABLES TURNED IN ARLINGTON-STREET.

Scene laid in 1832.

In anticipation of the disastrous consequences of the Reform Act to the privileged classes of society, the late Earl of Sefton is here exhibited in the year 1832, reduced from his station of a peer of the realm to that of a hackney cab-man; his cab and horse, late the pride of his aristocratic spirit, being now the means of support of his plebeian body. All distinctions of persons are supposed to be now at an end, and men are living upon what they can get in the scramble. Of the two persons at the door, who have evidently got the upper hand of hereditary nobility, and intend to indulge in a ride, the one on the right is William Cobbett, and the other is Henry Hunt. It is not prudent, however, as we now see clearly, for prophets to tie themselves down too closely to dates.

CXXXVI.

VARNISHING—A SIGN (OF THE *TIMES*).

From the day of the accession of William IV. (*See* No. LXXI., the Gheber worshipping the Rising Sun) to the last of His Majesty's existence, Lord Brougham appears to have let slip no opportunity of flattering the King. He is accordingly represented as covering the likeness of His

Majesty with a coat of varnish, while Lord Grey looks out of window in admiration of the work. Because much of the praise bestowed on His Majesty appeared in the *Times* newspaper, in which Lord Brougham was reputed to be an occasional writer, H.B. has added "of the Times" to the title of his sketch.

CXXXVII.

THE RIVAL WIGS.

Lord Brougham was not only a real *Whig*, but, being Lord-Chancellor, was also a real *Wig*. Nevertheless, Lord Ellenborough would rival the learned Lord, and whether upon the strength of a profusion of natural locks, greater than any Wig that ever was worn, or from any other cause, he would frequently contend with the Lord-Chancellor upon points of order in the House of Lords, and not unfrequently shew a superiority of knowledge on such points.

CXXXVIII.

THIS IS *NOT* THE BARON OF OAKLAND, IN THE OPERA OF THE HAUNTED TOWER.

It is said of some artist that having painted a something which he intended for a cock, the resemblance between that animal and the picture was so small, that he found it necessary, in order to prevent mistakes, to write underneath, "This is a cock." H.B., in this sketch, has fallen into the opposite error, and not intending to draw the Baron of Oakland, but, in lieu thereof, a no less grave and important person than the Lord-Chancellor Brougham, has made so near a likeness to the operatic hero, that,

like Snug, the joiner, in a similar case, he has considered it necessary to declare, in plain terms, that the picture is *not* designed to represent the Baron of Oakland.

The Haunted Tower, though a very popular piece when Braham was in the zenith of his glory, has now lain so long on the shelf, that the present generation of play-goers know it only by name, and in conjunction with two or three undying airs by Storace and Paisiello. Its author was James Cobb, who is mentioned, not very respectfully, by Leigh Hunt, in his *Feast of the Poets*:—

> "Mighty dull Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up."

The Baron of Oakland is a ploughman, unexpectedly converted into a nobleman, and in his laborious efforts to sustain his dignity, and to exact from others the respect and deference due to his station, continually exposes his rustieity and low-breeding.

CXXXIX.

THE KENTISH FARMER; OR, THE MAN WOT'S LOST HIS OWN IDENTITY.

The idea of this sketch is borrowed from the following epigram:—

> Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
> Some waggish pilf'rer stole his team away;
> Giles wakes and cries, "What's here? ods dicken! what?
> Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
> If Giles, I've lost six horses, to my smart,
> If not, ods buddikins, I've found a cart.

The Kentish farmer is Lord Winchelsea, who, it will be recollected, abandoned the Duke of Wellington when he brought in the Catholic Relief Bill, and seemed then to have taken his stand on intelligible ground, as an oppo-

nent of the Duke, and a friend to parliamentary reform. He was not long, however, in discovering that he and the Whigs had nothing in common but the bare word Reform, and that, in every thing substantial, they differed *toto cœlo*. As parties then stood, the noble Earl seemed really not to know which he belonged to. The Whigs were for *reforming* the Church, of which the noble Earl was one of the staunchest supporters. The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon opposed Reform in every degree, which Lord Winchelsea was, to some extent, pledged to support; and though they opposed the Whigs, which Lord Winchelsea was inclined to do likewise, yet, in so doing, they ranged under the leadership of the Duke of Wellington, from whom Lord Winchelsea had formerly deserted. In such a state of things, the noble Earl seemed not to know his true position; and in joining those who voted with the Duke, might literally be said to have lost his identity, like poor Giles in the tale. The waggish pilferer who is carrying off the horses is the Duke of Wellington.

CXL.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE ELEGANT AND EXPRESSIVE PHRASE, "IT'S NO GO."

In the year 1940, it may be necessary to be told that the phrase "No go," applies to failures of whatever description. For example, an attorney, a surveyor, and a stock-jobber, combine to start a project; it may be a railway, or a water company, or a Bank. Prospectuses are published, advertisements issued, puffs inserted; in short, every thing done to get a company formed, shares taken, and money deposited; but the project does not succeed, nobody comes forward; the failure is complete, and the world says "It's no go." Again, a

thief designs to pick a pocket; he sees a stout elderly gentleman just getting into a crowded part of the street; he makes all haste to overtake him; scans his figure with a professional eye, and sees the outline of a pocket-book through a double covering of broad cloth. But, lo! on turning his head he encounters the look of a policeman, who is evidently well aware of his design, and watching for the moment to catch him in the fact: his heart and his hopes sink at once, like a thermometer dropped into an ice-pail—his fingers refuse their office—he no longer sees the stout elderly gentleman, and his well-lined pocket-book, but a vision of staves, rattles, iron bars, and hand-cuffs passes across him—he turns on his heel, and inwardly mutters "It's no go."

While the Reform Bill of Lord Grey was under consideration, the public, apprehensive that a compromise might be effected between the opposite parties, and the measure stripped of all that was most valuable, raised the cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." In the first parliament, Ministers were out-voted, but after a dissolution, they brought in another bill. During the interval, a good deal of notice was excited by the mode in which Ministers dealt with a very important clause, that now appeared in the bill. The franchise was still a £10 franchise, but the bill, as brought in, provided that persons paying a yearly rent of £10 should not be entitled to vote if their rent was payable oftener than half-yearly. A clamour was immediately raised against the clause by the Reformers, and the clause was immediately sacrificed by Ministers, who pretended that it had crept in by inadvertence. This intention, or suspected intention, of robbing John Bull of his £10 votes, is caricatured by the sketch of Lord John Russell in the character of a school-boy stealing John's apples, and caught in the fact, which he attempts

to conceal, by declaring, with an affected innocence which his look belies, that he is going to put them back again. His colleague, Lord Althorp, (emphatically called "honest Lord Althorp") recommends him to say that it was a mere act of inadvertence. Good-natured John, having saved his fruit, withholds the punishment that he had intended to inflict, and satisfied with the success of his vigilance and promptitude, very quietly lets them see that "*It's no go.*"

CXLI.

ANOTHER OMINOUS CONJUNCTION.

The last Ominous Conjunction was that between the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Durham, Lord Grey, and Lord Eldon. (*See* No. LXXVI.) The Tory party had been divided into two sections,—that headed by the Duke of Wellington having advanced a few stages towards liberalism, while that to which the Duke of Cumberland belonged had remained stationary. But now, when the forced marches of the Whigs had left the Duke of Wellington so far behind that the distance between the two sections of his party was comparatively insignificant, their mutual interest required that they should re-unite, for the purpose of presenting a more formidable front to their opponents. Hence the conjunction here represented; an Ominous Conjunction so far as it related to the proceedings in the House of Lords.

CXLII.

THE HOUSE WOT KEEPS BAD HOURS, &c.

The speaker who, at the hour of seven in the morning, stands untired, though he has toiled through the whole

night at the same dull task of denouncing the Reform Bill, is Sir Charles Wetherell, member for Boroughbridge, and formerly Attorney-General. It was surprising with what zeal and energy Sir Charles fought the battle, long after every chance of success had ceased to exist. It was no uncommon thing for him to prolong the debate, if debate it might be called, in which he was almost the only speaker, till a very late hour, and on the day mentioned at the bottom of the sketch, the House really did not adjourn till seven in the morning. The appearance of the House would, no doubt, be very like that which the sketch presents: every one but the speaker tired out, and either fast asleep or dozing. Behind Sir Charles are Mr. Croker, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Goulburn, and among the sleepers in the second row we may recognize Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume.

CXLIII.

THREE GREAT PILLARS OF GOVERNMENT.

Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Hume, and Mr. O'Connell. They are returning from a public meeting at White-Conduit House, where they have addressed the people in very nearly the same strain, with the exception of Mr. O'Connell, who indulged in the cry of "Repeal of the Union," as a matter peculiar to himself. It will appear hereafter that Sir Francis found it necessary to cut his White-Conduit companions.

CXLIV.

STOP THIEF.

Old Time is endeavouring to run off with the Reform Bill before the meeting of Parliament; and Lord Althorp is endeavouring to arrest his progress, or at least to deprive

him of his spoil, part of which, namely, schedule A, his Lordship appears to have taken fast hold of. The meaning of the allegory is, that the solicitude of the public with regard to this measure was wearing fast away, and likely to disappear before it had served the purpose of the party by whom the measure had been brought forward.

CXLV.

CITY ELECTORS, AND THEIR INDEPENDENT REPRESENTATIVE.

The independent Representative (for every candidate at an election boasts of his independence,) is Mr. Alderman Thompson, who had represented the City of London for several years, being at the head of the poll at both the elections of 1826 and 1830. The worthy Alderman, however, displeased his constituents by a vote on some question connected with the Reform Bill, and was called to account with no little rigour. The sagacious electors, like so many copies of Bottom, the weaver, are sitting in grave deliberation on the delinquency of their representative, who endeavours to exculpate himself, commencing his address in the words of Brutus "Lend me your ears." In such an assembly, had the request been complied with, the loan would have been as large a one as was ever negociated in the City. But it was refused: the constituents would not listen to him, and Alderman Thompson gave up London, to represent the less critical constituency of the Borough of Sunderland.

CXLVI.

A NEW ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD JOKE.

Lord John Russell is the tea-kettle, and Sir Robert Peel the coffee-pot. They are exchanging taunts on the

subject of changing their opinions. Let any two persons who have played prominent parts on the theatre of politics, be placed in the same position as Lord John and Sir Robert, and let them be incited to attack each other with charges of tergiversation, and it will be wholly impossible to predict when or in whose favour the altercation will terminate.

CXLVII.

WAR!!! COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES,—COMBINED MOVEMENT OF THE ALLIED POWERS.

When at length the Reform Bill had received the Royal Assent, there was a general illumination,—not, however, so general as to include the houses of those noblemen or others who had uniformly opposed the measure. The houses of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Londonderry, and the Duke of Buckingham, together with some of the club-houses, were among those which presented an aspect of gloom amidst the surrounding blaze of joy. This sullen behaviour of the opposition dwellings raised the indignation of the mob, who broke the windows of as many as they could recognize. The gratification that a mob derives from the breaking of windows on such occasions is two-fold; first, it gives the owner of the mansion very great annoyance and heavy loss if he should patiently put up with it: secondly, if he should take the usual means to indemnify himself, the loss falls upon the rate-paying portion of the city or county in which the mischief is done, and of such portion the stone-throwing rabble form no part.

Among the owners of the windows which had been doomed to undergo the fate of St. Stephen, three of the most injured are making their way into Parliament for

redress. Lord Londonderry leads the way, followed closely by Mr. Crockford of St. James's-street, and the Duke of Wellington bringing up the rear. Mr. Lee, as the High-Constable of Westminster, and the person responsible, ex officio, for the preservation of the peace within the city and liberties thereof, protests his innocence, and opposes their entrance. Behind the door, enjoying the scene, are Lord Grey and Lord Brougham.

CXLVIII.

A GRACEFUL SPECIMEN OF THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

This sketch refers to an incident that was said to have occurred at the ceremony of opening the New London-Bridge by their Majesties in person, in August, 1831. The Duke of Devonshire, who then filled the office of Lord-Chamberlain, appears to be on the point of entering a barge which contains several of the opposition Peers, among whom the Earl of Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Londonderry, and the Duke of Cumberland are conspicuous. The Duke of Cumberland acquaints the Lord-Chamberlain that he has mistaken the barge, adding, "all here are against you,"—to which the Duke of Devonshire retorts, by pointing to the multitudes that are standing on the bridge and other places, and adding, "if all *here* are against *me*, all *there* are against *you*." The Duke of Sussex is standing behind the Duke of Devonshire, and enjoying the "Retort Courteous."

CXLIX.

THE NEW BISHOP OF DERRY.

The Bishopric of Derry being vacant, and great differ-

enee of opinion prevailing among the several parties in the House of Commons, on the question of appropriating the revenue of the See, it was observed by some member, during the debate, that ministers might, if they pleased, appoint the Princess Victoria to the Bishopric. This happy idea was not suffered to escape, but, being seized by H. B., is perpetuated in this very admirable sketch.

CL.

A WILL-O'THE-WISP.

Lord Brougham had so cautiously abstained from expressing an opinion on the nature and extent of the reform which he was prepared to advocate, that, up to the very day on which the bill was proposed to be read a second time in the House of Lords, it was open to him to take any course that might best suit his own individual interest; and he openly expressed his independence of his colleagues, in the debate upon the second reading, by declaring, that his opinions, upon some parts of the measure—(he declared it, *regardless of the quarter in which it might give offence)*—were far from being satisfactorily concluded. In short, he had played and dallied with the subject, and seemed quite prepared to take any course that circumstances might render expedient, instead of making up his mind as to the course which, as a statesman, he ought to pursue, and abandoning every other. In this conduct he is not improperly compared to a *Will-o'the-Wisp;* and, as he dances over the bog, he dazzles the inexperienced eyes of Lord Durham so much that he takes him for a fixed star of the first magnitude, and proposes to follow him. Lord Grey, more discriminating, suspects that, by following him too far, he is already getting into the mire. The intrepid Marquess of Lon-

donderry is resolved to have a dash at him, let his nature be what it will; but Lord Carnarvon has discovered his true nature, and cautions the party to be led by him no farther.

CLI.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE, &c.

Lords Brougham and Plunket, on their return to London, from a visit to Windsor Castle, were caught in a fog and lost their way, chiefly, it was said, in consequence of the efforts which the postillions had been making to fortify themselves against the weather. Lord Brougham has mounted the ample shoulders of Lord Plunket, to take an observation, on the principle mentioned by Swift, who says, "It is with human intellects as it is with liquors, the lightest is ever at the top." The appearance of the drivers bears testimony to the fact that "strong ale" has had something to do with the disaster; and for the solution of the riddle of "Reform Bill," whose ale appears to have done the mischief, the reader is referred to No. CXXXI.

CLII.

A COMMENTARY UPON THE ROTTEN BOROUGH SYSTEM, &c.

The middle figure in this sketch is any individual Irish elector. The person with whom he is shaking hands is Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, who sat in the House of Commons prior to the passing of the Reform Act, first for the borough of Newark, and afterwards for that of Aldborough, in Yorkshire. The third figure is that of Mr. O'Connell. The label proceeding from the lips of

Mr. Sadler contains an extract from one of his speeches; and, as he advocates the establishment of a poor-law in Ireland, which Mr. O'Connell very strenuously opposed, the moral of the sketch appears to be, that the poorer portion of the Irish electors had but little reason to support the cause of reform in Parliament, since their real interests found a more powerful advocate in a member for an English rotten borough than in him who, for his great popularity, was complimented with the title of "the Member for all Ireland."

CLIII.

GOING TO A HALF-CROWNATION.

This is intended to sport with the economy observed at the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, which, certainly, would not bear comparison with the display made by the preceding monarch. In the first cab are the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex; the King and Queen are riding in a common hack, and Lord Brougham, on account of having the great seal to carry, has got a seat by the side of the coachman. Lords Grey and Durham are picking their way on foot, and noble peeresses are trudging in pattens. An omnibus contains the rest of the attendants, and closes the procession. Mr. Lee, the High-Constable, on horse-back, appears to be the only person in the procession whom the rage for economy has left unchanged.

CLIV.

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES, &c.

The Reform Bill is represented as being supported by

the King's name on one side, and by popularity on the other. The royal approbation is typified by a Corinthian column, the capital of which is made to bear a resemblance to the British crown. The popular support is a column of a plainer order, Tuscan or Doric, having nothing remarkable about the capital, but resting on a base which bears the inscription of *Gullibility*, which base has been laid on sand. That this column should *settle*, or, in other words, yield to the superincumbent weight, cannot be matter of surprise; and the fact undoubtedly is, that the popular excitement, which prevailed during the first few months that succeeded the introduction of the Bill, subsided, in a great degree, before the Bill had passed into a law. Lord John Russell is endeavouring to prevent the fall of the fabric, while Lords Brougham and Grey are shoring it up by means of the *Times* newspaper.

CLV.

A GAME OF POLITICAL SHUTTLECOCK.

The Marquess of Londonderry is the shuttlecock, kept up by the battledores of Lords Brougham and Grey.

CLVI.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE HALF-CROWNATION.

H.B. expresses a hope that the fidelity of this sketch will be acknowledged; and it would, therefore, be pressing too hardly on him, if he sincerely believe that he has not "travelled out of the record," to say that there may possibly be some little exaggeration in his graphic account of the latter part of the day. It is true that the

rain fell, and that some confusion prevailed, and some inconvenience was felt among the persons who composed the party. Let it pass, however, upon the word of H.B., that it is a mere representation of facts; and all that will remain to be done will be to point out the characters. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume are in conversation on the left-hand, the latter complaining of the expense of his court-dress, and the former advising him to make his complaint to the House. Next to Mr. Hume is the muffled face of Prince de Talleyrand, and by his side the Duke of Wellington, rudely pushed by Townsend, the Bow-street officer. In the fore-ground, on the right, is the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord-Chamberlain, holding an umbrella over his head, and waiting the arrival of his coach, which his footman is calling for in vain.

CLVII.

BRINGING UP "OUR BILL."

A deputation from the House of Commons is bringing up the Reform Bill to the House of Lords. Lord Brougham has left the Woolsack, agreeably to the invariable custom, and stands at the bar of the House to receive the Bill from the hands of the Member who leads the deputation. On this occasion, the Bill is brought up by Lord John Russell. Next behind him is Lord Althorp, and then follow the Marquess of Chandos, and the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, who are exchanging a sign with their fingers, that serves to shew what they think of the affair. Between them, but in the back-ground, appears the head of Sir Charles Wetherell, looking as if he were as far as ever from being reconciled to the measure.

CLVIII.

A SCENE FROM JOHN JONES; OR, (IF YOU PREFER IT) DAVID JONES.

A farce, under the title of John Jones, written by Mr. Buckstone, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, in September, 1831, and still holds its place on the stage. Farren is the Hero, and plays an unfortunate fatalist, named Goodluck, with most laughable effect: he is haunted by one John Jones. John Jones gets his place in the War-Office—John Jones gets his money in exchange for bad bills—escapes from the bailiffs—swims the Thames, and is drowned to vex him. John Jones comes to life again, to throw him out of his gig, and to disappoint him of a legacy of ten thousand pounds. John Jones is his human demon, and haunts him everywhere. "He will be the death of me," exclaims poor Goodluck, "and a coroner's jury will bring in a verdict 'Died of John Jones.'" The unfortunate Goodluck, in this sketch, is the Marquess of Londonderry, and whoever recollects his many unlucky adventures with Lord Brougham, how often he tried to retrieve one parliamentary disaster only to encounter a fresh one; and how he got the worst of it on every occasion, will admire the expression of resignation, so legibly pourtrayed on the visage of the noble Marquess, and acknowledge, with a sympathetic sigh, that Lord Brougham was his John Jones.

CLIX.

THE DUEL THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

The occasion of this sketch was a scene that took place

in the House of Lords on the 29th September, 1831. In the course of a debate, the Marquess of Londonderry rose to order, and asked if it was proper for a noble Lord to be whispering to the noble Lord (Goderich) who was then speaking, as the Lord-Chancellor was doing. The Lord-Chancellor said:—"Now, my Lords, I beg to state to you once for all, that I will not sit here to be *bothered* with questions which emanate from the ridiculous ideas of certain absurd individuals, who cannot, or will not, see anything however clear, or understand anything however intelligible, and seem lamentably incapacitated by nature from comprehending what is going on. Moreover, I beg to state to the noble Marquess that, for the future, I will answer no question of his—will give him no information whatever." The Marquess of Londonderry said, in reply, "As to the language which the noble and learned Lord has ventured to apply to me here, I will only say, that I shall wish those words to be repeated in another place." Here was provocation given, and resentment intimated. The Lord-Chancellor rejoined, that he had said nothing which he was not ready to repeat in any other place. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, or Major Bath, would have gone home to bed with as firm a conviction that a duel would be fought next morning, as that the day would break. The debate, however, proceeded quietly for some time, when the Marquess of Londonderry rose, and after some observations on the subject under discussion, made a short turn to that of the angry words between Lord Brougham and himself, and said, "I think I have been hardly dealt with on more than one occasion by the noble and learned Lord. I cannot forget the harsh expressions that were used towards me on a former night, when the noble and learned Lord spoke in such unmeasured terms of my humble services. Recollecting those expressions, and finding the

noble and learned Lord returning to-night to other expressions still more harsh, respecting a matter which he admits was not in strict order, I confess that I did feel exceedingly irritated. If, however, I said anything painful to the feelings of the noble and learned Lord, I assure him that, upon cool reflection, I am exceedingly sorry for it." The answer of Lord Brougham was such as might be expected from *an injured* man; and the oddity of the whole affair was, that the aggressor received the apology from the aggrieved.

CLX.

AN AFTER-DINNER SCENE (AT WINDSOR).

Of course it is not permitted for the vulgar to know, with anything like certainty, what passes within the sacred walls of a royal palace. Rumour may allege that this or that has taken place, and credulous folks may believe what they hear; but a grave historian (and H.B. is such) will only represent the occurrence as possible or probable. It was said that the scene here represented did actually happen; all that can be said with any degree of certainty is, that if Lord Brougham began to prose in the monarch's ear after the manner of the speech which is seen on the label issuing from his lips, no king on earth sitting by him on a sofa, after a good dinner, could have kept himself awake.

CLXI.

THE STATE KENNEL, *alias* CANAILLE.

The animals let loose from this kennel are the rabble of the press, and of public meetings. One party of them assaults the Church in the persons of the Bishops, while

another worries the Conservative Peers. Lord Grey is requesting Lord Melbourne, who, as Secretary for the Home Department, is the *ex-officio* preserver of order, to call them off, to which Lord Melbourne replies after the manner of the Watchman to old Dogberry, "What if they don't mind me?" Lord Brougham sagaciously proposes that the animals shall be desired to bark only, and not bite,—a proposition which may be compared to that of saying to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Lord Grey, aware of the mischief that is about to ensue, resorts to the subterfuge of challenging any one to say that he set them on; but a voice from behind (it may be that of H.B. himself, since he is never to be seen,) demolishes the artifice by exposing the truth. The Peers seem to be capable of making a firm stand in their own defence, though, like the king in Hamlet, "their offence is *Rank*." The Marquess of Londonderry uses his cane, and the Duke of Wellington uplifts a stone to smite the savage animals; but woe to the Bishops! their plight is pitiful in the extreme. That helpless figure, contending with a cur for the tail of his cassock, reminds one of Parson Adams in the same predicament.

CLXII.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

This admirable sketch requires no comment. It is a complete illustration of that passage in Lord Lyndhurst's speech, which is given at the foot, and which was spoken in the debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. It is unnecessary to say that the learned Lord is the Lord-Chancellor Brougham.

CLXIII.

DAME PARTINGTON AND THE OCEAN OF REFORM.

The origin of this sketch was the following extract from a speech of the Rev. Sydney Smith, at a Reform Meeting at Taunton, in October, 1831:—"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the House of Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal.—The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. Gentlemen, be at your ease, be quiet and steady,—You will beat Mrs. Partington." That Dame Partington and the Duke of Wellington are one, it is scarcely necessary to add.

CLXIV.

PROGRESS OF REFORM; OR, RESTORATION *versus* REFORMATION.

The subject of this sketch is fully explained by the statement printed below its title, and by the speech of the principal figure, of whom it is therefore only necessary to add, that it is intended for the Catholic Bishop of Cork.

CLXV.

A POLITICAL UNION.

After the rejection of the first Reform Bill by the House of Lords, and previously to the meeting of Parliament, Political Unions were formed in various parts of England, the object of which appeared to be to create an apprehension that unless the Bill were passed, a convulsion in the State would ensue. It is too much to say that these Unions received direct encouragement from the Government, although a letter from a Cabinet Minister to the secretary of one Union appeared in the public papers, but it looked very much as if the Government connived at them. The excitement thus kept up in the public mind is aptly represented by the figure of John Bull in this sketch. Unlike that sober, steady, respectable, and good-natured person that he generally appears to be, we see him looking like a madman;—

> "his doublet all unbraced,
> His hat put on awry,—his stocking foul'd,
> Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ancle."

It is clear that he is ripe for mischief, and driving on even faster than either of his companions, one of whom, Lord Grey, makes but a slight effort to stop him, though the other, William IV., declares his utter inability to keep up with his pace, and insinuates something like foul play to have been practised upon him.

CLXVI.

REFORM AND REFORMATION; OR, WHICH IS WHICH?

For the reason stated in No. CLXIV. it would be super-

fluous to make any comment on this sketch. It tells its own tale.

CLXVII.

THE GAME-STALL.

Lord Wharncliffe, who peeps out between two pendent hares; and the Duke of Richmond, who stands at the stall with the knife in his hand, were the authors of the Bill for licensing the sale of game. The other portraits are those of the Earl of Westmoreland and the Duke of Wellington.

CLXVIII.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

The Rev. Edward Irving, though he has now been dead some years, occupied so large a share of public attention during the short period of his career in London, that his name and everything relating to him must be well remembered. As a preacher, at the Scottish Church in Hatton-garden, he first attracted considerable notice, by the bold and somewhat dramatic style of his discourses. Sometime after this, his chapel became the scene of very extraordinary performances. Individuals, generally females, among the congregation, would rise and utter sounds which they themselves declared, and which the preacher and his congregation either believed, or pretended to believe, were the inspirations of God, who had miraculously endowed those individuals with the Gift of Tongues. This led, of course, to a separation of Mr. Irving from the Church of Scotland; but his followers built him a chapel, where unknown tongues still continued to be spoken till death put an end to Mr. Irving, though not to the infatu-

ation of which he had been either the promoter or the victim.

The reason for putting Earl Grey into Mr. Irving's pulpit, is to be found in a warning given by his Lordship to the Bench of Bishops, in the following words:—"Those right reverend prelates had shown that they were not indifferent or inattentive to the signs of the times. They had introduced measures for effecting some salutary reforms in the temporalities of the Church, and in this they had acted with wise forethought. Let them, he implored, now follow up the same prudent course. The eyes of the country were now open. He called on them *to set their house in order.*" The effect of this awful admonition appears to be various on the different individuals composing the congregation. John Bull, standing up on a bench, with his hair on end, is terrified into a manifestation in an unknown tongue. Sir F. Burdett, in the left-hand corner, is evidently penitent: though his colleague, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, casts from the corner of his eye a doubtful leer; Lord John Russell joins in frightening John Bull, by exclaiming "This is awful!"—Immediately in front of the clerk's desk sit the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Westmoreland, and behind the last is the grave countenance of Lord Althorp. Lord Brougham, as the clerk, is the exact likeness of Oxberry the elder, in the character of Mawworm, except that there is more of roguery than simplicity in his eye. Poor Lord Eldon has fainted in the arms of the Duke of Cumberland, who holds a smelling bottle to his nose: but Lord Aberdeen, though sitting close by, gives no assistance, recollecting, probably, that the venerable Earl was an uncompromising opponent of the Government of which he was a member. Behind this group is an indistinct something, made up as it seems of a cushion, a fool's cap, and

a set of features, the latter having some resemblance to those of William IV.

CLXIX.

O YES! O YES! O YES!

The House of Lords having thrown out the Reform Bill on the motion for the second reading, time was allowed to the public to canvass some of its provisions before an opportunity of bringing it forward again arrived. Mr. Hunt, the notorious blacking vender, alluded to in the Crier's speech, and who was the Member for Preston, and Mr. O'Connell, the Irish dealer in law and agitation, were among those who very freely denounced such portions of the Bill as did not suit their views of Reform, and thus it happened that some of the clauses on which Ministers prided themselves were regarded by a portion of the public with indifference or dislike even before the Bill had passed into a law. The Crier, who is offering a reward for the lost leaves, or rather the lost popularity of those leaves, is the Lord-Chancellor Brougham. Close to the bell stand Lord Wharncliffe and the Duke of Wellington, apparently looking forward with pleasure to the prospect of the whole book being reduced to empty covers, by a similar process, and in no great length of time. The Marquess of Londonderry is standing on tiptoe to look over the Crier's shoulder, and in the same part of the crowd are Lord Eldon, Sir Charles Wetherell, and the Duke of Cumberland. The little boy is Prince George.

CLXX.

POLITICAL SYMPTOMS ON A SMALL SCALE.

We have already seen that extremes sometimes meet;

and this sketch affords another illustration of the truth that too much support is something akin to opposition. When Mr. Hunt, the member for Preston, (who appears to be speaking,) denounced the Reform Bill as a measure inadequate to the wants and wishes of the people, and, in short, as very little better than a humbug, he was cheered by the Tories; not because they, like Hunt, wanted a Bill to go farther, but because—in one point, at least—they and he were agreed, namely, in decrying the Bill; and, looking no farther than to the defeat of the present measure, they thought that Hunt did them good service. To the ministers he stood in the character of an enemy, and therefore they took no account of the difference between his motives and the motives of the party with whom—for the present, at least—they were obliged to class him. Mr. Hunt, however, is represented as having fallen into the egregious error of supposing that a true bond of sympathy existed between him and the Tories, and being undeceived, at length, probably by the unrepressed smiles of Mr. Croker and Mr. Goulburn, who, with Sir Robert Peel, appear to be in admiration of the simplicity of the great ultra Radical.

Between Sir F. Burdett and Sir Charles Wetherell a most edifying interchange of politeness is passing; Sir Charles Wetherell, the most zealous opponent of the Bill, finds himself approached by Sir F. Burdett, who, for more than a quarter of a century, had had the question of parliamentary reform almost entirely to himself. The various causes of this approximation may hereafter appear; but the first symptom happened at this period, when Sir F. Burdett withdrew his name from the great "National Political Union."

CLXXI.

SYMPTOMATIC OF A GENTLE RE-ACTION.

Re-action is a word of such very general occurrence in every political publication, that its meaning must be thoroughly and universally understood. With regard to the Reform Bill, the first appearance of a re-action was in regard to the total number of members of which the House of Commons should consist. The Bill, as first introduced, proposed a reduction of sixty-two members; but a motion made by General Gascoigne, M.P. for Liverpool, that the existing number (six hundred and fifty-eight) should not be altered, was carried against ministers by a majority of eight; and, in the interval between the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords and its re-introduction to the House of Commons, ministers found it necssary to alter their Bill, so as to leave the number of members undiminished. John Bull, the person who occupies the centre of the picture, stroking his chin like one upon whom a new light is breaking in, exhibiting the dangers to which a previous precipitancy had exposed him, expresses to Lord Althorp his apprehension that he has been too hasty. His Lordship, with Lord John Russell by his side, looks a little crest-fallen; and Mr. William Brougham, brother to the Lord-Chancellor, and one of the members for Southwark, takes a hint of the necessity of looking after his seat; especially as the scroll held forth in proof of the alleged re-action is displayed by Sir Robert Wilson, who had been lately turned out of Southwark to make room for Mr. Brougham. General Gascoigne, the successful mover of the proposition against reducing the number of members, looks in, on the right-hand, with an expression of peculiar gratification.

CLXXII.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

This is an exquisite representation of a scene not very uncommon in the House at the time of the discussion of the Reform Bill, when party feelings were strong, and high words would escape to give them expression. The member on his legs is the Hon. E. G. Stanley (now Lord Stanley), Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is considered to be a man somewhat irascible in his temper; but, on this occasion, his anger seems to have a retrospective occasion, which induces Lord John to acknowledge the superiority of the flourish to a late one of his own, wherein he gave his opponents the lie prospective. Sir James Graham, stretching out his legs in his usual easy manner, is silently enjoying the joke. The contrast between the indignation of Mr. Stanley and the placidity of Mr. Croker, who sits opposite, and seems to be the object of the outpouring wrath, is admirable. The ex-Secretary of the Admiralty is by far too old a hand not to know the exact measure and value of the "parliamentary eloquence," though it seems to have shaken the nerves of Sir Edward Sugden, who sits at the farthest end of the opposition-bench.

CLXXIII.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

Immediately after the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords, the mob conducted themselves in a riotous manner, in various parts of London; and, among other outrages, they assaulted several of the opposition peers on their way to the House. The Marquess of Londonderry was knocked off his horse by a shower of stones, and very

seriously hurt; and even the Duke of Wellington did not escape. The riots of a mob are, indeed, no criterion of the feelings of the bulk of the people, but, both by the public press and by the speakers at public meetings, the Duke was made the object of fierce and unmerited attacks. Before the end of the year, however, the feeling had in a great degree subsided, and his Grace happening to be visited by a serious illness, a "re-action" took place in his favour, and the reconciliation between John Bull and the Hero of Waterloo accorded exactly with this graphic representation.

CLXXIV.

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

Lord Grey is endeavouring to allure Mr. O'Connell by the offer of a place. The inscription of "Courier" on his rod, intimates that the offer was made in a paragraph, put out by way of a feeler, in the evening newspaper bearing that title. It is well known that the fish did not bite.

CLXXV.

GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

His Most Gracious Majesty William IV. appears in the character of that benign deity (whether god or goddess it is impossible to say, such an epicene appearance is created by the gown and petticoat above, and the trowsers and boots below) who changes the youthful pair into harlequin and columbine, and their rivals and pursuers into clown and pantaloon. In the graceful columbine, turning a pirouette, and casting a coquettish eye upon the rejected admirer, (Lord Wharncliffe,) it is easy to recognize Lord

Brougham. Who can turn and twist a pirouette with such ease as his Lordship? It is not quite so obvious that the harlequin is Lord Grey; but the characters of clown and pantaloon are made to fit Sir Charles Wetherell and Lord Eldon to admiration.

CLXXVI.

FOLLOWING THE LEADER.

The Irish members, generally, forming the group that occupies the right-hand of the sketch, are demanding an addition to the number of representatives for the Sister Kingdom, the ministerial Reform Bill giving only five additional members. The person who appears to be making the demand in such vehement language is Mr. Nicholas Leader, M.P. for Kilkenny. He asks for sixty-one new members. Mr. Sheil concurs in this demand. Mr. D. Browne demands a greater number, especially for Mayo. Mr. Croker demands thirty-two, for the sake, perhaps, of adding to the confusion; and Mr. Grattan asks for seventeen. Lord Althorp, on the other side, promises to attend to the demand when they shall have agreed among themselves what demand to make; and Mr. Stanley, referring to the authorities by which they are backed, and laying, we may suppose, a particularly-strong emphasis on the word *authorities*, to give effect to the sneer, assures them that the demand shall have special attention.

CLXXVII.

THE LAME LEADING THE BLIND.

Prince de Talleyrand leading Lord Palmerston; an adaptation of a well-known fable, but for a different object. The fable represents two persons honestly rendering each

other such assistance as they respectively were able, as a remedy for their peculiar defects. But the sinister expression of the leader's eye, and the stolidity of countenance in him who is led, indicate no good purpose in the one, and no power of detection in the other.

CLXXVIII.

THIS IS *NOT* MR. LISTON IN THE CHARACTER OF MAWWORM.

In a debate on the Reform Bill, on the 30th March, 1832, Mr. Spencer Perceval, son of the Prime-Minister of that name, and member for Tiverton, harangued the House in the style of a fanatic, on the too prevalent disregard of religion. This circumstance gave occasion to H.B. to exhibit him in the character of Mawworm, in the Hypocrite, in which the celebrated comedian, Mr. Liston, was so very famous. It may be readily imagined how the House of Commons would receive such a speech; and the figures in the sketch tell the manner of its reception pretty plainly. On the bench below sit three of Mr. Perceval's own party; and of these, the first, Mr. Goulburn, and the third, Sir Charles Wetherell, pretend to be asleep; while the second, Sir Robert Peel, puts his hat before his face, to conceal his mortification. That Sir Charles Wetherell is only shamming sleep seems plain, from the look of his neighbour, Mr. Henry Hunt. On the second row the Radicals, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Warburton, are enjoying the exhibition, delighted with anything that is calculated to make the Tories appear ridiculous. The only portrait on the upper bench is that of Colonel Sibthorp, who sits quite above Mr. O'Connell. The gallant Member is evidently at a loss to comprehend the meaning of such an unusual display.

CLXXIX.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Mr. Bernal, the Chairman of Committees, who has gone to sleep during one of the fervid harangues of Sir Charles Wetherell, must be one of those who can "sleep in spite of thunder." Sir Charles, having caught the Chairman napping, is breaking off in the middle of his speech, to point the attention of the House to the circumstance.

CLXXX.

A LEAF OUT OF THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

Sir Henry Parnell, now Paymaster-General of the Forces, held, for a while, the office of Secretary-at-War under the government of Earl Grey; but, having voted against the ministers on the question of the Russian-Dutch Loan, he was dismissed from his office; because, as it was observed by a humorous little paper called Figaro in London, ministers did not choose to have a Secretary *at war* with their interests. Exodus signifying "the going out," the title of "A Leaf out of the Book of Exodus" very happily suits both the person and the occasion.

CLXXXI.

AN ODD FISH.

Charles Fyshe Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Reading. This is a portrait, and no caricature.

CLXXXII.

LE TABLEAU VIVANT.

Tableaux Vivants had just come into fashion at the date of this sketch, and this is one of a very interesting nature. The subject is well chosen—it is Wilkie's celebrated picture of Calabrian minstrels playing to the Madonna. The Madonna is Queen Adelaide, whom the ministerial papers represented as the special object of Tory adoration, and as being strongly inclined to that party. The minstrels are Lord Monson (the youth with the pipe), Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke of Wellington. The woman kneeling is represented by Sir Robert Peel, and the pilgrim by the Earl of Aberdeen. The figure in the back-ground bears the likeness of Mr. Croker.

CLXXXIII.

HUNT THE SLIPPER; OR, "CHERCHE QUI PEUT."

This sketch refers to the conferences and innumerable protocols which took place and were interchanged among "the five powers," relative to the separation of Holland and Belgium. To explain its allusion minutely, it would be necessary to write a most unreadable chapter upon European polities, during the years 1831 and 1832. In a work like this, such a solid lump is not expected; to read it would be like choosing to eat dry biscuit, rather than whips and trifles, in a confectioner's shop.

On the right sit "the lame and the blind" of No. CLXXVII.—Prince de Talleyrand and Viscount Palmerston. King Leopold, rising from his seat, complains to his friends that the others do not play the game fairly. Prince

Lieven, the Russian ambassador, is putting the slipper into the capacious pocket of the King of the Netherlands, while the Emperor of Austria, with his finger on his nose, exchanges signs with the King of Prussia.

CLXXXIV.

AN IRISH ROW.

The peculiarity of an Irish Row is that, although it may begin in something like an intelligible quarrel between two opposite parties, it soon becomes an indiscriminate fight, in which everybody hits somebody and cares for nobody. The Marquess of Londonderry in the House of Lords, and Mr. G. Dawson in the House of Commons, attacked Lord Plunket for the extraordinary number of lucrative appointments which he had bestowed upon the members of his own family. Lord Plunket, in repelling these attacks, reminded the Marquess of Londonderry of his having applied for a pension as a retired ambassador, and of his application having been answered, by the Earl of Liverpool, with the laconic expression—"This is too bad!"

Lord Plunket, carrying on his arm a basket well crammed with loaves and fishes, is dealing out a pretty smart blow, with his shillelagh, on the head of the Marquess of Londonderry, who has injudiciously taken the liberty of plucking out a fish with the hook of his cane. Lord Ellenborough remonstrates against the severity of the blow, which sounds awfully to one who has no practical knowledge of Irish craniology. Mr. George Dawson, another of the "sons of Erin," is pulling away with one hand the cloth that covers the basket, and with the other flourishing a shillelagh, which, before it is to fall on the devoted head of Lord Plunket, hits another learned lord, the ex-Chancellor of England, Lord Eldon; for, recrimi-

nation becoming general, it was mentioned, by one of Lord Plunket's friends, that Lord Eldon had been quite as liberal towards his own son in the disposal of his patronage. Mr. T. Spring Rice, now Lord Monteagle, and Mr. Crampton are amusing themselves with inciting the violence of Mr. Dawson; John Bull, like a parish-beadle, rushes in to quell the disturbance, believing that it must be something very serious; but Lord Wharncliffe, in company with the Duke of Wellington, attempts to quiet John's mind by telling him that it is nothing but an Irish Row.

CLXXXV.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CRATER,—*SANS LAVER.*

This "man-mountain" is Sir William Ingleby, late M.P. for Lincolnshire. On the 8th of March, 1832, as appears by the Mirror of Parliament, he "rose in his place" to complain of the Marquess of Exeter and Colonel Sibthorp, for certain alleged misconduct with regard to the Lincolnshire militia. His speech on the occasion was full of amusement; and the passage quoted in this sketch, on the subject of Mount Ætna, was applied by him to Colonel Sibthorp. Sir William being very generally known as a baronet of extensive landed property, and person proportionably large, it would be "burning daylight" to explain the humour of the several inscriptions upon the various parts of his person and dress; except, perhaps, as to his hat, on which are written the words "shocking bad." The expression of a "shocking bad hat," like that of "cutting your stick," (*See* No. LXXIX.,) was part of the current slang of the day, and was said to have originated in the borough of Southwark, where one Mr. Harris, a wholesale manufacturer of hats, became a candidate for the seat in Parliament, and presented a great

number of his voters with new hats. Great was the popularity of the new member—his liberality was generally felt—a "magnus Apollo" he could not fail to be who spread a shelter over so many heads; and accordingly his name, like his gifts, obtained the highest place upon the poll, till, after the lapse of a few weeks, a discovery began to be made that these election-hats were even worse of their kind than Hodge's razors *(See Peter Pindar);* for the latter were "made to sell," while Harris's hats were made "to give away;" and the voters beginning first to whisper their suspicions, and the suspicions growing stronger and acquiring confirmation from day to day, the cry at length became loud and universal—"What a shocking bad hat!!"

CLXXXVI.

A MODEST REQUEST.

It is now matter of history that the opposition of the majority of the House of Lords to the Reform Bill, was overcome by means of the following circular letter, addressed to the recusant Peers:—

St. James's Palace, 17th May, 1832.

"My Dear Lord,

"I am honoured with His Majesty's commands to acquaint your Lordship that all difficulties to the arrangements in progress will be obviated by a declaration in the House to-night from a sufficient number of Peers, that, in consequence of the present state of affairs, they have come to the resolution of dropping their further opposition to the Reform Bill, so that it may pass without delay, and as nearly as possible in its present shape.

"I have the honour to be

"Yours sincerely,

"Herbert Taylor."

This letter amounted to a command, and coming from royalty, could not be disobeyed; but a previous "request" to the same effect from the Minister was not so well received; but, on the contrary, astonished by its extraordinary modesty the Duke of Wellington, to whom it was made.

CLXXXVII.

NEW LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, NEWFOUNDLAND, &c.

This sketch relates to a proposition to give a representative government to Newfoundland, and ridicules it in a very effective manner. It will be vain to search for any similitude between the countenances of the grave members of this Colonial Parliament and those of any assembly, of which the reader has a more intimate knowledge; but, if he will look well at the bland and courteous demeanor of the personage who fills the Speaker's chair, he will perceive in them a very happy imitation of the MANNERS of the Imperial Parliament.

CLXXXVIII.

A METAPHORICAL SKETCH.

On the 7th September, 1831, His Majesty, William IV., created twelve Peers; a dispensation of royal favour which Sir Charles Wetherell, one of the members for Boroughbridge, designated by the very uncourtly expression of "pitchforking." The bulky person, whom the King is exerting himself to raise, is Lord Panmure, and the heads that lie along the cart, behind His Majesty, shew that he has yet many heavy loads to lift. His reluctance to this violent exercise of the royal prerogative is manifest, in spite of Lord Grey's assertion, that such "exercise" is

good for the "constitution." That it is unusual, appears from the surprize on the countenance of John Bull.

CLXXXIX.

CONSPIRACY TO BLOW UP THE PARLIAMENT.

This is a parody on a well-known print, exhibiting the likenesses of the most prominent actors in the Gunpowder Plot, whose characters are appropriated as follows:—

Termond . . . Mr. (now Lord) Denman.
Garnet . . . Lord Brougham.
T. Percy . . . Earl Grey.
Catesby . . . Lord Durham.
J. Wright. . . Mr. (now Lord) Stanley.
Guy Fawkes . . Lord John Russell.
J. Winter. . . Lord Althorp (now Earl) Spencer.
Sir Everard Digby, The Marquess of Lansdowne.

CXC.

MIGRA-TORY PEERS; or, THE LORDS BREAKING UP.

The Tory Peers, divided amongst themselves as to the expediency of opposing the second reading of the Reform Bill, are become migratory. Lord Harrowby is taking leave of Lord Brougham. The learned Lord, playing upon Lord Harrowby's name, expresses a fear that his Lordship means to add a *Rider* to the Bill. On the Episcopal bench are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, who is shaking hands, at parting, with Lord King, by way of forgetting old differences. Lord Grey is leading out Lord Wharncliffe, while the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen appear to be at a "non plus."

CXCI.

SWEARING OF THE HORATII.

The three twin-brothers, and champions of the Roman people, are Lords Haddington, Wharncliffe, and Harrowby, who, on the second introduction of the Reform Bill into the House of Lords, consented to vote for its second reading, notwithstanding their having opposed the second reading on the former occasion. Lord Grey represents Tullus Hostilius Rex, and the moment chosen for the picture is that in which the brothers are receiving their weapons for the combat, after the completion of the solemn compact between the two powers, (the Romans and the Albani,) to be bound by the issue of the contest. "Fœderc icto, trigemini, sicut convenerat, arma capiunt." —*See Livii Op., Lib.* 1, *c.* 24.

CXCII.

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.

The late Duke of Buckingham, whose personal appearance justified, if any appearance could, the comparison of the mountain, was delivered of an idea on the subject of Reform, which, clothed in parliamentary phrascology, he presented to the House of Lords on the 9th of April, 1832. The circumstance was thus announced in the daily papers :—"The Duke of Buckingham presented a petition from the freeholders of Buckingham against the Reform Bill. He also gave notice that in case the second reading of that Bill should be negatived, as he sincerely and confidently hoped it would be, he should, on Monday next, bring in a Bill for giving two representatives to each of certain large towns not now represented, and to consoli-

date certain boroughs, each of which now returned two members; also to extend the elective franchise to persons not now entitled to vote." This offspring of the Duke's conception appeared so small in comparison with the comprehensive Bill of Lord Grey, then under consideration, and contrasted so forcibly with the effort by which it seemed to have been brought to light, that the fable of the Mountain in Labour suggested itself very naturally. It may be added here, that as the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords was not negatived, but carried within four days from the Duke of Buckingham's delivery of the speech above quoted, the project had but a very short existence.

The Duke of Buckingham lies in the bed, attended by Lords Sidmouth and Eldon. The former nobleman is quite in his proper place, having enjoyed the soubriquet of "*the Doctor*" since the early days of Mr. Canning, who dubbed him in the pages of the Anti-jacobin Review. The female group is composed of Lord Aberdeen, who sees no resemblance between the little creature and other offsprings of La Montaigne; Lord Lyndhurst, who requires the aid of his glass to distinguish it at all; Lord Londonderry; and the Duke of Wellington. Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby seem to be availing themselves of an opportunity to indulge in what players call "an aside."

CXCIII.

DESIGN FOR A NEW COINAGE, &c.

The Champion of England, in the likeness of the Duke of Wellington, instead of overcoming, as heretofore, her enemy the dragon, is getting the worst of the conflict, and on the very point of being unhorsed. The infuriated monster bears the countenance of Lord Grey, as having

put himself at the head of the great body of political unionists, who were assailing with deadly rancour the institutions of the country. Such a state of things is, indeed, a grievous "reverse" to a sovereign; but it cannot be denied, now that some years have gone by, and things are beheld in their true proportions, that the representation is "a little magnified."

CXCIV.

THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

This is an exquisitely-humorous sketch. John Bull, having drunk himself (as Bardolph says) "out of his five sentences," in testimony of his joy on the prospect of the Reform Bill, is playing the part of Midas, and sitting in judgment on the rival merits of Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington; the former in the character of Pan, and the latter in that of Apollo. The noble Duke tries, in vain, to charm the judge's ear with the Tory tunes of "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "Awa, Whigs, awa;" while the Earl pipes the revolutionary airs of "Ça ira," "The Marseillaise Hymn," and "Garry Owen." It is easy to see which way John's fancy leads him, for the lively strains of the Irish melody have such an effect on his sensibilities that the gravity of the judge is overcome, and he seems on the very point of getting up to "foot it," in spite of his gout. The figure of Lord Grey, in which the "Allegro" mingles with the "Penseroso," like oil and vinegar, is uncommonly droll. Close behind him is the mercurial Lord-Chancellor Brougham, who, unable to restrain his vivacity, is "reeling" with Lords Althorp and Durham; while another group, among whom are distinguishable Mr. Cobbett and Mr. O'Connell,

> "——— Join hands, and beat the ground
> In a *light fantastic* round."

His Majesty, as the old woman, seems indifferently well-pleased with the result; but Lords Aberdeen and Ellenborough are overwhelmed with disappointment, on account of Apollo's defeat.

CXCV.

THE GREAT STALKING-HORSE.

It is not necessary to be a very profound scholar to know that this sketch is an adaptation of the incidents told in the second book of the Æneid, to the circumstances of the introduction of the Reform Bill into Parliament. The Stalking-horse is, of course, both the Reform Bill and the great wooden horse filled with the enemies of Troy; and, as Troy is an anagram of Tory, they may be taken to be convertible terms. Lords Grey and Brougham, assisted by Mr. Stanley, Lord John Russell, and Lord Holland, are tugging it forward; while the Duke of Wellington, in the character of Laocoon, warns his countrymen of the danger which they are incurring; and, in his patriotic indignation, hurls a spear against the insidious intruder. Lord Eldon, standing behind, might be taken for old Priam himself, if the character of either the King of England or of the Tory party suited him. Is it not an anachronism to introduce into the same sketch the ruined walls inscribed *ruinæ reipublicæ?* for as yet the conflagration had not begun; but, perhaps, it is done for the sake of the joke of converting the word *Ilium* (Troy) into *William* (Quartus Rex, &c.), and rendering the line "*fuit Ilium, et ingens gloria Teucrorum; fuit William, &c.*"

CXCVI.

A MELANCHOLY CONSOLATION.

On the second introduction of the Reform Bill into the

House of Lords it passed a second reading by a majority of nine; but, on the first night of the committee, (the 7th May, 1832,) a proposition for postponing the consideration of the first and second clauses was carried against ministers by a majority of thirty-five. Thereupon followed the demand on the King to create more peers, His Majesty's refusal, Lord Grey's resignation, and that of all his colleagues; negociations with the Tories, the failure of all attempts to make a Tory ministry, and the return of the Whigs. All this time the tranquillity of the public mind formed a striking contrast to the excitement which succeeded the rejection of the bill six months before. Lord Grey expresses his hope that the people are quiet, though the countenances with which both he and Lord Durham receive Lord Brougham's assurances of the fact, engender a suspicion that they afford but a "Melancholy Consolation."

CXCVII.

CORONER'S INQUEST UPON THE BODY OF THE LATE ADMINISTRATION.

It will be seen by the date of this sketch, that it refers to the resignation of the Grey Cabinet. As every figure in the sketch is made to speak for himself, it is unnecessary to do more than to give their names. That unceremonious person, who stands *à-la-mode Anglaise*, with his back to the fire, is John Bull; then follow Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Harrowby, Mr. Hume, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Hunt, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Ellenborough. Perhaps it may be asked what is intended by the cat, which the last-mentioned Peer is letting out of the bag. The answer will be found in the explanation of the sketch No. CCIII.

CXCVIII.

A LATE SCENE AT HOUNSLOW, AT THE SIGN OF THE RED LION.

The Tory papers were in the habit of representing that the King had taken so much disgust at the state of public affairs, and the difficulties into which his Ministers had drawn him, that he did not extend to them the usual hospitality of the royal palace; and that, upon several occasions of their attending His Majesty at Windsor, they were under the necessity of refreshing themselves at inns on the road. This sketch illustrates a story told in one of the Tory papers.

CXCIX.

UP AND DOWN; OR, THE POLITICAL SEE-SAW.

From the 7th of May, when Earl Grey resigned, to the 18th, when he announced his resumption of office, His Majesty was literally *see-sawed* between the Whigs and the Tories at the hazard of his crown, not merely from the dangers inseparable from change, but more especially from the mischievous temper of John Bull, who is represented as giving Lord Grey the benefit of his assistance, with rather more good-will than is consistent with the safety of all parties.

CC.

A SCENE FROM CINDERELLA.

Cinderella is Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, to whose influence over the King, and predilection for Tory government, the refusal of His Majesty to create new peers was

imputed by the Whig party. The fairy equipage represents the Tory administration, converted out of worthless materials and low creatures, by the magic of courtly favour, but still in want of a leader, or coachman. To supply this want, Lord Lyndhurst is bringing a huge rat, which bears the likeness of the Duke of Wellington. This is to be explained by stating, that His Majesty had laid down, as an indispensible condition to the acceptance of office, by any party whatever, the carrying of a measure for an extensive Reform. The circumstance of the noble Duke's willingness to attempt to form an administration, of which "extensive reform" should be a main part of the policy, gained for him the distinction of a place in the rat-trap.

CCI.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY RAT.

The rumour of the Duke of Wellington consenting to undertake the formation of a ministry upon the condition of carrying a Bill for an extensive Reform of Parliament, after his memorable declaration against every kind of Reform, and his opposition to Lord Grey's Bill, which rumour his explanation in the House of Lords rather confirmed than contradicted, acquired for him the title of a "most extraordinary *Rat*;" for not only did his own *rat*-ification appear most complete, but it served to carry off those six members of his party who are riding on his back, namely, Lords Lyndhurst, Ellenborough, Aberdeen, Rosslyn, and Carnarvon, with Mr. Alexander Baring, though last not least. John Bull, however, has always manifested a dislike of the rat species, and the proceedings in the House of Commons made it evident that *ratting* would not do on this occasion. Honest John, therefore, who admires consistency even in an enemy, is

setting his dogs, Grey and Brougham, to worry the rat, who, with his party, is making as fast a retreat as possible.

CCII.

A SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF "I'LL BE YOUR SECOND," &c.

If the reader has had the good fortune to see Mr. Liston in the farce of "I'll be your Second," he will enjoy the humour of this sketch infinitely more than those who have not been so fortunate. Mr. Placid (Mr. Liston's character,) is a gentleman who has a deep pecuniary interest in preserving the life of a person, who is continually getting into scrapes, and receiving or giving challenges; and his continual interposition with the question, "Can't this affair be arranged?" and his repeated offer to be "the second," for the purpose of preventing fatal consequences, are given with irresistible drollery. During the run of this farce at the Olympic Theatre, very high words passed between Lords Grey and Kenyon in a debate on the Reform Bill, Lord Kenyon applying the words "abandoned" and "atrocious" to the conduct of Lord Grey, and Lord Grey declaring that he threw back the expressions with scorn and indignation. In the midst of the confusion created by these extraordinary ebullitions of temper, the Duke of Cumberland, whom H.B. has most happily sketched in the very form, dress, and attitude of Liston as Mr. Placid, rose and implored their Lordships to tranquillize themselves, and proceed with the debate in a temperate and orderly manner; a piece of advice which the angry Lords, after taking some little time to cool, thought it prudent to follow.

CCIII.

WHO ARE WE?

In sketch No. CXCVII. Lord Ellenborough is letting a cat out of a bag; that is to say, her head is just escaping, but in the speech which he is here represented as in the act of delivering, the whole person of the animal is fully developed, from the point of the whisker to the tip of the tail. The "extensive reform" which the Wellington-formed ministry would have introduced, instead of Earl Grey's bill, is being explained by one of the party, who sat on the rat's back. The explanation was, probably, given with a view to diminish the popularity of the Whig Bill; but, if so, it failed to produce that effect; for, notwithstanding the tempting offer of the scot and lot voting, the public continued immovable in their attachment to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill;" and the disclosure of the plan, while it failed to answer the purpose of gaining popular favour, astonished the ultra section of the Tory party, who were not in the secret, and widened the breach which already existed between them and the promoters of Catholic emancipation. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, sitting immediately under Lord Ellenborough, are confessing the failure of the scheme. The Duke of Buckingham, sitting on the other side of Lord Aberdeen, is shocked at the magnitude of the proposed plan, which appears to him so much the larger, by being put in comparison with his own.—*(See* No. CXCII., The Mountain in Labour.) Lord Londonderry, on the extreme left, seems to be trying to extract an explanation from the Duke of Wellington's countenance. On the right of the gallant Duke sit the ultra Tories, who were to have been left in the lurch. Not

aware of the design, but still supposing themselves to be part and parcel of the Duke of Wellington's party, they are astounded at a plan described as "our plan," of which they had never heard a syllable, and which they considered even worse than that of their opponents. Lord Kenyon, Lord Roden, Lord Mansfield, and the Duke of Newcastle, are sitting on the front bench, and Lords Wynford and Winchelsea behind.

CCIV.

A CONSTITUTIONAL TILT; OR, WHICH IS *BEST?*

The late Lord Holland was always regarded as a very great constitutional authority in the House of Lords. Lord Wynford is a lawyer by profession, and a great authority on all legal questions, whether affecting the Constitution, or of any other kind. When two such persons differ, all others must await the issue in deferential silence. Such an instance happened in the House of Lords, in a debate on the Reform Bill, 21st May, 1832. Lord Holland, in his white waistcoat, plays Laertes, and Lord Wynford is Denmark's Prince.

CCV.

DON QUIXOTE, &c.

If the reader will look attentively at the sketches Nos. CXCVIII. and CCXII., he will, perhaps, find some resemblance between Earl Grey, as here represented, (sallying forth to redress political grievances and reform political abuses,) and the renowned and never-to-be-forgotten knight of the rueful countenance. Whether the same chivalrous admiration of virtue—the same courage in danger—the same patience in adversity—and the same

generous disregard of all selfish considerations animated both the reform-minister and the romantic Don, some persons may entertain a doubt; but, in the simplicity of mind that calculated on receiving solid advantages from the expedition, every one will perceive, between Sancho Panza and John Bull, a very striking similitude.

CCVI.

A GROUP OF SPORTING CHARACTERS AT EPSOM.

How are the Odds on the Derby?

Though the Grey Administration, lately thrown, by a restive plunge of the House of Lords, had remounted before the date of the publication of this sketch, they were not, even then, quite firm in the saddle; and probably, at the time when the drawing was made, had not got a toe in the stirrup. During the uncertainty of the contest between the rival parties, the question of which party would triumph, was one that interested the minds of politicians as deeply as the odds on the Derby interested the men of the turf. Of the characters here drawn, the owner of the top-boots, presenting a back view, in the left-hand corner, is Mr. Theobald, hosier, of Skinner-street, and well known in sporting circles. Next to him, the Duke of Richmond is in conversation with Mr. Stanley, who, being the grandson of the then Earl of Derby, and a prominent member of the Grey administration, affords the opportunity for the equivoque in the question, "How are the odds on the *Derby?*" Sir James Graham, laying his hand on the shoulder of Earl Spencer (then Lord Althorp) offers to back Spencer; but his Lordship, pointing to Mr. Stanley, declares that St. Giles is the favourite. A horse called St. Giles won the Derby in this year, 1832. The Marquess

of Exeter appears to be listening to the conversation between the last-mentioned pair; and that figure, with a very intelligent look and a very knowing hat, is intended for the Duke of Rutland.

CCVII.

THE NEW REFORM COACH.

The people of England (whom we are to understand by the four horses,) have already become unmanageable, and are dragging the reform coach, by which is meant the question of reform generally, at an uncontrollable pace. Lord Grey, as the coachman, comforts himself, and endeavours to quiet his passengers, by saying, that when they come to the bottom the horses will stop of their own accord. But where may be the bottom? and what sort of a place is it? and, having descended so rapidly, will the horses ever be able to pull the coach up again? King William, looking out of the window, seems to wish himself safely lodged in Windsor Castle. By the side of the coachman sits the late Lord Durham, ready to take the reins when the coachman gives them up. Behind them are Lords Althorp and Lansdowne. Mr. O'Connell is delighted with the "agitation" of the coach in its fearful velocity; and John Bull, catching a sight of the Duke of Wellington, who has picked up the drag-chain, taunts him with his inability to go the new pace. Mr. C. Grant (now Lord Glenelg) and Lord Brougham are joining in the sport of deriding the noble Duke.

The motto of the sketch is taken from the story of Phæton, as told by Ovid in the second book of his Metamorphoses. To translate it freely, with reference to this sketch, we should say "Keep your whip quiet, old boy, and pull away at the curb-rein with all your might."

CCVIII.

GOODY TWO-SHOES TURNED BARBER.

In this sketch H. B. laughs at Lord Goderich (now Earl of Ripon) and his orders in council relating to the treatment of slaves in the West Indian Colonies. Lord Goderich, as a barber, is in the act of shaving an individual of the woolly tribe, though the operation seems likely to be productive of "more cry than wool." On the other side of the picture is Lord Howick, endeavouring to squeeze the ill-shaped foot of another "sable son of Afric" into a tight shoe, to the sore grief of poor Sambo, who is better qualified to judge where the shoe pinches. Between the extended legs of a brawny slave-driver, a huge bale of shoes is to be seen, marked "Althorp, Northampton," implying, that as Lord Althorp was a partner in the firm by which the orders in council were manufactured, that portion which related to the negroes wearing shoes must have proceeded from him, because shoes are the staple manufacture of the county of Northampton.

CCIX.

LINE-AL DESCENT OF THE CROWN.

Lord Grey, mounted on the pole that supports the sign of the crown, is labouring hard with an instrument, which wood-cutters call a *Bill*, but which, for this occasion, represents the Reform Bill, to facilitate the purpose of certain persons below to pull down the crown, the position of the noble Earl being such, that if the crown should fall, he must inevitably fall with it. The most conspicuous of the party below, who are pulling the rope, are Mr. Cobbett, (who may be known by his grey hair, though his face is

not visible,) Mr. Hume, and Mr. O'Connell, suitable representatives of the republicans of the three kingdoms.

CCX.

A STUDY FOR A PICTURE OF OLIVER CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE PARLIAMENT.

This sketch is a parody on a well-known picture. The character of Oliver Cromwell is filled by the late Colonel Jones, a politician of great repute at this period, who distinguished himself by a series of letters, under the signature of "Radical," in the columns of the *Times*. The soldier in the act of removing the mace is Mr. Cobbett.

CCXI.

A BATTLE ROYAL; OR, A SET-TO FOR A CROWN.

The combatants are Don Pedro and Don Miguel, and the stake is the crown of Portugal. The war carried on between the two brothers, Don Miguel contending for himself, and Don Pedro for his infant daughter Donna Maria, is matter of history with which every reader must be presumed to be acquainted. The cause of Don Pedro was espoused by the Reform party, while that of Don Miguel was favoured by the supporters of legitimacy. John Bull, looking quietly at his watch, seems quite indifferent to the issue, but very anxious for the commencement of the fight. Louis Phillippe, looking over the head of Prince de Talleyrand, is about as cool and phlegmatic as John Bull. Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, is the bottle-holder of Don Pedro, an office which Lord Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary of the Wellington administration, undertakes for Don Miguel. Lord Grey, as Don Pedro's second, evinces the interest that he takes

in the contest by betting with Lord Aberdeen. Lord William Russell, the Secretary of Legation in Spain, with a whip in his hand, is keeping the King of Spain out of the contest;—the Duke of Wellington is seconding, or, as the fighting phrase is, "waiting upon" Don Miguel; and, seated in a corner of the back-ground are the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, who take so much interest in the success of Don Miguel, that they are resolved to save him from a defeat, either by fair means or foul.

CCXII.

A PARLIAMENTARY GROUP.

In point of fidelity nothing can exceed this representation. If the reader was in the habit of visiting the House of Lords in the session of 1832, he must have seen the original of this sketch whenever the Duke of A. or the Marquess of B. or Lords C. or D. (it would be unfair to mention titles) rose to address the House. The attitudes of the six noble occupiers of the ministerial bench are strikingly characteristic. The "rueful countenance" of Earl Grey is expressive of patience under affliction. Lord Lansdowne, like one who does not affect too much delicacy, turns himself round into the snuggest posture for a nap. The Duke of Richmond has nothing distinguishable about him, but is satisfied with mediocrity. Lord Melbourne's hat and placid countenance indicate that bonhomie for which he is so remarkable; Lord Goderich, unwilling to give offence, has drawn his hat over his eyes; and Lord Holland, taking advantage of his stick, supports himself in an attitude in which he may seem to be listening, only with his eyes shut.

CCXIII.

THE RIVAL ARTISTES; OR, SKETCHES FROM THE KING'S THEATRE.

Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey, having been an advocate for Parliamentary Reform for more than thirty years, is well entitled to boast of his power of standing for a long time on *one* leg. While the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829, and the more recent and unsuccessful attempt to make an administration that should carry an "extensive Reform," entitle the Duke of Wellington to pre-eminence in the accomplishment of the pirouette.

CCXIV.

THE *GREAT* UNKNOWN.

In going to a fête which was given by the late Earl of Mansfield, and at which his late Majesty William IV. and his Royal Consort were present, Lord John Russell and Mr. Dawson Damer mistook their road, and arrived at a gate on the borders of Caen-wood. Lord John finding this a more serious obstacle than a rotten borough, takes advice of his friend Mr. Dawson Damer as to what he shall say to the Tory bumpkin who guards the pass, and under his friend's advice, tries what magic there is in declaring his name and title. But the charm was of no effect. There was no similitude between Lord John Russell and *open sesame*. Great as was the fame of his Lordship in Westminster, Woburn, and Tavistock, to the peaceful hinds of Highgate his name was utterly unknown, and his alleged championship of their rights and liberties a subject for derision.

CCXV.

A GAME AT CHESS.

Lord Grey's Reform Bill having encountered more serious opposition in the House of Lords than had been anticipated, His Majesty was not indisposed to get rid of his ministry and try the Conservatives; but the resolutions passed in the House of Commons, and at several public meetings, in consequence of the active measures adopted by the Whigs for that purpose, prevented the formation of a Tory or Conservative ministry, and reduced the King to the necessity of sending again for Earl Grey. The King, therefore, was "checked,"—and the "game won" by Earl Grey.

CCXVI.

A SHEW-UP.

While the Reform Bill was under discussion, the attention of the House of Commons was called to a matter on account of which ministers incurred the censure of even their strongest supporters. Great Britain had agreed to pay a certain share of a debt due to Russia by Holland, so long as Holland and Belgium continued to be conjoined. They had now been disjoined for more than a year; they were to be finally separated; and yet ministers had been going on making these payments without any new authority from Parliament. Mr. Herries brought the subject before Parliament; and, though it appeared pretty clear that ministers had acted improperly in not obtaining new authority before they made the payments, yet Mr. Hume and others, admitting this, declared that they should vote in exculpation of the ministers, for the sake of the

Reform Bill. To illustrate these circumstances, John Bull is represented as peeping into a raree show, set up by Lords Grey and Althorp, the former of whom is playing the drum, while the latter picks John's pocket to hand over the contents to the Emperor of Russia. Lord Brougham's face, with a trumpet, is visible on the other side of the show, and Mr. Hume, who usually takes upon himself to be the guardian of John's purse, is conniving at its abstraction. Sir Robert Peel is raising an ineffectual cry of alarm, but Lord Palmerston very bluntly repels Sir Robert with a home-truth.

CCXVII.

HOW TO ASTONISH THE NATIVES.

A very faithful portrait of Lord Nugent, uncle of the present Duke of Buckingham, and, in 1832, one of the Lords of His Majesty's Treasury.

CCXVIII.

IMPORTANT PETITION.

This sketch bears testimony to the extraordinary and peculiar talent of H. B. to seize upon every incident from which, by means of his unrivalled pencil, mirth, unmixed with gall, may be extracted. In a debate in the House of Lords, on the presentation of a petition relating to education in Ireland, some difference of opinion arose touching the right of any member of the House to lay a petition on the table, or introduce a bill, without leave previously obtained; and, in the course of the discussion on this point, Lord Holland said, "that he had never heard the right of any peer to bring in a bill doubted; in fact, that right was clearly established. An anecdote, illustrative of that

right, he might, perhaps, be permitted to relate. A noble Lord, with whom he had sat in that House, presented, in the form of a bill, a caricature of Mr. Fox and Lord North. He maintained that he had a perfect right to do so; and, after some discussion, he actually succeeded in laying upon the table of that House the caricature to which he referred."

H.B. has converted this anecdote into a jest against the relater. Lord Holland is represented in the act of introducing to the House, in the form of a petition, the caricature of himself and Lord Wynford, which is No. CCIV. of these sketches. The Duke of Wellington, leaning over the table, appears to take a deep interest in the maintenance of the important privilege of playing off a joke at the joker's own expense.

CCXIX.

MAZEPPA ON A GREY HORSE.

"Oh! what is passion but a wild beast?" says Sterne, in describing the rage of Dr. Slop. And what else is the passion for reform, or any other passion that gets the upper-hand of reason? There is a very popular print of Mazeppa, of which this sketch is a copy, *mutatis mutandis;* William IV. being put in the place of Mazeppa; and several of the conservative members of either house of Parliament appearing as the wolves and other "fearful wild-fowl" that accompany the unhappy King in his frightful career. On the left-hand are to be seen the likenesses of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Croker, and Sir Charles Wetherell; on the right, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst.

CCXX.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

In No. CCXIV. we had a view of the "Great Unknown," a name first given to the concealed author of the Waverley Novels. We have here, as a companion to that sketch, the "Illustrious Stranger," a character played by Mr. Liston in a popular farce. His Most Gracious Majesty William IV. has lost his way in a fog, and coming unexpectedly to a gate, at the end of a lane, too narrow to admit of turning, finds that his august title is of less value than a key, and is denied admittance. By what means His Majesty was extricated from his awkward situation, and restored to the comfort of his fire-side, in the home of his royal race, the story does not inform us; and the bumpkin, on the other side of the gate, seems to be in no hurry to let him through.

CCXXI.

A PARTING COMPLIMENT.

The Right Honourable Charles Manners Sutton, (now Lord Viscount Canterbury,) Speaker of the House of Commons. On the 30th of July, 1832, Mr. Manners Sutton announced his intended resignation of the speaker's chair, which he had filled in six successive parliaments. All parties received the announcement with regret, and replied to it in terms of eulogy and kindness. On the motion of Lord Althorp, seconded by Mr. Goulburn, the House voted a complimentary address to the Speaker, and an address to the King, praying His Majesty to confer some signal mark of his favour on the Speaker, and pledging the House to make good whatever expense might

be thereby incurred. The address was carried into effect, by granting Mr. Sutton a pension of £4000 a year.

CCXXII.

THE LORD HARRY AND HIS NEW TRAIN-BEARER.

Lord Brougham, as Lord-Chancellor, his train borne by the Duke of Wellington. This refers to certain compliments paid to the Lord-Chancellor by the noble Duke, and by his appearance at the Lord-Chancellor's parties.

CCXXIII.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Sir Thomas (now Lord) Denman and Sir William Horne as Attorney and Solicitor-General.

CCXXIV.

MAKING A POINT.

The phrase, "making a point," whether in public speaking, or in theatrical representation, is well understood; and it is usual for the hearers to testify their apprehension of the point, according to the custom of the place; which, if it be a theatre, demands a round of applause; if a house of parliament, loud cries of hear, hear. The speech of the Duke of Wellington has evidently two points, one referring to the matter under discussion, and the other to the position of his party. Whether or not the noble lords by whom he is surrounded considered it desirable that the matter in debate should remain where it was we are left in doubt; but the cheering of the Duke of Cumberland, and the eager looks of Lord Kenyon (on the extreme

right,) and the young Duke of Buccleugh, bear testimony to their conviction, that for them to remain any longer on the opposition-benches was far from being desirable. Lord Jersey, leaning over from the back row, seems willing to take the Duke's point in the same manner as the three last-mentioned peers. The Earl of Aberdeen, with imperturbable gravity, waits for further elucidation; and the Earl of Carnarvon seems to have taken the other point, and to look with dissatisfaction at the mistake of the Duke of Cumberland.

CCXXV.

VIEW OF AN INTERIOR.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. for Kerry. His soliloquy fully explains the subject.

CCXXVI.

A GREAT ACTOR PLAYING TO EMPTY BENCHES.

After reporting, at great length Lord Brougham's speech on Chancery reform, delivered in the House of Lords on the 15th of August, 1832, the *Morning Chronicle* adds, "the appearance of the House, during the delivery of the greater part of the learned Lord's speech, was very strange. There was only a glimmering of light, and there were but four peers to represent their lordships' House,—the Chairman of Committees (Lord Shaftesbury), the Duke of Sussex, and the Earls of Fife and Rosslyn.

When it is recollected that some of the finest oratorical efforts, which support the fame of Edmund Burke, were made before empty benches in the House of Commons, it is not surprising that in the more independent and more fastidious House of Peers, the didactic, and often dog-

matic Lord Brougham should fail to detain an audience. The melancholy aspect of the House, contrasted with the persevering vivacity of the Speaker, strongly remind one of an epigram, among the "Levities" of Shenstone, in which a certain musician, who always played away his hearers, is thus introduced—

"Hear but this strain, 'twas writ by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep.
Zounds! they are gone—here, bring a candle;
No—here's one left; but he's asleep.
How could they go whilst I did play?
(Servant)—How could they go?—how should they stay?

CCXXVII.

PAPER DREAMS.

The advocates of a paper currency were busy, about this period, in painting the advantages that would result from the adoption of their plans. The Westminster Review had an article on the subject, and the Radical papers lent their aid. The renewal of the Bank Charter was under discussion; and a proper opportunity was thought to present itself for urging the adoption of a paper currency as a panacea for all political ailments. Who that has read—alas! that such readers should be so few—the long and laborious essays "On our Monetary System," fully explaining how poor we are with gold and silver in our purses, and how rich we should become if we would but be satisfied to fill our pockets with bank-notes, can doubt that John Bull, who has read himself to sleep by a page or two out of a pamphlet from Ridgway's, written by a country banker, is enjoying, in his dreams, the abundance of wealth that paper-money advocates invariably promise? How pleasantly he smiles in his sleep, to see the Goddess of Plenty pouring out of her cornucopia an overwhelming

shower of bank-notes; and how easy it seems to him, with such means at his command, to blow up the Holy Alliance and every other description of enemy.

CCXXVIII.

MAZEPPA.

Plate the Second.

In the first plate of Mazeppa, (No. CCXIX,) His Majesty is represented as surrounded by the angry looks of the Tory Lords in the likenesses of wolves and other savage creatures. In this he has run his career, and come to a stop among a group of friendly and congenial animals, bearing the countenances of the Whig ministry. The most conspicuous is that which bends his head over the prostrate King, and displays the features of Lord Grey. A wild-looking nag, with a black mane blowing about his ears, and with his fore-leg resting on the back of the old grey horse, exhibits the likeness of Lord Durham. To the left of this nag is the face of Lord John Russell, and a little below him is the Duke of Richmond. On the right-hand of the nag are, first, Lord Althorp; and, secondly, Sir James Graham; and a frisky black horse, flinging up his heels like one that was "full of vice," might be easily identified, even without the assistance of the unmistakeable features of Lord Brougham.

CCXXIX.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER; OR, THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

This sketch refers to the tedious affair of the separation of Belgium from Holland. The Emperors of Russia and Austria are represented as discovering the designs of Prince

de Talleyrand to effect the damage, if not the destruction of Holland, and, at the same time, to make a dupe of Lord Palmerston. The ground is strewed with those combustible articles, gunpowder and protocols.

CCXXX.

A VENERABLE SPIDER AND A BUZZING-FLY.

This is a graphical representation of the following passage from the John Bull newspaper:—"M. de Talleyrand, at the Foreign Office here, is like a venerable spider coiled in his web of *hair* and *neckcloth*, first besliming the buzzing Palmerston, and then rolling him over, and putting him by till he wants him for food."

CCXXXI.

ONE OF THE TOWER-HAMLETS.

Punning apart, this sketch is full of *point*. Colonel Stanhope, as a Tower-Hamlet, following his "noble father's form," was one of the candidates for the representation of the Tower-hamlets in Parliament; and, as the best and shortest mode of recommending himself to the good opinion of the constituency, pledged himself in all things to follow Mr. Joseph Hume. How self-satisfied does the political parent of the hair-brained candidate seem to be; and how confidently does he point to something in the distance, whither he intends to lead the steps of his infatuated son! But the Tower-hamlets, possessing more sense than the Tower-Hamlet, wisely considered that one Joseph Hume was quite enough, and accordingly rejected his duplicate.

CCXXXII.

THE CAT'S-PAW.

Prince de Talleyrand is the monkey, and Lord Palmerston the cat *(Vide Gay's Fables)*. It was asserted by the opposition, that, in the separation of Holland and Belgium, Great Britain, by the simplicity of Lord Palmerston, was made the cat's-paw of France.

CCXXXIII.

MINISTERS AND THEIR CUPS.

This sketch will be best understood by a perusal of the following paragraph from the newspapers in October, 1832: —"On Tuesday a deputation of forty gentlemen, headed by the Lord Mayor, (Sir John Key,) waited upon Lords Grey, Althorp, and John Russell, to present their Lordships with gold cups, the produce of a penny subscription amongst the people. Lord Brougham was obliged to postpone his interview with the deputation in consequence of his illness. The subscription had been limited to a penny, and upwards of 300,000 persons had subscribed. The cups weighed eighty-five ounces, and would contain five pints of wine each."

The Ministers, with the exception of the Lord-Chancellor, exhibit strong signs of inebriation. The venerable premier is evidently "maudlin"—the steady Chancellor of the Exchequer (then Lord Althorp) is, as he himself confesses, quite overpowered. Lord John Russell is reduced to an echo, repeating after the premier, "comfort when we fret;" and the Lord-Chancellor sustains his character by talking twice as much as either of the others, and likewise by the sly hit at his colleague, Lord Pal-

merston, who had not been remembered by the cup subscribers.

CCXXXIV.

THE CAST-OFF CLOAK.

When Sir John Cam Hobhouse was appointed Secretary-at-War by an administration determined to resist annual parliaments, vote by ballot, and any wider extention of the suffrage than existed under the Reform Act, there must have been a pretty clear understanding that the new Secretary, if he were not absolutely to forswear, was at least to lay aside for the time, those professions which had procured for him the honour of a seat in Parliament, as representative of the enlightened City of Westminster. We see by this sketch that the Radicalism of Sir John Cam Hobhouse had been merely a cloak to conceal ambition; and that, when it had served its purpose of enabling the wearer to reach, unobstructed, the threshold of political power, he cast it off. It is an admirable conceit that he is giving this cloak into the care of his colleague, Sir Francis Burdett, who, not being appointed to a warm place, where the covering would be but an incumbrance, was a proper person to have the charge of it, and might even wear it, if he should have occasion. The prudent Sir Francis suggests that his friend has not yet done with it, having to meet his constituents in Covent Garden, where the alteration of conduct or opinion, implied by his taking office under the Whigs, would very probably render his reception a cool one. But at this period the "pear was not ripe," and Sir John was re-elected. If Sir Francis could have looked forward as far as the date of No. CCLXI., he might have cried out, with his name's sake in Henry the IV., "Anon, anon, Sir."

CCXXXV.

SINBAD THE SAILOR AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Sinbad the sailor is William IV., once Lord-High-Admiral of the fleet: the old man is Lord Grey. How Sinbad was induced to take the old man upon his shoulders, and how, when he had so done, he was obliged to bear the burthen, because he found it impossible to shake the old man off again, may be read in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and the reader, if he is acquainted with the history of the Whig administration, after the recall of Lord Grey in May, 1832, will judge for himself of the propriety of the application of Sinbad's story to the situation of the British Monarch, saddled with Earl Grey, who might rather be called Hobson's choice than the King's.

CCXXXVI.

A CHRISTMAS FIRE-SIDE.

About this period the newspapers informed the public that Lord Brougham was paying a visit to his mother at Brougham-hall, and gave some particulars of the domestic affairs of his Lordship, with anecdotes of his venerable parent. From these, H.B. has been able to sketch the scene, the primitive simplicity of which has suggested the quotation from the well-known poem of "My Mother."

CCXXXVII.

THE WAITS.

This little band is composed of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Ellenborough. The Duke is, of course, the leader: Lord Aberdeen

handles the violoncello, the flute is breathed by Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Ellenborough sounds the trombone. They have wearied John Bull with their old-fashioned strains. John has taken up the humour of liking novelties, and, in perfect contempt for the melodies of native composers, calls for the Marseillaise and the Parisienne. But the leader "does not play them 'ere tunes." Not he—he would rather burn his fiddle; and so these *waits* are likely to *wait* a little longer before they receive John Bull's patronage.

CCXXXVIII.

CUT AND COME AGAIN.

John Bull, arm-in-arm with Earl Grey, meets Colonel Jones, generally known by the name of "the Buffer." The services rendered by the gallant Colonel to the Grey Ministry, are mentioned at No. CCX. But, the object gained, it became very necessary to forget such services as soon as possible; for the excitement requisite to carry the Reform Bill was raised by speeches and writings that went far beyond the occasion, and would have served for the total subversion of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the church. The Reform Bill once passed into a law, it was desirable to let its advocates know that their services, however useful down to that time, were now become inconvenient. Accordingly, the Buffer met with a rebuff; that is to say, he was desirous of representing the borough of Mary-le-bone, but the Whigs would not support him. He was cut, and it does not appear that he "came again."

CCXXXIX.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN, PREVIOUS TO THE RE-APPEARANCE OF A GREAT ACTOR.

Mr. Manners Sutton, whose farewell benefit is explained

at No. CCXXI., on the re-assembling of Parliament was again proposed for Speaker, supported by the whole strength of the ministry, and was re-elected. Of course, the pension remained in abeyance while the Right Honourable Gentleman filled the chair. The general belief was, that the Conservatives, finding themselves strong enough, with the aid of the Speaker's personal friends, to carry his re-election, would not be satisfied with less than a peerage for him, to which Lord Grey would not consent; and, therefore, suffered him to be re-elected, as the only alternative.

The Duke of Wellington, with his usual good sense and plain speaking, tells the Speaker that his new gown does not become him so well as his old; but behold the force of example! Poor old Lord Eldon, whose stooping shoulders, "shrunk shank," and "shrivelled hands with veins embossed," declare him in the sixth act of the drama of life, feels a return of the desire for office, on witnessing the re-appearance of the late retired functionary.

CCXL.

READING THE WILL, &c.

This is a very elaborate fac-simile of Wilkie's celebrated picture, and can scarcely be made intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the original. His Majesty William IV. is the old lawyer, reading aloud the will of John Bull, and those by whom he is surrounded are the disappointed expectants, to wit, the Conservatives. The Duke of Wellington is the old female relative whose wrath has risen to the highest pitch; and the Marquess of Londonderry appears as her footman, carrying her lap-dog and pattens. Immediately behind the King sits Lord Aberdeen, looking remarkably glum. Next to him

is Lord Lyndhurst, in his forensic wig; and then follow Earl Munster, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Goulburn (in a black bonnet), and Sir Robert Peel. The figure of greatest interest, namely, the widow, in whose favour the will is made, bears the likeness of Earl Grey, and behind him is Lord Brougham as a dry-nurse to the bantling Reform, which he is dancing in his arms. The other characters are the ultra Tories, who cannot be said to be disappointed, having never had any chance of a place in the will, and who seem almost indifferent on which of the other two parties the good fortune falls. Nearest to the widow is the Duke of Cumberland, who appears to be commencing a familiar acquaintance with the widow, as if he would not feel altogether averse to mend his fortune by an alliance with her. The old man in the wig and cocked hat is Sir Charles Wetherell, looking as professionally angry as a parish-beadle. The Earl of Eldon, from beneath a crape bonnet, looks askant at the lucky widow, and Lord Sidmouth has a vague look of general disapprobation.

CCXLI.

YOU MAY KNOW A MAN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.

When Mr. Cobbett entered the House of Commons as member for Oldham, he took his seat on the bench usually occupied by the leading members of the government, amongst whom, if we may judge by the looks of Lord Althorp, who sits next to him, and Mr. Stanley next but one, his presence was anything but welcome. The figure of Sir Francis Burdett, standing behind, cannot possibly be mistaken.

CCXLII.

MORGIANA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

The story of Morgiana and the Forty Thieves is too generally known to require repetition. The Morgiana of the present sketch is Mr. Stanley, Chief-Secretary for Ireland; and the Forty Thieves, against whose machinations it was Mr. Stanley's duty to defend the British Constitution and Government, were the Irish members, under the direction and control of Mr. O'Connell, who is looking up from one of the oil-jars. The fidelity and intrepidity of Morgiana in her master's service accord with the fearless and uncompromising character of Mr. Stanley no less than the boldness and ingenuity of the captain of the robbers, with the indefatigable exertions of Mr. O'Connell on behalf of the party with which he is connected.

CCXLIII.

MUTUAL CONGRATULATION.

The Dukes of Sutherland and Cleveland; they were created Dukes at the same time, namely, the 14th of January, 1833.

CCXLIV.

ADMINISTERING A BITTER DOSE TO A FRACTIOUS PATIENT.

The patient, whose violence is so great that he is with difficulty held down in his chair, is Mr. O'Connell; and the doctor, who is administering the dose, is Earl Grey. The doctor's assistant, endeavouring to tie down the patient with a napkin, is Mr. Stanley; and the nurse, attending with a lump of sugar, is Lord Althorp. The

scene is intended as a representation of the violence with which Mr. O'Connell assailed the measures of government in Ireland, and especially the Coercion Bill that Lord Grey deemed necessary, for the purpose of restraining the turbulence prevailing there. Mr. Stanley, as Secretary for Ireland, was the person to put the bill in force; and Lord Althorp may be supposed to offer something in the shape of patronage, as an inducement to Mr. O'Connell to desist. The two figures in the left-hand corner are the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon. They seem to think that coercion is their proper business, and to grudge Lord Grey this exercise of his authority.

CCXLV.

A MODERN ANTIQUE.

"Saturn,"—says Lempriere's Dictionary, "is generally represented as an old man, bent through age and infirmity. He holds a scythe in his right-hand; in his left he holds a child, which he raises up as if instantly to devour it." Saturn devoured all his own male children as soon as they were born, because he dreaded from them a retaliation of his own unkindness to his father. The infant, Mr. O'Connell, (so the sketch implies,) is the offspring of Lord Grey's policy with regard to Irish affairs, and Lord Grey finds it expedient to devour him, dreading lest he should eventually succeed in destroying Lord Grey.

CCXLVI.

MILITARY ROUGH-RIDERS BREAKING IN AN UNRULY ANIMAL.

This sketch is on the same subject as No. CCXLIV., the agitation kept up in Ireland by Mr. O'Connell, and

the attempts made by Lord Grey and Mr. Stanley to suppress it. Mr. O'Connell is, of course, the unruly animal, and Lord Grey the rider in danger of losing his seat. The daring helper, who plies the whip behind, unmindful of the infuriated beast, that has already bespattered him with dirt, and threatens to deal him a mortal blow with his heels, is Mr. Stanley. The *assistance* proffered by Sir Robert Peel, and which seems to consist of adding fresh matter for irritation to the "animal," is of a rather doubtful character.

CCXLVII.

GULLIVER IN THE TOILS OF THE LILLIPUTIANS.

Mr. O'Connell, as Gulliver, is prostrate, and bound by the tiny restraints of Lord Grey's bills, and Lord Anglesey's proclamations. In his left-hand he flourishes "Repeal," whereat his enemies advance, headed by Mr. Stanley with his "bow and quiver full of arrows." He is closely followed by Lord Grey, uttering the command "Tolgo phonac," which, according to Swift's history of the original Lemuel Gulliver, was the signal to the archers to discharge a flight of arrows at the prisoner. The pigmy hussar in the rear of Lord Grey is the Marquess of Anglesey; but who will not admire the doughty hero, Lord Brougham? a grenadier's cap surmounting his Chancellor's wig; his sword held in both hands like a mace, and the mace dangling by his side like a sword, head downwards: a sort of compound creature, (half civil and half military,) half this and half that, such as may be found in one of the newly-formed townships of the back settlements of America. This sketch will, perhaps, remind the reader of a jeu-d'esprit of Moore, in which the

same passage of Gulliver's history is made the subject of a comparison with the fate of Napoleon in St. Helena.

They tied him down, these little men did,
And when by ladders they'd ascended
The mighty man's august protuberance,
They strutted so, upon my soul
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance.

CCXLVIII.

A PEELER AND A REPEALER.

The Peeler is Mr. John Gully, M.P. for Pontefract,—the Repealer is Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Why Mr. O'Connell should be denominated a Repealer needs no explanation; but polite readers may be at a loss to understand the meaning of the word Peeler, as applied to Mr. Gully. If they suppose that the word is a derivative of Peel, a noun substantive and the proper name of the great Conservative leader, they are wide of the mark. The name of Peeler is derived from the verb *to peel* or *strip,* and is applied to Mr. Gully on account of his having frequently appeared in public in the character of a professed pugilist, and fought, as professed pugilists always fight, naked from the waist upwards.

CCXLIX.

AN ENVOY-EXTRAORDINARY.

The Count di Funchal, a Portuguese nobleman strongly attached to the cause of the young Queen, Donna Maria. It was stated in the public papers, as a proof of this attachment, that at his decease he gave the bulk of his property to his nephew, on condition that he should immediately

declare himself in favour of the young Queen; and that shortly before his death, he revoked, with strong expressions of regret, a considerable legacy to an old friend who had taken part with Don Miguel.

CCL.

A PORTRAIT.

The Earl of Munster, the eldest member of the family of William IV.

CCLI.

A GREAT DEPARTED STATESMAN.

Prince Pozzi di Borgo, the Russian Minister, who had just then left England to return to Russia.

CCLII.

MARCH OF REFORM.

This sketch gives an admirable view of the effects of the Reform Bill. The scene is the lobby of the House of Commons, and Mr. Williams, the under door-keeper, is pushing back Sir Edward Sugden, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Mr. Horace Twiss, late members of the unreformed Parliament, but members now no more, to make a clear passage for Mr. Cobbett, returned for the Borough of Oldham; Mr. Gully, returned for the Borough of Pontefract; and Joseph Pease, the first quaker member, returned for the southern division of Durham.

CCLIII.

CHANGED AT NURSE.

The Bill, commonly called the Coercion Bill, introduced

by ministers into the House of Lords for the purpose of repressing the disturbances prevailing in Ireland, has been so much altered in the House of Commons, that its authors, Lords Grey, Brougham, and Plunket, are unable to recognize their own offspring, and suggest the probability of its having been changed at nurse. The nurse is Lord Althorp, then leader of the House of Commons, and an unwilling instrument in the hands of Mr. O'Connell, (who stands behind,) and other Radical members, to effect the change at which the noble lords are so greatly amazed.

CCLIV.

A STUDY FOR STERNE'S MARIA.

When Tristram Shandy saw Maria sitting on a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, she had a little goat beside her; but, when she was afterwards seen by Yorick, "her goat had been as faithless as her lover, and in lieu of it she had got a little dog, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle." In this sketch Lord Brougham represents Maria; the Irish Coercion Bill, such as prepared by his Lordship, is to be supposed to have disappeared, and its place to be supplied by a very harmless creature, not a dog, (for he would not have been a fit emblem of the harmlessness of the substitute,) but a lamb, which H.B. has been under the necessity of adopting, to suit the circumstances of the case.

CCLV.

SIR JODDRILL AND THE GRIM GREY WOMAN.

The Elfin Sprite and the Grim Grey Woman was the title of the Easter piece at Covent Garden, in the year 1833. The piece is founded on a German legend, relating to the fairies of the Drachenfels. Sir Joddrill is one of

those obstacles to the matrimonial termination of the plot, and to the welfare and happiness of the hero and heroine, which it is the business of the author to remove; and this is accomplished chiefly by the interposition of the Grim Grey Woman, a benevolent fairy. He is a sort of Dumbiedikes, *(See the Heart of Mid-Lothian,)* rich and foolish, and very much in the way. In one of the scenes is represented a chase, in which the Grim Grey Woman mounts behind the luckless Sir Joddrill, and drives him over hill and plain, hedge and ditch, until she lands him in a quagmire, keeping her own seat, and riding off upon his horse. H.B. seems to have been struck with the resemblance between this incident and the situation of William IV. during the administration of Lord Grey. If the reader should also discover any resemblance, he will enjoy the sketch so much the more.

CCLVI.

THE GRIM GREY WOMAN, *No. II.*

With the aid of the explanation given of the preceding sketch, and the short account of the incident as inscribed below the present one, its meaning will be easily understood. The transformation of William IV., a prince of the sober-minded House of Brunswick, into a harum-scarum revolutionist, running about with a cap of liberty on his head, and a tri-coloured cockade stuck upon it, was certainly sufficient to disguise him, so that his old servants, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, could not recognize him. Their terror, and the unconscious simplicity of the transformed, are well pourtrayed. Among the retreating party are Lords Lyndhurst and Ellenborough, while the Grim *Grey* Woman, otherwise Lord Grey, ap-

pears behind Sir Joddrill, enjoying the effects of her powerful spell.

CCLVII.

LA TENTATION—*NOT* FROM FAUST.

Sir Robert Peel, in the character of Faust, is tempted by Mephistophiles to sell his soul to the Whigs, for the price of the office of First Lord of the Treasury. The Mephistophiles in this negociation must be the demon of Ambition, not of Lucre; not Mammon, but Satan himself, in *propriâ personâ*, for Sir Robert is too wealthy to covet office for its emoluments; and if he desire it at all, must do so for the love of power and distinction. The bearers of the temptation are Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley; and the keen and searching glance of the latter imply an inward conviction, arising from a congeniality of spirit, that over a mind like that of Sir Robert Peel the arts of the tempter will not prevail.

CCLVIII.

A DESIGN FOR A MONUMENT, &c.

When it has been stated that the figure on the top of the monument is that of Earl Grey, and that the two involuntary supporters, sitting below, represent the Duke of Wellington (on the left) and Sir Robert Peel (on the right), and when the note explanatory has been read, very little more, in the way of explanation, will be wanted to render this sketch intelligible. That little may be thus told — Earl Grey *loquitur* — "Hitherto society, in this happy island, has been constructed upon the model of a cone; the common people forming the base, the monarch the apex, and the various other classes ranging in order in

the intermediate space. For my own aggrandizement I have reversed the figure. I well know that, if left to itself, this state of society could not endure, any more than a cone could stand unsupported upon its apex. But here is my master-stroke of policy. The broad base of the populace makes a firm footing for me; and my opponents are as much interested as I am in supporting me; because, if they desert me, the cone will fall, and anarchy, as fatal to them as to myself, will ensue."

CCLIX.

THE NURSERY.

For the idea of this sketch we are indebted to a speech of Mr. Cobbett, the celebrated author of the Weekly Register, and M. P. for Oldham. In the debate on Sir John Key's motion for the Repeal of the house and window-taxes, Mr. Cobbett inveighed, with great bitterness, against the conduct of the House of Commons, with regard to the malt-tax, (*See* No. CCLX.)—"Last Saturday," said he, "the bells in Berkshire and Surrey were ringing for joy at the repeal of the malt-tax; to-morrow the news will go forth that the Reformed House of Commons has, at the command of the minister, consented to rescind their resolution: on Friday night they took a bold step, and on Tuesday they were whipped like spaniels into their kennels again. The noble Lord (Althorp) has declared his intention to resign if the resolution be not rescinded. His Lordship treats the House as a mother does her untoward children. He threatens, as does the mother, to deprive them of the light. He will withdraw the light of his countenance from the councils of His Majesty: and he expects the House to cry, like a child shut in a dark room, "Oh mammy, do not leave me."

Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer) as the "mammy," looks very like the "old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many naughty children, that she couldn't tell what to do." Cobbett, as the biggest of the brood, stands first, and seems to implore mammy's protection for his smaller brothers. Dr. Lushington is dissolved in tears;—Sir F. Burdett overwhelmed with shame;—Sir W. Ingleby looks half penitent and half sulky;—and Sir John Cam Hobhouse is stealing off, as fully explained at No. CCLXI.

CCLX.

THE SCALES.

Sir William Ingleby, M.P. for Lincolnshire, moved a resolution for a repeal of the malt-tax, which was carried by a majority of ten. Ministers having been taken by surprise, were under the necessity of declaring to their supporters, in plain terms, that they could not spare the tax, and that the resolution must be rescinded. Accordingly, on the following Tuesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a resolution to that effect, and the *soi-disant* liberal party, having no alternative but a change of ministry, (to make use of an expression of Swift,) "hastily gathered up and pocketed the affront."—John Bull, recollecting the taunts which had been levelled at the House of Lords for passing the Catholic Emancipation Bill by a majority of 106, after they had thrown it out in the previous Session by a majority of 150, is balancing the respective inconsistencies, or, more emphatically speaking, stultifications of the two Houses of Parliament, and finds a very trifling difference between them.

CCLXI.

A NEW ILLUSTRATION OF THE OLD ADAGE, "BETWEEN TWO STOOLS," &c.

We have already seen (No. CCXXXIV.) the entrance of Sir John Cam Hobhouse into place, by the door of the War-Office. From the post of Secretary-at-War he was appointed, in March, 1832, to succeed Mr. Stanley in the more important one of Secretary for Ireland. But alas! for the transitory nature of human greatness! one month afterwards, "one little month or 'ere those shoes were old,"—in which he had tripped so lightly up the steps at Whitehall, there came a most frightful motion of Sir John Key, M. P. for London, to repeal the house and window-taxes. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the late Secretary-at-War, and now Irish Secretary, was still member for the City of Westminster, in which character he had very recently appeared at the head of a deputation that waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to urge the repeal of those odious taxes. What could the noble Secretary do? should he resign his place, and vote for his constituents, or vote against his constituents, and prospectively resign his seat?—his choice seemed difficult to make; yet, to have done either, would have been, at least, a plain and intelligible course. He did neither,—yet both,—he resigned both his office and his seat, and did not vote at all. This finesse was so very fine that nobody could see the point or bearing of it. Even his colleague, Sir F. Burdett, declared that he could not see why he should have resigned both office and seat. Ill-natured persons may suppose that Sir John expected to be re-chosen, on account of his honest dealing, and that then his re-appointment to office would follow as a matter of

course. The event, however, was unlucky. Colonel Evans (now Sir de Lacy Evans), as represented in the sketch, stepped in, and snatched away the seat for Westminster; and the re-appointment to the office of Irish Secretary was postponed *sine die*. Sir F. Burdett, though stretching out his arm as if to save him, sees that assistance is in vain; and the phlegmatic Lord Althorp, behind, appears to be saying, "Never mind, let him go."

CCLXII.

THE TURNSTILE—A PICTURESQUE SIMILE.

The turnstile, in this sketch, is a sort of turnpike-gate (like the turnstile at Waterloo-bridge); and Lord Althorp, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, takes his stand there for the collection of the toll. Turn it which way you will, payment must be made before you can pass. This sketch relates to the same subject as Nos. CCLIX. and CCLX. The proprietor of the budget stands on the right side of the turnstile, on one of the bars of which he lays his hand, with a paper inscribed "Income;" the import of which is, that the gentlemen on the wrong side, if they wish to pass and take anything out of his budget, must consent to the imposition of an income-tax. Sir William Ingleby, who stole a march on the ministry, and obtained a majority of ten against them and in favour of a repeal of the malt-tax, is represented as having eluded the vigilance of the toll-keeper, and slipped through, with his majority, without paying the toll; but the other gentlemen, having no chance of succeeding in the same manner, are hesitating about the matter, and carrying off their reluctance under the semblance of courtesy. Mr. O'Connell begs Mr. Cobbett to advance, he being the senior; Mr. Cobbett declines to take precedence of an older member, though not an

older man, than himself; and Mr. Hume, not so courteous, holds back, in manifest doubt as to the wisdom of proceeding.

CCLXIII.

A GAME AT CUDGELS ALL AMONG FRIENDS.

The pairs of combatants in this sketch remind us of George Colman's description of Death and the Apothecary—

> "Who first shake hands before they box,
> Then give each other plaguy knocks
> With all the love and kindness of a brother."

In the fore-ground is Lord Brougham, giving to Lord Melbourne a practical illustration of the method of defending a friend. Mr. Stanley, on the left-hand, has just received a striking proof of the friendly disposition of Lord Howick; and, on the right, the Earl of Ripon is as amicable towards Earl Fitzwilliam as the Irishman in the ballad, "who meets with his friend, and for love knocks him down." In the arena of politics, it frequently occurs that persons who belong to the same party, and act in conjunction on most occasions, come into collision on some particular points, and feel themselves under the painful necessity of opposing each other; just as the individuals composing a party at whist, by a fresh cutting of the cards, find themselves playing against their former partners, and taking up the tricks of their late opponents. Lord Howick's contest with Mr. Stanley refers to the debate on the West India Slavery question, when Lord Howick declared his belief that the ministerial plan would be a failure. The Earl of Ripon's hit at Earl Fitzwilliam is on the subject of the Corn-Laws, when the resolutions proposed by the latter were met by his friend, Earl Ripon,

and negatived by the House. The little duello between Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham relates to the riot in Calthorpe-street, on which some remarks of the Lord-Chancellor glanced a little at the management of the Secretary for the Home Department; or—to use a vulgar expression, which seems proper to the illustration of H.B.—stuck in Lord Melbourne's stomach.

CCLXIV.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

Strange as it may seem, this sketch, of the principal persons composing the administration of this mighty kingdom standing on Epsom Downs, on the day of the great Derby race, was made by H.B. from the life. It would, indeed, be hard to deny, to men whose minds are so severely tasked in the performance of the duties of their offices, all opportunity for relaxation. It would be no less impolitic than unjust to do so; for the mind requires occasional relaxation to retain its power. *Nec semper tendit arcum Apollo.* It is plain, however, that their appearance in such a place is a novelty, for it gives rise to a suspicion in the minds of those two regular race-course rogues who appear on the left-hand of the picture; the one asking who the strangers may be, and the other answering that they are West-end legs. Poor Lord Althorp! he whom men delighted to call *par excellence* honest Lord Althorp, to be called a West-end leg!! And his colleagues—quite as honest—Earl Grey, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham, "all honourable men!" See what it is to be found in suspicious places and in bad company!

CCLXV.

A PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATION OF AN ELEGANT SIMILE.

Mr. Stanley having had the ill-luck to be the Secretary for Ireland, at a period when it was impossible for him to discharge the duties of his office without incurring the hatred of the great majority of the people of Ireland, exchanged his post for that of Colonial Secretary, just at the time when a kindred spirit of disaffection to government prevailed in Canada; so that his Lordship might be truly said to have illustrated the elegant simile of "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

One may imagine that commentators upon these inimitable and never-to-be-out-of-date sketches, if left to wander in the wide field of fancy and conjecture, without the aid of this humble but faithful guide, would hereafter suppose various things, and offer divers opinions, as to the meaning of what this picture represents. "There are some," (so we may fancy a profound explorer of hidden mysteries to explain the enigma of this sketch about two centuries hence,) "there are some who read the letters written over the fire, as composing the word Colonies, and signifying merely that Mr. Stanley was Secretary for the Colonies; but to me it is quite clear that they are to be read as three separate words, Col-on-ies, (by the figure, pun, Coal on is,) thereby implying that Lord Stanley either was, or should have been, called over the coals for his conduct." Another writer, combining the characters of Commentator and Critic, and mixing the grave ignorance of the one with the presumptuous ill-nature of the other, will insist on it "that H. B. has committed a gross blunder in respect of the culinary article on which the

word Ireland is inscribed, and that as he meant it to be understood that the Secretary kept the country in a perpetual broil, he ought to have substituted a gridiron for a frying-pan."—A glance at such absurd, but very possible errors, will enable the reader to appreciate the value of a contemporary and faithful exposition of these graphic riddles.

CCLXVI.

AN M.P.

Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, Bart. of Nannan, Merionethshire, M. P. for that county. At the date of this sketch he had sat in ten Parliaments; but his political existence was terminated by the passing of the Reform Bill.

CCLXVII.

TAKING AN AIRING IN HYDE-PARK.

The Duke of Wellington is looking out into Hyde-Park through a pane in one of the windows broken by the mob on the night of illumination in honour of the Reform Bill.—*(See* No. CXLVII.)—Why neither his Grace, nor the Marquess of Londonderry would repair their broken windows for many months after the outrage was committed, was never explained, though the circumstance gave birth to many surmises. Some thought it was intended to put the reformers to shame,—others supposed that the House of Lords meant still, by some means or other, to defeat the Bill for Reform, and that, as a fresh bombardment of the houses of obnoxious Peers might be expected, it was prudent to leave only broken windows to be thrown at.

CCLXVIII.

SLEEPING PARTNERS IN A DOUBTFUL CONCERN.

The Sleeping Partner on the left is Lord Glenelg, and he on the right is Lord Melbourne. That the "Doubtful Concern" is the administration, it is scarcely necessary to add. A story, which gave H.B. the materials for this sketch, appeared in some of the papers, that, on the breaking-up of a council held at Holland House, Lords Melbourne and Glenelg were found, each extended on a sofa, fast asleep; and that the other members of the council, by way of joke as well as for a punishment, walked off very silently, leaving their sleeping colleagues in the dark. The foremost of the retreating party is Lord Brougham, who is followed by Lord Althorp, Lord Holland, the Duke of Richmond, and Earl Grey.

CCLXIX.

NEW WEST INDIA DANCE.

The emancipated negroes of our West Indian colonies are joining hands round Mr. Buxton, (now Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.,) who, while in Parliament, was the principal advocate of their cause, and are dancing to the tune, as the sketch says, of twenty millions, which Parliament agreed to pay to the slave-owners by way of compensation. The music is supplied by Mr. Stanley, the Colonial Secretary; and Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, calls on John Bull to pay the piper, upon the very reasonable ground of his having called for the dance. Honest John seems to like the dance much better than "the tune;" and when the payment is de-

manded, he begins to ask himself why he called for so expensive an amusement, and recollects that it was chiefly to please the gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat, namely, Mr. Buxton, in whom the whole body of petitioners for negro emancipation, including the Quakers, are here personified. The blacks, having nothing to pay, seem to dance with characteristic glee, and may be supposed to shout, with one accord,

> Come, let us dance and sing,
> All Barbadoes' bells shall ring.

CCLXX.

A SELECT SPECIMEN OF DIGNIFIED AND CUTTING SARCASM.

(A Free Translation.)

This is, indeed, a free translation into the vulgar tongue and vulgar style of gesticulation, of the speeches of Lord Melbourne and Lord Wicklow, on the subject of Tithes in Ireland, on the 21st of June, 1833. It must often strike the readers of newspapers, that the forms of polished society require the use of a vast many more words for the expression of a very simple idea, than the lower classes are in the habit of employing for that purpose; and that, if the same subjects were to be discussed between noblemen in the House of Lords, and labourers in a beer-shop, the same differences of opinion animating the speakers, and the same ideas occurring to both parties, the difference in the mode of expression would not only relate to the vocabulary and grammar, but to the length of the exercise: a sentiment which a whole column of newspaper, small type, is scarcely adequate to convey in the phraseology of a lord, is expressed by a ploughman in two short words. Let the reader turn, if he have patience, to

the debate of the date above mentioned, and he will find that two columns of the *Times* newspaper are occupied with the speeches of Lord Wicklow and Lord Melbourne; and, when he has taken the trouble of reading them through, he will admit that, if the solemnity of the place, and the dignity and gravity of the audience had not forbidden it, the speeches might have been compressed into the compass of the labels appended to the lips of the two characters in this sketch, and no jot of their meaning omitted.

CCLXXI.

A CLEAR CASE OF POLITICAL PETTY LARCENY.

It is an unfortunate condition of mind that is at once so eager and so short-sighted as to pursue a course of argument, with the utmost ardour, without being able to see where it may lead; and it frequently happens, to those whose minds are of this order, that they make the latter part of their speeches an answer to the former. Such a speaker resembles the miraculous runner in the American story, who ran round a ring with such swiftness that at length he fairly ran over himself. H.B., in this sketch, insinuates that Lord Ellenborough has achieved the marvel of answering himself, in his speech on West India slavery; and, further, that in so doing he has encroached on the privilege of Mr. Baring, (the present Lord Ashburton,) who previously had enjoyed the distinction without a rival. Mr. Baring's expression, "that fellow has stolen my thunder," is, perhaps, sufficiently understood without elucidation; yet there may be some to whom the story of Dennis and his thunder is new, and those who remember how admirably it was related by Canning in the House of Commons, and how effectively it told against

his political adversaries, will not think it unworthy of repetition. When Mr. Canning was bringing forward certain measures of commercial reform, the members of opposition, and Mr. Brougham in particular, while they gave their assent to his proposed plans, denied him any other description of merit than that of having adopted plans which they had been recommending to his predecessors for years past without gaining attention. "Had we been in power," said they, "we should have done these things long ago." Canning submitted to this in silence on two or three successive occasions; but when it had been repeated just often enough to give him a good opportunity of retaliating he took notice of it, and told the story of Dennis the critic, the same Dennis whom Pope so often lashes, and who had formed a most exaggerated estimate of his own importance. In his tragedy of *Appius and Virginia,* he introduced a new method of imitating thunder. The tragedy was soon set aside, but the imitation of thunder was permanently adopted. One night he was at the theatre when Macbeth was played. The piece opened, as usual, with loud peals of thunder; and the theatrical Joves, being in a humour to gratify the house, made each successive peal more startling than the former, at which the audience in the gallery was so delighted that they repaid the obligations with plaudits equally long and loud. It was literally clap for clap. This awakened the self-admiration of poor Dennis, who heard the applause with infinite delight and gratification; and, when it had subsided, rose from his seat in the pit, and addressing the house with a due mixture of modesty and pride, thanked them for their kind expressions of approval; but added, as he pointed to the stage, "You see how those fellows use me; they won't play my Play, and yet they *steal my thunder.*"

CCLXXII.

NARCISSUS, BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.

This sketch had its origin in a speech of Lord Melbourne, in reply to one from Lord Wicklow. "When," said Lord Melbourne, "the noble Earl (Wicklow) talked of self-complacency, he could not avoid remarking what was so very obvious with respect to the noble Earl himself; for certainly Narcissus, when he surveyed himself in the fountain, was not more enamoured of the graces of his person, which he found to be much greater than he had imagined, than was the noble Earl of himself, when he found himself addressing their lordships on this subject and with greater eloquence than he thought could have been brought to it."

The Narcissus in the sketch is an admirable caricature representation of the enamoured youth, as described by Ovid:—

> "Dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit,
> Dumque bibit, visæ correptus imagine formæ
> Rem sine corpore amat * * *
> Adstupit ipse sibi.

But the gem of the sketch is the head, out of the mouth of which the water gushes into the basin, and which head bears the features of Lord Melbourne, quite as expressive of admiration as those of the recumbent youth.

CCLXXIII.

A MAN WOT HAS GOT A GOOD UNDERSTANDING, ALTHOUGH A GREAT CALF.

A portrait of Mr. Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin, and M.P. for the Dublin University. The records of Parliament vouch for the goodness of his understanding, in

every but the punning sense of the word; and for the calf, Irish labourers and English draymen, passing down the Haymarket and looking, as every body does, into the window of the publisher of these inimitable sketches, have been seen to turn from this faithful portrait with looks of envy and blushes of conscious inferiority.

CCLXXIV.

HOLY ROMAN ALLIANCE.

The members in alliance are Sir Robert Inglis (on the right), Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Lefroy. The bond of union between persons so opposite, in general, in their sentiments, is the ministerial measure respecting Irish tithes, to which all three were opposed for different reasons; Mr. O'Connell because the measure did not go far enough, Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Lefroy because it went too far.

CCLXXV.

A GREAT SUBJECT, "DEDICATED TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS."

The Duke of Sussex was reported to have said, at a meeting of the Council of the London University, that, for the advancement of anatomical science, he should not have the least objection to give his body after death to the University, for the purpose of being dissected.

CCLXXVI.

TWO BRIGHT CONSTELLATIONS, AS SEEN THROUGH AN OPERA-GLASS.

The late Duke of Gloucester on the left, and Sir Robert Wilson, formerly M.P. for Southwark, on the right. At

the date of this sketch, they were to be seen very frequently by the star-gazers in the Opera-house, just as H.B. has drawn them, and, from their size and brilliancy, might have been mistaken for Castor and Pollux.

CCLXXVII.

THE EXECUTIVE CAPACITY OF THE CROWN AND THE LEGISLATIVE.

William IV. is sitting comfortably down to the enjoyment of the Civil List Act, typified by a plentiful sirloin. The words on the label issuing from his lips are the usual formula for the King's giving his assent to Money Bills. On the left hand of the table Lord Grey, in the likeness of a tabby cat, is amusing himself with his long tail, in allusion to the numerous train of relations and connexions whom his Lordship was frequently charged with having found means to provide for, by places and employments, during the period of his administration. At the opposite end Lord Brougham, like a poodle dog, is putting out his curly head, and a paw which holds down a large bone, inscribed *Legal Reform.* A label from his lips intimates that, when he shall have reformed the law so as to suit his view, he will contrive to have as long a tail as the Premier.

CCLXXVIII.

THE MODERN ANTÆUS.

Antæus, the "old original," was, as every school-boy knows, a giant of Libya, and the son of Terra (the Earth) by Neptune. He was also, as well he might be, the prince of wrestlers; for every fall was but to him an embrace of his mother, who took that opportunity of endowing him with fresh vigour. The Modern Antæus,

(Earl Grey,) a child of the spirit of Reform, gains, in like manner, renewed strength from his parent every time that he is baffled and thrown down by his political opponents. His last triumph is over Sir Charles Wetherell, who lies prostrate and irrecoverable. His bottle-holders, Mr. Croker and the Duke of Newcastle, endeavour in vain to raise him; he confesses that it is all over with him. The Duke of Wellington, however, is resolved to try a bout with the giant in spite of the remonstrance of Sir Robert Peel. The end of the real Antæus was, that Hercules, finding it of no use to throw him down, adopted the expedient of holding him up in the air, where his mother could not come to his assistance, and thus squeezed him to death: but H. B. did not venture to represent the Duke of Wellington in the likeness of Hercules. This was prudent.

CCLXXIX.

A SHARP BETWEEN TWO FLATS.

The Duke of Wellington sitting between the late Duke of Gloucester and the King of Hanover. Of the applicability of the title of this sketch let every one judge for himself; but all who have been in the habit of attending in the House of Lords, will acknowledge the fidelity of the portraits in face, figure, dress, attitude, and position.

CCLXXX.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

This sketch commemorates a laughable incident in the House of Commons. Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P. for Westminster, was not a regular supporter of Ministers, but voted against them on questions involving radical

principles, to which the Whigs had not then made up their minds to lend their countenance. On Mr. Tennyson's motion for a repeal of the Septennial Act, when the gallant member should have gone out with his party on a division, he was found by Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle) and Lord Duncannon, fast asleep on one of the benches, and these two gentlemen, being the tellers for the Ministerial party, (which remained in the House,) awakened the gallant member, to apprize him of his situation, and of their intention of counting his vote along with those of their party.

CCLXXXI.

HANNIBALISM; OR, AN IRISH STEW.

Lord Plunket, the Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, when plain Mr. Plunket, and one of the best speakers in the House of Commons upon subjects connected with Ireland, declared, on some occasion, that he would lead his son to the altar, as Hannibal was led by his father, Amilcar, to make him swear eternal enmity to the enemies of his country. After a return had been moved for by Mr. Dawson (as shewn at No. CLXXXIV.) of the number of places and other good things possessed by the sons of Lord Plunket, Mr. Cobbett took an opportunity of reminding the public of Mr. Plunket's patriotic declaration of a devotion equal to that of the father of Hannibal, and enumerating the appointments of the Plunket family, exclaimed, as he finished the catalogue for each of his Lordship's sons, "so much for Hannibal the first;" "so much for Hannibal the second," &c.

This little story explains the application of the word Hannibalism. The Cannibalism is the destruction, or reform, (for in the opinions of many, they were conver-

tible terms,) of the Irish Church, to be effected by his Lordship's Irish Church Reform Bill. H.B. has, therefore, sketched him in the act of devouring bishops with as little remorse, or difficulty, as if they were so many "blackbirds baked in a pie."

CCLXXXII.

SECONDING A MOTION.

The motion to which the title of this sketch alludes, was not made by one member alone, as motions in parliament usually are, but by several members simultaneously, and it was seconded in like manner. It was made, too, without notice, and carried *nem. con.* The subject was, —a boat-race. The firing of guns and shouts of acclamation, from an immense concourse of spectators on the river and shore, in the immediate vicinity of the House, reached the astonished ears of the members during a temporary suspension of the noise which usually prevails in the House during the early part of the evening, and several members rushed forward at once to ascertain the cause. There was something so comical when the cause was ascertained, in the contrast between the grave character of the business of the House, and the occasion of the interruption, that it was worth being commemorated in these playful and amusing sketches.

CCLXXXIII.

POLITICAL GLADIATORS.

This is an effective bodily representation of an oratorical skirmish that took place in the House of Lords between the Duke of Sussex and the late Duke of Buckingham. The Duke of Sussex had presided at a meeting held at the

City of London Tavern, for the purpose of adopting some appropriate mode of testifying the public admiration of Captain Napier's exploit against the fleet of Don Miguel. The Duke, of Buckingham sharply rebuked the illustrious Duke for giving his countenance to what amounted to a violation of the neutrality which England was bound to observe between the contending parties in Portugal, and the illustrious Duke displayed considerable spirit and energy in his defence.

CCLXXXIV.

THE GRIDIRON.

This sketch is pretty well explained in the inscription below the title. Mr. Cobbett, in his Register, emphatically declared, and often repeated the declaration, that so convinced was he of the impossibility of returning to cash payments, that he would pledge himself to suffer the punishment of being broiled on a gridiron if it should ever be effected; and, in commemoration of this pledge, he adopted the sign of a gridiron as a distinction for his Register; on every number of which it was to be seen for several years. His opponents contended that what he had deemed impossible was actually accomplished, and, therefore, he ought to go and be broiled: but Cobbett always maintained that there were qualifications in his prediction which exempted him, and many were convinced that he was right.

This sketch is admirably humourous. Earl Spencer (then Lord Althorp) is offering to hand Mr. Cobbett "not where he is to eat, but where he is to be eaten," in the style of a gentleman handing a lady to her seat at dinner, and his soft persuasive eloquence seems well seconded by Sir Robert Peel behind, while Mr. Spring

Rice, (now Lord Monteagle,) with a mouth that seems to water with a relish of the joke, is placing on the fire the primitive piece of culinary furniture on which the author of the Weekly Register had voluntarily offered to sacrifice himself. But it is clear that Mr. Cobbett is not willing to be brought to the bar. He delicately begs that he may not be pressed, and repeats the endearing term "mammy," which we remember him to have used in No. CCLIX.

CCLXXXV.

A SELECT SPECIMEN OF THE *BLACK* STYLE.

The Lord-Chancellor Brougham, in a debate on the Slavery Abolition Bill, (14th August, 1833,) said "that the object of the clause then under discussion was to make the black, from the moment that he arrived on the shores of this country, a free man in all respects: to make him eligible to sit in parliament, either in the House of Lords, if it should be His Majesty's pleasure to give him a title to a seat, or in the other House if he should be elected." H.B. has pursued this idea, and supposed the emancipated negro not only called to the House of Lords by the gracious pleasure of his sovereign, but elevated to the woolsack, enveloped in the gown, and adorned with the wig of "the highest law authority in the realm," nay more,—to raise him still higher in the scale of creation, and prove his title to rank with the most intellectual of intelligent beings, his delineator has given him the features of the noble and learned Lord himself, who, at that time, was in rightful possession of the seat on the woolsack, and of all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

CCLXXXVI.

A BLACK SHEEP, NOT FOUND IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Another illustration of the same passage in Lord Brougham's speech, as that referred to in the foregoing sketch. A sheep is not the animal that is most suitable for a comparison with Lord Brougham. The term "black sheep of the law" is, indeed, well understood; but Lord Brougham's professional character by no means warranted the application of the term to him; and a sheep, in every one of his real attributes, is the very opposite of the late Lord-Chancellor. The point and applicability of the sketch are rather obscure, yet the sketch itself is exceedingly droll, and though the face is the face of Lord Brougham, and the wig is the wig of the Lord-Chancellor, it is difficult to believe that it is not a real black sheep.

CCLXXXVII.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE CORK LEG.

A comic song, under the title of the "Cork Leg," was very popular at the period when this sketch is dated. It was a story of a certain man, who, having broken his leg, got a new one made of cork, and with a patent spring in it, which once set a-going, the poor gentleman could not by any means stop, and which therefore carried him away, the Lord knows where, with frightful impetuosity. Honest John Bull is the unfortunate owner of the cork leg, which we see bears the inscription of Grey and Co.'s patent, and by which, in short, we are to understand neither more nor less than "Reform." Off he goes at a fearful rate; nobody can stop him, nor can he stop himself—*Vires acquirit eundo.*

Far from knowing what he is in pursuit of, or where he is going, he keeps his onward course, completing his resemblance to the hero of the ballad, who is left at its conclusion still carried along against his will by the ungovernable cork leg. Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington are looking on with pity and amazement.

CCLXXXVIII.

AN INTERESTING GROUP.

Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, William IV., and the Count di Funchal, Portuguese Envoy, of whom see another portrait, No. CCXLIX.

CCLXXXIX.

A POLITICAL CON*CAT*ENATION.

"Touch not the cat but (without) the gloves," is the motto of one of the Highland clans, whose crest is a mountain cat; and it conveys a caution which would have been of some use to the two persons in the present sketch, who are seen to approach a dangerous animal of the feline genus, mounted on a chest, inscribed "The Rint." This same cat, whose identity with Mr. Daniel O'Connell it is scarcely necessary to point out, had very recently clawed Lord Anglesey and Mr. Stanley so unmercifully that they gave up their posts to the Marquess of Wellesley and Mr. Littleton (now Lord Hatherton); and the look with which he regards the hand extended to caress him, shews that to lay a hand upon him, even in the way of kindness, is attended with danger—a truth which the noble Marquess behind has learned by experience. The ferocious creature is standing on a paper, inscribed "*the dismissal of Colonel Blacker.*" Colonel Blacker was a magistrate of the county

of Armagh; but having lent his countenance to an orange procession, in disregard of the endeavours of Government to suppress such meetings, his name was struck out of the Commission of the Peace, and it was reported that his dismissal was chiefly owing to Mr. O'Connell's influence with the administration. Of the disposition entertained by Mr. O'Connell towards the new lieutenant and secretary, the reader may judge from the following extract from one of his speeches about this period :—

"What advantage is it to us, that Anglesey and Stanley have been removed, if they are succeeded by as prosecuting a Lord Wellesley, and as unpopular a Littleton? I prophesied that Anglesey would be the most unpopular man in Ireland, and that propheey was fulfilled; there is, however, one step below Lord Anglesey's unpopularity, and I think Mr. Littleton will eventually descend into it."

CCXC.

A PEELER AND A REPEALER.

Sir Robert Peel (obverse) and Mr. O'Connell (reverse). Independently of the play on Sir Robert's name, he being the originator of the Police force, the individuals of which are, in Ireland, commonly called by the name of Peelers, gives authority for applying the same term to himself. Mr. O'Connell owes his title of Repealer to his advocacy of the project of a repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

CCXCI.

AN IRISH FAIR WEATHER-HOUSE.

Peace to the artist whose ingenious thought
Devised the Weather-house—that useful toy!

This picture should have been dedicated to Miss Edge-

worth, the authoress of an Essay on Irish Bulls. A Weather-house that always shews *fair* weather is Irish enough; but a *fair* Weather-house which shews the weather to be always *foul,* is perfectly Irish, whether it be a bull or a piece of sad and sober earnest. The figure on the left is the Marquess of Wellesley, and the figure on the right is the Marquess of Anglesea.

CCXCII.

MACBETH.

The *Newcastle Journal* inserted an article, in which it was stated, that Earl Durham had exhibited from the mast-head of his yacht, the Louisa, anchored in the Tyne, on the 27th of September, 1832, the tri-coloured flag of France; and that he had previously, when in Cherbourg Harbour, ordered his own arms to be placed above the royal flag of England. The noble Earl proceeded against the paper for a libel, upon affidavits from the mate of his vessel, denying both statements. Radical as the noble Earl was, he not only could not go the lengths imputed to him by the *Newcastle Journal,* but he could not endure that he should lie under such an imputation. Let radicalism "take any form but that."

CCXCIII.

BUG AND HUMBUG.

The story attached to this sketch, illustrative as it is of the public characters of public men, (for public men can, in their public characters, "do such deeds" as make private individuals

"Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them,")

is much too good to be lost. The story consists of two

parts, namely, the Bug and the Humbug; and they relate to two different periods of time. On the 25th of July, 1832, Sir Edward Sugden, in the House of Commons, adverted to the filling up of sinecure offices in the Court of Chancery, which he had understood were to have been abolished, and called upon the Lord-Chancellor to explain the recent appointment of his brother to the office of Registrar of Affidavits. Lord Brougham was not the person to remain silent when so called on. He is a customer who pays as he goes, and always pays in full. He responded to the call on the very next night, and the following is the portion of his speech which explains the first half of the title of the sketch.

He was convinced that the question put by a learned gentleman in another place, which seemed to insinuate that he was violating his pledge, by filling up the appointment, had no such meaning, and wholly originated in a laudable anxiety to elicit information on a matter affecting the character of the highest law authority. "Yes, my lords, it is this heaven-born thirst of information and its condition, at least invariable concomitant, a self-disregarding and candid mind, that most distinguishes man from the crawling reptile—that most distinguishes man from the wasp that stings, and from the insect that fain would but cannot sting—aye, distinguishes us from, not only the insect that crawls and stings, but from that more powerful, because more offensive, creature the BUG, who, powerful and offensive as it is, is, after all, but so much loathsome vermin."

This comparison of Sir Edward Sugden to a bug, was a blow that the learned gentleman felt very keenly at the time, and he gave vent to his feelings in a speech which he delivered in the House of Commons on the next night. But there the affair ended; and, so far as regarded the

Lord-Chancellor, the fact probably was, that having paid Sir Edward all that he owed him, and something more, by way of interest, his equanimity soon returned, and he was ready, perhaps the very next day, to shake hands with him.

The second portion of the story, namely, the Humbug, consists of the speech which the Lord-Chancellor is here represented as uttering, December, 1833; but though designated as Humbug by H.B., and, perhaps, so intended by the speaker, the acknowledged talents and learning of Sir Edward Sugden leave it doubtful if it might not have been sincere. The person looking in from behind the curtain is Lord Abinger.

CCXCIV.

THE EXETER CAT AND THE PLYMOUTH MOUSE.

The following narrative will explain this sketch. On the 17th December, 1833, a Common Hall was held at Plymouth, for the purpose of complimenting Lord John Russell, Lord Ebrington, and Mr. Bulteel with the freedom of the borough; and as usual, on such occasions, the ceremony was followed by a dinner, and the dinner by sundry speeches. The following extract, from the speech of Lord John Russell, furnished the idea of the present sketch:—"The imputation (of endeavouring to excite the public mind against the Church) cast upon me by the Right Reverend Prelate (the Bishop of Exeter) has made me think that his Lordship was not wholly intent on his religious duty when he made it, but that he had some political object in view at the same time; and I cannot help recollecting that the Right Reverend Prelate was chiefly remarkable, previous to his filling his present dignified situation, for his very able, acute, and sarcastic, but unfair

pamphlet against Mr. Canning; and it does seem to me that a tinge of the pamphleteer may be discovered in the effusion to which I have referred. An ancient Roman poet has said, 'drive nature out, if you can, but it will still return and shew itself'; but I can furnish you with a more homely illustration, namely, that of the cat turned fine lady. Now, it is stated, that she performed her part to admiration, until she saw a mouse, but then she could conceal her propensities no longer; and I am half led to suspect that the Right Reverend Lord, by nature a pamphleteer, would have acted with the utmost propriety as a prelate; but, this being in the midst of an election, the pamphleteering propensity came back upon him, and, considering me as the mouse, he pounced upon me."

To avoid the ruthless claws of the Exeter Cat, the Mouse has crept into the box in which his freedom of the Borough of Plymouth has been presented to him. The sketch might not improperly have been intitled, "Jack in the box."

CCXCV.

SECURITY.

Behold John Bull in the enjoyment of perfect happiness; the grand object for which we have seen him so long contending now fully gained, he folds his arms, crosses his legs, and "sleeps in spite of thunder;" or, which is almost equal to it, upon a barrel of gunpowder. What cares he for the plotting, intriguing, or menacing of foreign powers, whether open enemies or pretended allies? Russia may scheme for the possession of Turkey, or the conquest of India—Austria and Prussia may lend a hand upon secret understandings of private advantages—France may play what game she pleases—what are they all to

happy and contented John Bull? Has he not got "the Bill, and the whole Bill?" "Yes," answers some dissatisfied Tory, with a sneer, "and NOTHING but the Bill."

CCXCVI.

AN AGREEABLE SPECIMEN OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

In this sketch we are favoured with a view of Lord John Russell amusing John Bull with a speech, from which the portion inscribed on the label from his lips is a genuine extract; and this is more than can be said of the laugh that it draws from John Bull. On the contrary, his laugh seems to come from the wrong side of his mouth. How different from the mirth that beams on the countenance of every other member of the party! Mr. Macauley, stretching out his right leg, and holding up his glass, exclaims, "Capital!" Mr. Poulett Thompson (now Lord Sydenham) cries out in extacy, "hear! hear! hear!" Lord Ebrington laughs, "he! he! he!" and Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle) "ha! ha! ha!" The proverb says, "*in vino veritas*," and it certainly does appear that Lord John Russell is presuming upon the effect which a few bottles of quadrimum have produced on the comprehension of his host, to sport a little more truth than he would have allowed to escape him under other circumstances.

CCXCVII.

BROTHERS IN MISFORTUNE.

The late Earl of Durham on the left, and Lord Howick on the right. The subject is sufficiently explained by Lord Howick's speech.

CCXCVIII.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

The late Prince de Talleyrand on the left, and the late Lord Holland on the right—two politicians whose mental faculties retained their vigour long after the period when bodily infirmities had reduced them to flannels and arm-chairs.

CCXCIX.

A GREAT ACTOR REHEARSING HIS PART.

William IV. rehearsing his speech for the opening of Parliament. The best piece of performance will not bear to be seen in rehearsal; and it is, therefore, unfair to subject His Majesty to a trial to which neither Chatham, nor Pitt, nor Fox, nor Burke, nor Sheridan, nor, in short, any other orator, would be found equal. William IV. did not pretend to be an orator; and, having but two speeches to make in the year, if he found it advisable to practice them a little before the period arrived for delivering them in public, he acted wisely in so doing. Dr. Knox, in his Letters to a Young Nobleman, recommends him to practice speaking among the chesnut-trees in his father's park; and it is well known that the late Lord Liverpool was in the habit of uttering his thoughts aloud (on the subjects which were about to be discussed in Parliament) as he rambled through his grounds at Wimbledon. The difference perceptible between the opening speech and the reply of all but the very best of public speakers, evinces the prevalence of the habit of rehearsing. One of the most lengthy and voluble of the speakers in the House of Commons, now a minister, used often, when he

occupied chambers in Gray's-Inn, to disturb the tenant of the room below, through the greater part of the night, by pacing up and down his chamber and rehearsing his written speech for a forthcoming debate, thumping, occasionally, an old horse-hair portmanteau, which served in imagination for the blue-morocco covered box on the table in front of the Speaker.

CCC.

A GREAT ACTOR BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

This sketch is a parody of a well-known picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Garrick between tragedy and comedy. The "great Actor" of this sketch is William IV.; Earl Grey is the representative of Melpomene; and Thalia laughs with the countenance of Lord Brougham.

CCCI.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Connected with this sketch is a curious and instructive tale, bearing the title of "Who is the traitor?" After the close of the session of Parliament, when "*independent*" members, who occupy slippery seats for £10 boroughs, find it necessary to go to their constituents, and give an account of themselves, Mr. Hill, one of the members for Hull, being obliged to explain his vote in favour of the Irish Coercion Bill, informed his Yorkshire friends that he did so at the desire of the liberal Irish members; and that he could, if necessary, appeal to a person *well known and much respected by the people of Hull*, that an Irish member, who had spoken with great violence against every part of the Bill, and voted against every clause, did nevertheless

beg of the Ministers not to abate one jot of the Bill, for that without it, to live in Ireland would be impossible." "What!" said the Ministers, "this from you, who speak and vote against the Bill?" "Yes," replied he, "that is necessary; for if I don't come into Parliament for Ireland I must be out altogether, and that I don't choose." After this, it may be easily imagined what a cry was raised for the names of the parties alluded to by Mr. Hill—the names both of the traitor to the Irish people and the betrayer of the traitor's secret. It happened, but how it happened, would be difficult to explain, that the finger of suspicion pointed at Mr. Shiel, then the member for Tipperary, who took the opportunity at a meeting at the Corn Exchange in Dublin, to assert that if Mr. Hill's informant referred to him (Mr. Shiel) the information was a piece of flagitious and deliberate falsehood. The matter rested here till the meeting of Parliament, when Lord Althorp, being called on for an answer by Mr. O'Connell, said that he had good reason to believe that some Irish members who voted and spoke with considerable violence against the Bill, did, in private conversation, use very different language. Up rose the Irish members, one and all, to ask Lord Althorp the question "Do you allude to me?" To Mr. O'Connell his Lordship replied "No;" to Mr. Finn, "No;" but to Mr. Shiel the answer was "You are one." "But," said his Lordship, "I shall not give up the name of my informant. I believe the story—I openly state my belief of it, and I take the responsibility upon myself." "Then," said Mr. Shiel, "most solemnly I deny it, but farther than that I shall not here pursue the subject." This hint was enough for the Speaker, who plainly told the House that it must interpose to prevent mischief; and Sir F. Burdett rose and said, that unless the honourable members would pledge themselves to pa-

cific measures, he should move that they be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Shiel preserved a sullen silence, and Lord Althorp would not pledge himself not to respond, in case of Mr. Shiel's calling upon him; whereupon the awful motion of Sir Francis was put from the chair; the House carried the motion, and the Serjeant and his assistants carried off their prisoners, even as the sketch represents. After a short absence from the House they each gave the required assurance, and were discharged.

And now, reader, being fully possessed of the subject matter, look well at the picture. With measured steps and stately air, and looks at once dignified and inexorable, marches first Colonel Seymour, the Serjeant-at-Arms; next follows the noble prisoner, Lord Althorp, evidently not very proud of the distinction conferred upon him; thirdly comes the Deputy-Serjeant, Mr. Clementson; and close behind him Mr. Shiel, with something of a mock-heroic air, which may serve for either injured innocence or detected duplicity. The Serjeant's assistant brings up the rear.

"But what," some curious reader may inquire, "is the sequel of the story of 'Who is the Traitor?'" shortly this —a secret committee was appointed to investigate the charge, — which, like the old tale of the three black crows, from the enormity of "going to a minister to beg him to pass the Bill without abatement," was frittered and reduced to that of some loose and equivocal expressions dropped in private conversation. So Lord Althorp apologized,—Mr. Hill apologized, Mr. Shiel made some harmless admissions, and there ended the drama of "Much Ado about Nothing."

CCCII.

JOINT-SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.

The Right Honourable Thomas Spring Rice, and Mr. Charles Wood, son-in-law of Earl Grey, and member for Halifax, were the Joint-Secretaries of the Treasury. They do not appear to pull very well together, and Mr. Spring Rice holds in his hand a label with the words "Treasury surplus" written thereon, while Mr. Wood holds a label inscribed "Treasury deficiency." But it is not on questions of finance that they disagree. Mr. Wood, as whipper-in of the Ministerial pack in the House of Commons, sometimes exhibited a deficiency of numbers; while Mr. Spring Rice, as Finance-Secretary, was able this year (1834) to boast of a surplus.

The classical reader will be amused with the happy application of the Horatian "*Risum tenatis,*"—which he is at liberty to construe, "Restrain your mirth," or "keep fast hold of Mr. Rice." Nor is the other quotation "*Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*" a less "merric conceit," leaving, as it does, the reader to his choice whether the Secretary of the Treasury be a god or a *block*-head.

CCCIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF INDEPENDENCE.

This sketch refers to the votes of Sir James Graham and Mr. Spring Rice, on the motion for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Baron Smith, in respect of his neglect of duty as a Judge, (in Ireland,) and the introduction of political topics in his charges to Grand Juries. On this occasion the members

of Government, generally, supported Mr. O'Connell, with whom the motion originated; but Sir James Graham and Mr. Spring Rice voted against the motion, without prejudice, however, to their places and salaries. Mr. Charles Wood, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, and whipper-in of the voters, is represented as left behind by the two members while triumphing in their independence.

CCCIV.

THE DOG WOT HAS LOST HIS TAIL.

This sketch of Mr. O'Connell, in the shape of a rough dog without his tail, sneaking out of the House of Commons, refers to his defeat upon the question of the conduct of Baron Smith, the resolution to appoint a committee (see the last sketch) being rescinded by a subsequent vote.

CCCV.

DEMOLISHING A PRUDE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Althorp,) had no sooner anuounced his intention of taking off some portion of the taxes, than he was beset by applications from all sorts of persons, each denouncing some particular tax as more objectionable than any other, and, therefore, the most proper to be remitted. On the left-hand, the Marquess of Chandos, with Sir Edward Knatchbull behind him, are pulling away for the landed interest, at the malt-tax and the hop-duty, and their exertions are aided by Mr. Cobbett on behalf of the agricultural labourers. On the right, Colonel (now Sir de Lacy) Evans, M. P. for Westminster, assisted by Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell, are striving to drag away the house and

window-taxes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the middle, finds himself very roughly handled: his dress is being torn off his back, and his legs are as unceremoniously exposed to comment as those of Miss Matilda Mohair, in the Spectator.

CCCVI.

EX-HONOR-ATION.

The learned gentleman of the long robe, who appears to receive with such displeasure and mortification the compliments of his brethren, is Sir William Horne, now one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery. Sir William was Attorney-General during part of the administration of Lord Grey, and on the retirement of Mr. Baron Bayley, from the Court of Exchequer, was looked upon as his successor. But Sir William was desirous, before accepting the appointment, of stipulating for some conditions as to going the circuit, which were considered unfair by the other Barons, and consequently his appointment did not take place. In the mean time his resignation of the office of Attorney-General was accepted, and Sir John Campbell was appointed in his room. Thus we see Sir William Horne *ex-honor*-ed, and like Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in the case of the Irish Secretaryship (*See* No. CCLXI.), he fell, not exactly between two stools, but between the bar and the bench.

No person could have been selected so proper to pay him an ironical compliment as Sir Charles Wetherell. The style of his bow is itself a fine piece of irony. Sir Edward Sugden, with a face of unusual longitude, is offering his condolence, and Lord Abinger, with his well-known relish of the classic humour of Sir Charles Wetherell, is enjoying the scene.

CCCVII.

DRILL EXTRAORDINARY.

The Duke of Wellington, in his new character of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, is drilling four of its most distinguished members, namely, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Lord Eldon. Among the stories told of his Grace, with reference to this subject, it was said that at his installation having, in some part of his Latin speech, to speak the word "Carolus," he pronounced the *o* long, which grating on the ears of a learned doctor who stood close behind his Grace, he could not help correcting him by repeating the word as it should be pronounced. His Grace caught the sound, and coming shortly afterwards to the word Jacobus, and being again at fault, he turned short round to his critical auditor, and inquired in a whisper "Jacŏbus or Jacōbus?"

CCCVIII

NOODLE AND DOODLE.

Lords Noodle and Doodle, two very interesting characters in Fielding's Drama of Tom Thumb, are here personated by Sir John Cam Hobhouse and Sir John Campbell. The learned gentleman last-mentioned, having been appointed Attorney-General upon the resignation of Sir William Horne, lost his election for Dudley, a misfortune upon which no one would be more likely to sympathize with him than Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in consequence of his own mishap at Westminster, *(See* No. CCLXI.)

"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

CCCIX.

A RECENT SCENE IN DOWNING-STREET.

This sketch commemorates a laughable mistake of Lord Grey's. Mr. Martin, a Member of the House of Commons, being one of a deputation that waited upon Lord Grey, at his official residence in Downing-Street, was taken suddenly ill, and a doctor was accordingly sent for. Lord Grey, in his anxiety for the recovery of his visitor, hastening out of the room meets Mr. Hodges, M.P. for the Western Division of Kent, and mistaking him for the doctor, accosts him as here represented.

CCCX.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE BETWEEN TWO YELLOWS AND TWO.

H. B. was strongly invited to the subject of this sketch by the *John Bull* newspaper of the 16th March, 1834, in which the story of the chace is thus told :—

"It struck the Lord-Chancellor, why nobody can tell, that the Lord-Chief-Justice's advice was wanted upon some particular point, and accordingly his Lordship sends off a particular express to the Chief-Justice, who was trying causes at Bedford, begging him to meet his Lordship at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, at Hitchin.

"Sir Thomas Denman, too much fluttered and flattered by such an invitation, punctual as the clock, takes a hack chaise, and proceeds *incog.* to the place of *rendezvous*.

"Punctual to *his* appointment, Lord Brougham mounts his little double dog-cart, with a shifting head, and starts for Hitchin. His Lordship reaches Barnet in his little cruelty van, where he, like the learned Lord-Chief-Justice, takes a *yellow and two* to fulfil his engagement.

"See how small incidents disturb great events! The Chancellor forgot that there were two roads to Bedford, and in consequence of omitting to give specific directions, was driven, not to Hitchin, but to Ampthill; of course, Denman was not *there*. In the mean time, Denman arrives at Hitchin, where, of course, Brougham could not be.

"In this dilemma, the Lord-Chancellor pursued his road to Bedford. There he found, constant to his allegiance, that the Lord-Chief-Justice was gone. Nothing was now to be done, but to order another *yellow and two*, and hunt the Lord-Chief-Justice on the *Hitchin* road. Away went the Chancellor, but when he reached Hitchin he found that the Lord-Chief-Justice, thinking that the Chancellor might have stopped to bait, had started for Barnet to meet him. Away went the Chancellor in his third *yellow and two*, and at Barnet caught the Lord-Chief-Justice."

CCCXI.

MACKEREL!

The subject of this very humorous sketch is the elevation of Sir Thomas Denman, the Lord-Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, to the peerage, by the title of Baron Denman. A day or two before the announcement appeared in the Gazette, the *Times*, remarking on the rumour that such a creation was intended, said, "A more honest, upright, honourable man than Sir Thomas Denman does not exist; but God knows, there are plenty of Law-Lords. Even the dignity of the profession requires that law peerages should not be as 'cheap as stinking mackerel, or like hob-nails, bought by the hundred.'" "On this hint" H.B. has sketched. That shadowy personage, the writer in the *Times*, is for the occasion embodied in the person of a portly gentleman, counselling the

Chief-Justice not to meddle with the proffered commodity, and giving him a reason, in plain language, and without mincing the matter. The Lord-Chief-Justice, and noble Lord that is to be, seems half inclined to act on his counsel's advice, the indictment preferred by the nose of the judge is stinkingness; and the fish being brought up to plead, puts out its nose and replies "Not Guilty," whereupon plaintiff and defendant seem to be "joining issue." The fishmonger (Earl Grey), as the responsible adviser of the Crown, and dispenser, *ex officio*, of royal favours, is not a man to "cry stinking fish." Indignant at the charge, he retaliates by telling his customer that he is not a "good judge." Lord Brougham, in the assumed character of a disinterested party, is recommending the fish solely on the ground of his own experience, suppressing the fact of his being a partner in the shop. The meaning of a large cod hung up, and labelled "for home consumption," is not very obvious, unless it have reference to the well-known and often applied parable of the loaves and fishes; but the "ditto" on a huge plaice, is perfectly intelligible. The quotation from Hamlet is very happily introduced.

CCCXII.

A SIMPLE QUESTION ASKED IN "SOBER SADNESS."

Previously to the general election in 1833, Mr. O'Connell pledged himself to bring before Parliament the question of a Repeal of the Union; but, although Parliament met, as usual, early in February, Mr. O'Connell did not redeem his pledge before the 22d of April; and in the mean time the Irish Members, by taking an active part in the several discussions on various topics, appeared to have forgotten that all-important one, on which the minds of

their constituents were held in anxious suspense. This state of things is admirably pourtrayed in the sketch before us. A simple-minded son of Erin, having waited till his little stock of patience has run out, "makes bould to ask when the 'repale' is to come on." Mr. O'Connell, sitting at a table with pen in hand, is so deeply absorbed in the consideration of the papers on the currency, that he tells his countryman, very drily, not to bother him. Mr. Ruthven, Mr. O'Connell's colleague in the representation of Dublin, is equally engaged with the pension list, and Mr. Shiel is "chin deep" in "foreign affairs."

Pat's inquiry, however, was not without its effect, as will appear on turning to No. CCCXVI., which explains at the same time the cause of Mr. O'Connell's delay in bringing on the question.

CCCXIII.

A GREAT DOCTOR OF CANON LAW.

Whether we regard the Duke of Wellington as the Prince of Waterloo, or the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, we must allow him to be "a great Doctor of Canon Law."

CCCXIV.

THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

The "*trigemini fratres*" of the contending parties of Whig and Tory are here seen in active combat; three Whig-chancellors opposed to three Tory-chancellors. As Livy says that there was a doubt which of the two sets of heroes were Romans and which were Albani, we will not attempt to fix the characters of the present parties, that is to say, we will not determine who are the Horatii, who

the Curiatii. But, taking them as they stand here represented, we have, on the left, Lord Brougham, the Lord-High-Chancellor of England; Lord Plunket, the Lord-High-Chancellor of Ireland; and the late Lord Holland, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Opposed to this formidable band are the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; the Duke of Cumberland, Chancellor of the University of Dublin; and the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The attitudes of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham portend real mischief; nor are the mutual expressions of the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Plunket much less ferocious; but nothing can exceed the courteous and gracious manner in which Lord Holland deals out a tap on the nose to his antagonist the Duke of Gloucester.

CCCXV.

A VISION, BUT NO DREAM.

Let not the reader, be he Whig or Radical, or any of the noble and learned lords who are represented in this sketch, be offended with the plain speaking of the following passage from that unrivalled novelist Henry Fielding; but the temptation to quote it on the present occasion is irresistible. "One of the maxims which the Devil, in a late visit to earth, left to his disciples, is, when once you are up, to kick the ladder from under you." The ladder here represented is not Jacob's, for that was beheld in a dream only, but it is a ladder of real flesh and blood, being very ingeniously composed of reformers in pairs, joining hands to form the steps; and up this ladder the ministers, whom we see above, have climbed to the summit of political power. Safely landed there, they are acting upon the advice before mentioned, namely, kicking

down the ladder. Lord Grey is using the sword of the Lord-High-Treasurer, and Lord Brougham handles his mace. The figure which peeps round from the left-hand side of the rock is that of Sir Robert Peel.

CCCXVI.

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Mr. O'Connell (Goliah) after much delay did, at length, bring on the question of a Repeal of the Union; and the task of answering him devolved on Mr. T. Spring Rice, (now Lord Monteagle,) one of the secretaries of the treasury. His speech, in reply to the arguments of Mr. O'Connell, was considered completely effective, and the majority against repeal was overwhelming. As Mr. Rice was one of the "leetle men," (*See* No. DXXXIX.,) the contest between him and Mr. O'Connell bears a comparison, both personal and political, with that between David and Goliah.

CCCXVII.

THE RIVALS.

In April, 1834, Lord Durham, accompanied by Mr. Edward Ellice, paid a visit to Paris, a circumstance which gave rise to much speculation as to the objects of the noble Lord and his companion. Several stories, relative to his reception by Louis Philippe, and the failure of his designs, appeared in the opposition papers; and among them it was said, that Lord Durham endeavoured to intercede on behalf of the Polish refugees; and that his intercession was rendered ineffectual by the remonstrances of Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Minister. From this story the present sketch is taken. It represents

Louis Philippe as a buxom female, listening with seeming approbation to the suit of Prince Pozzo di Borgo, and Lord Durham as a rival suitor, stung by jealousy, turning away from the scene in manifest disgust.

CCCXVIII.

ORPHEUS DRAWING IRON TEARS DOWN PLUTO'S CHEEK.

The passage in Mr. Spring Rice's speech on the Repeal of the Union, which the present sketch is designed to perpetuate, runs thus:—"This House has not withheld from Irish affairs its best attention, or its most liberal encouragement. My strongest proof, and my most powerful witness, is my honourable and economical friend, the member for Middlesex (Mr. Hume). Even he has been known to relent in favour of Ireland. If we have not been called upon to 'draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,' we have accomplished a greater miracle still—we have extracted from our Pluto liberal votes in supply, whenever they could be justly applied for, or wisely granted." The idea, as expressed by Mr. Spring Rice, was good; but the force and fidelity with which H. B. has carried it out, are beyond all praise.

CCCXIX.

THE WAGER;

An anticipated Exhibition in Palace-Yard.

In a conversation, on presenting to the House of Lords a petition for the repeal of the Corn-laws, the Earl of Malmesbury pointed at the taxes imposed on the importation of shoes, cloth, hats, and other articles, which he declared to be quite as much necessaries of life as articles of food.

The Earl of Fitzwilliam replying that corn was emphatically the prime necessary of life, the Earl of Malmesbury rejoined—"I am not in the habit of laying wagers, but to shew that they are essential necessaries of life to which I have alluded, I will place my noble friend in Palace-Yard, in *puris naturalibus*, letting him have as much food as he pleases; while I, without refreshment but well clothed, will sit by him; and I fancy that I shall be able to endure the inclemency of the weather longer than my noble friend."

This happy and unanswerable argument is rendered infinitely more forcible by the pencil of H.B. Though abundantly supplied with "the prime necessary of life, emphatically so called," Earl Fitzwilliam has a most pitiable appearance; while Earl Malmesbury seems to find every description of comfort in his ample cloak.

CCCXX.

THE RIVAL CHANCELLORS.

Lord Brougham, Lord-Chancellor of England, and the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The illustrious Duke appeared as a guest at a dinner given by the noble and learned Lord. The points in this sketch are sufficiently obvious to render elucidation unnecessary.

CCCXXI.

A CASE OF INDIGESTION.

If anything passed at the dinner-party mentioned in the preceding sketch, like what that sketch represents, the illustrious Duke could hardly fail to consider himself unhandsomely treated by his host; and it would not be

surprizing if he found it difficult to digest the affront. H.B., however, sports with the simplicity of the illustrious Duke, and represents him consulting Sir Henry Halford for his indigestion, without being conscious of the cause.

CCCXXII.

A NEW VARIATION, AND ACCOMPANIMENT, TO AN OLD TUNE.

The Old Tune will be found at No. CLXXVII., the Lame leading the Blind; but in the present sketch there is a Variation in the appearance of the persons, and there is likewise the Accompaniment of John Bull in the Reform Go-cart. The ingenuity with which the shaggy hair of the poodle is converted into an exact resemblance of the profusion of silver locks worn by Prince de Talleyrand, and yet retains its similitude to the covering of the four-footed representative, is admirable. Lord Palmerston, though he does not see his way, is feeling for it with a painful anxiety of toe; but John Bull is so intent on his newspaper, and so happy in his go-cart, that he is quite unconscious of the approach of danger.

CCCXXIII.

OTHELLO.

On the 15th of May, 1834, Lord Wynford moved the second reading of his Bill for the Better Observance of the Sabbath. The motion was opposed by Lord Brougham, not on the ground of there being no necessity for such a measure, but on account of the many gross blunders in the Bill itself, which he criticized with unsparing ridicule. The Bill was, nevertheless, read a second time, on the understanding that it should be subsequently postponed

for a time to be altered and improved, and the Lord-Chancellor entered a protest against it on the journals of the House. The crutch, protruding from beneath the bed-clothes, identifies the Sabbath Bill with Lord Wynford, who is so much afflicted with gout and rheumatism, as to be under the necessity of always using crutches; and Lord Brougham, in the character of Othello, is smothering the Bill with his protest.

CCCXXIV.

THE UPSETTING OF THE REFORM COACH.

This is the first of several sketches which relate to the secession of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham from the administration of Lord Grey. The point on which the difference arose in the Cabinet was the application of a portion of the revenue of the Irish Church to other than ecclesiastical purposes, but this is not the place to enter more into the subject. The reader, if he desire to be more fully informed, is referred to the report in the Mirror of Parliament, of the debate on Mr. Ward's resolution, upon the 27th of May and 2d of June, 1834. Soon after the commencement of the debate on Tuesday, the 27th of May, Lord Althorp rose and acquainted the House that circumstances had just come to his knowledge, which impelled him to move that the House should adjourn till Monday, the 2d of June. These circumstances were the resignation of the Cabinet Ministers above named, and the acceptance of their resignations. H.B. has designated the event "The Upsetting of the Reform Coach." The coach is being driven by Lord John Russell, and is on the very point of going over. William IV., as the inside passenger, shouts for help. Mr. Stanley, safe on his legs after jumping off,

is addressing Sir James Graham upon the ground, but apparently unhurt, and congratulating both his colleague and himself on their escape. Lord Ripon, who has likewise jumped off, lies on his back as if seriously injured; and the Duke of Richmond, the fourth seceder, is performing the kind office of picking up his friend. Lords Brougham and Melbourne are wisely keeping their places.

CCCXXV.

FEEDING THE GREAT BOA.—*(Query* GREAT BORE.)

The Great Boa (a Bore) of the administration is Mr. O'Connell, whom Lord John Russell and Lord Althorp are feeding with the Irish Church, to the utter dismay and horror of Mr. (now Lord) Stanley, and the other three seceders from the ministry of Lord Grey. Sir James Graham, standing next behind Mr. Stanley, turns away his head, and covers his eyes, and Lord Ripon faints into the arms of the Duke of Richmond.

CCCXXVI.

A PONY-RACE FOR A SADDLE (A SEAT) AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Stanley having resigned his seat in the Cabinet, as Secretary for the Colonies, was succeeded by Mr. Spring Rice, which occasioned a new election for the Borough of Cambridge. The Tories started Sir Edward Sugden to oppose the new Secretary, and the contest was as close as H.B. has here represented it. Mr. Spring Rice, ridden by Lord Grey, is winning by a length. Sir Edward Sugden is ridden by the Duke of Wellington. Both the candidates belong to that class of eminent persons whose

superior powers of mind compensate for an inferiority of stature; on which account the contest is entitled a Pony-Race. The discomfited Duke is made to wish that the scene of the contest had been Oxford instead of Cambridge, because both the Tory predilections of that orthodox place, and the Duke's influence there as Chancellor of the University, would probably have led to a different result.

CCCXXVII.

A SHOCKING DIRTY AFFAIR.

"Why, how now, Madam Flirt?
And since you thus must chatter!
And now, for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!" BEGGAR'S OPERA.

This is a most animated representation of the parts taken by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Littleton (now Lord Hatherton, then Secretary for Ireland,) in the debate of the 3d of July, 1834. Mr. Littleton had ventured, without the knowledge or consent of Earl Grey, to open a negociation with Mr. O'Connell on the subject of the renewal of the Irish Coercion Bill, imposing—as a matter of course—the strictest secrecy; and finding that his confidential communications had been spread abroad without any sort of reserve or delicacy, but as if they had been the cheapest idle gossip in the world, he attacked Mr. O'Connell for his dishonourable conduct; and, after making the painful admission that he himself had been guilty of very gross indiscretion in holding friendly communication with the enemy, he pronounced it to be his firm conviction that it was unsafe to communicate with the learned gentleman, on any public matters, except across the table of the House.

Mr. O'Connell did not deny the imposition of the seal of secrecy, but justified his tearing it off, and throwing it away, by shewing that the confidential communication had been false, and made only for the purpose of tricking him into neutrality upon the occasion of an election at Wexford. In short, there was crimination and recrimination—accusation and denial—and the affair might not improperly be compared to such an affray as H.B. has represented.

The scene is Billingsgate—two sturdy viragoes, having exhausted their rhetoric, or finding their tongues insufficient instruments for giving full effect to their choler, are trying the more tangible weapons of mud and stones. Mr. (or Mrs.) O'Connell, on the right, seems to have the best of the battle, having just hit her antagonist on the eye. Lord Althorp, behind, is getting some small share of the missiles. Mr. Stanley, now beyond the reach of danger, having dissolved the connection between the government and himself, is looking on in silent admiration.

CCCXXVIII.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ASSAULT AND *BUTT*-ERY.

Lord Brougham, as Lord-Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Lords, is issuing an order for the removal of the guards from the lobby-entrance of the House, where it had been the custom for a party of them to be stationed while the House was sitting; and Mr. Butt, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, is in the act of carrying the order into execution.

CCCXXIX.

THE THIMBLE-RIG.

Mr. Stanley's simile of the Thimble-Rig was one of the most happy parliamentary hits of this period. Even at this distance of time it continues to keep its place among the stock allusions of newspaper leaders. As it forms the subject not only of this and the following sketch, but of some which will have to be explained in a future page; and, moreover, as any abridgment or alteration of the Speaker's language would destroy its effect, it is considered best to give it entire.

"My Right Honourable Friend will excuse me for using such an expression, and if the Committee will not think it descending too low for a comparison, I should say that I never witnessed anything like the principle upon which His Majesty's Government appear to be proceeding in this matter, except among a class of persons who are not thought very well of in general,—who are sometimes to be seen at country races,—and the instruments of whose profession are a small deal board, four or five thimbles, and a pea. The art and dexterity which these professors exhibit is in asking you whether the pea is under this thimble, under that thimble, or under the other thimble; and in shifting the pea from one thimble to the other until the final result is, that the deluded person who speculates upon their manœuvres is sure to lose his property. Now, literally, if the House will not think it too low an illustration, I pray it to observe how exactly my Right Honourable Friend is following this plan. He stands with his Bill before him,—with the Church pocket,—with the State pocket,—with the landlord's pocket,—with the tenant's pocket,—with the perpetuity fund, and with all the other

funds. He shifts it backwards and forwards. First it's the landlord,—then it's the tenant,—then it's the Church, —then it's the State,—we have it under this thimble,— no, it is not here! it is under that one,—again it is not there, it is under the other; and the result is, that my Right Honourable Friend, with great dexterity, removes all the thimbles, and we who have been speculating on his proceedings, find that the property has disappeared."

To explain the sketch, the keeper of the table is Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary. His accomplices are Lord John Russell (who pretends to offer a bet,) and Mr. Spring Rice, on the one side; and Lord Althorp on the other, with Lord Grey behind. John Bull is the person to be victimized, and he appears to be a very likely man for the purpose. Mr. Stanley, however, interposes to save him by a timely caution, which he seems well qualified to give, in consequence of having once kept a Thimble-Rig himself; that is, belonged to the Whig party. But the humour of the poor Irishman, who appears desirous of laying a wager if he had but a shilling in his pocket to lay, and of Mr. O'Connell's affectation of taking care of him, is very happy.

CCCXXX.

DISPERSION OF THE THIMBLE-RIG.

As it is perfectly well known that the administration of Lord Grey was broken up within a very short period, a few days only, after the debate in which Mr. Stanley made his Thimble-rig speech, this sketch of the dispersion of the Thimble-rig will appear to be a proper sequel to the one preceding. Lord Grey, in communicating to the House of Lords the fact of his having resigned office, stated that in consequence of what had passed in the House of Com-

mons between Mr. Littleton and Mr. O'Connell; and also in consequence of other circumstances growing out of those proceedings, Lord Althorp had thought proper to tender his resignation, accompanied by a statement, that his resolution was final and unalterable; and that his own resignation was the unavoidable result of his losing Lord Althorp, whom he described as the right-arm of his Ministry. Steering his course by historical facts, H. B. has represented Lord Althorp as the first to say "I'll be off," and Lord Grey as taking his departure for that reason, and exclaiming, "Then so shall I." Mr. Littleton is snatching up his table; Lord John Russell is giving the alarm of the approach of the Police; and Mr. Spring Rice is standing close to Lord John Russell. True again to history, Lord Brougham is made to say, "I shan't stir a peg;" and whoever will take the trouble to read the speech of his Lordship, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, upon the evening referred to, will find, though it occupies five columns of the Mirror of Parliament, that it may be condensed into the single sentence given above.

The gentleman on the left-hand, who is bringing down the police, is Mr. Stanley. The serjeant of the Police, wearing a Waterloo medal, is the Duke of Wellington, and close to him is Sir Robert Peel. Mr. O'Connell comes with them, as one of the mob.

CCCXXXI.

THE RECONCILIATION—AN AFFECTING SCENE.

The reader cannot have forgotten the "shocking dirty affair," No. CCCXXVII. On the 9th of July, six days after the affair happened, Lord Althorp communicated to the House of Commons the fact of his resignation, when further disclosures were made both by his Lordship and

Mr. Littleton, sufficient to satisfy Mr. O'Connell that his complaint of bad faith against Mr. Littleton was unfounded, and to induce him to make the *amende*.

Still redolent of the delicate missiles with which the late contest had been fought, the combatants are hugging each other in a sisterly embrace, with what degree of sincerity their several speeches sufficiently prove. Lord Althorp, unwiped, is turning away his face in grief; but whether his being so much overcome is owing to the tenderness and susceptibility of his nature, or to the fact of his feeling compelled to resign (as implied by his speech, "I can't stand it any longer"), is left to conjecture. Mr. Hume, with great simplicity, advises his Lordship "to lean on him." Lord Ebrington's figure is seen in the back-ground; but on this occasion his services were not required. Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley, on the left-hand, are silent spectators of the scene.

CCCXXXII.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

William IV., deprived of the services of Earl Grey, is playing at blind-man's buff to catch a new Prime-Minister, and is surrounded by every public man who had, or even fancied that he had, any pretension to be selected for the office. There is one very striking difference between the game as it is commonly played, and as it is played on this particular occasion; for, the art of the game, as children play it, is to escape being caught, whereas the players on this occasion are only apprehensive that they should *not* be caught. Lord Melbourne is tying on the bandage, and Lord Althorp is coming forward to enter the game, very much to the surprise of Lord Grey, who, remembering the "final and unalterable" resolution, *(See* No. CCCXXX.)

was quite unprepared to see his "lost right-arm" joining itself, with all its strength, to another body. Lord Ebrington, standing between Lords Grey and Althorp, pushes forward the latter, as if he feared that his "final and unalterable resolution" might return. Between Lord Althorp and Lord Melbourne are seen the heads of Sir Francis Burdett, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and Mr. Joseph Hume. Sir John Cam Hobhouse says, "now I have a chance," and so it turned out; for in this change of Ministry, Sir John was appointed to the "Woods and Forests." Immediately behind His Majesty stands Mr. Ellice, never missing on such occasions. Next to Mr. Ellice is Mr. Spring Rice, and close to him Lord Brougham presents himself in a manner to be caught if possible, in which endeavour Lord Duncannon, leaning on his shoulder, seems to assist him. Lord Palmerston, the "Juvenile Whig," as Sir Henry Hardinge wittily called him, expresses only his desire to be caught by somebody, which seems very likely to happen, as his Lordship had belonged to every administration from that of Mr. Perceval to that of Earl Grey. In the back-ground, Mr. Littleton and Mr. O'Connell are seen in conversation, and the last figure on the right-hand is that of Lord Auckland.

CCCXXXIII.

GRATITUDE.

What seemed at first to be a total break-up of the Cabinet, proved to be nothing more than a convulsive effort to throw out Earl Grey and his Irish Coercion Bill; which was no sooner effected, than the parts which had seemed to be in a state of dissolution resumed their cohesion. The reader, if he have forgotten the history of Lord Grey's entrance to power, and the appointment of Lord Brougham

to the Great Seal, will require to be referred to No. XCII. for an elucidation of Lord Brougham's allusion to the Attorney-Generalship. The gratitude consists of an offer of the Privy Seal to Earl Grey. Thus stood the account—Lord Grey offered the comparatively humble office of Attorney-General to Mr. Brougham, when his talents and power, as a public man, enabled him to command the highest legal appointment in the kingdom. Lord Brougham presented to Earl Grey, when he had just retired from the office of Premier, the insignificant place of Lord Privy Seal. Every reader will judge for himself on which side the balance lay.

CCCXXXIV.

A SCENE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

The Duke of Buckingham, who, in this sketch, appears in the character of Falstaff, expressing his opinions somewhat freely, on the subject of the Change of Ministry, told Lord Melbourne that the spirit of Earl Grey would arise—would haunt and disturb his slumbers—would drive some of the dignified occupants from their arm-chairs in the Council-Chamber, and would interrupt the festivities of the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack (Brougham), when, according to his wont, he might amuse himself with "pottle-deep potations" to the health and prosperity of the new administration. Lord Brougham took great offence at these expressions, so far as they applied to him, and retorted in no measured terms, and thereupon followed that confusion in the House which always occurs when members rise to order. Lord Brougham, at length, obtained a hearing, and said, that if the noble Duke's speech was intended as a joke, he was quite ready to receive it in good humour; though, if it were meant as an attack, he should

not hesitate to say, that it was unwarrantable, and utterly and completely devoid of foundation; he believed, however, that it was intended jocularly, and he was willing to take it so. The Duke of Buckingham said, that the expression was borrowed from Shakspeare, and the quotation was meant in nothing more than the most perfect good-humour.

The scene to which H.B. has compared the foregoing, is the last of the second act of the Second Part of Henry IV., when the Prince, in the disguise of a drawer, hears himself abused by Falstaff, and afterwards discovers himself, and upbraids his fat friend. The figures in this sketch are admirable.

CCCXXXV.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

In the course of an inquiry before a committee appointed to investigate certain matters relative to the refusal of the benchers of the Inner Temple to admit Mr. D. W. Harvey, (who was one of the members for Colchester,) it came out that a sum of £500 had been supplied towards the expences of the election at Colchester, by Mr. Edward Ellice, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury. This disclosure made it necessary for Mr. O'Connell, as chairman of the committee, to bring the subject before the House of Commons, with a view to its being ascertained whether or not the money so applied was public money. Mr. Ellice explained that not one shilling of the sum was public money, but was part of a fund arising from private subscriptions among the friends of reform; and that he had disbursed it, not in his character of Secretary of the Treasury, but as the manager of that subscription-fund. This explanation

was considered to be quite satisfactory, and Mr. Charles Buller, in his speech upon the occasion, after imploring the House not to suffer the shadow of an imputation to rest on his Right Honourable Friend, on account of exertions for which the people of England must respect him, added — "Sir, when Scipio Africanus, that illustrious Roman, was accused by factious tribunes on a charge which might render him odious to the Roman people, his only answer was, that the day on which he was accused was the anniversary of his victory over Hannibal, and to implore the people to follow him to the temple and thank the immortal gods, and pray that future commanders might be like him." The name of Scipio Africanus has appertained to Mr. Ellice ever since.

CCCXXXVI.

POLITICAL MANNER OF BOWING A FRIEND OUT.

In what manner Lord Grey was bowed out of the ministry is already explained in No. CCCXXX. It is certainly a hazardous experiment for any man, however great a lion he may be, to attempt to break up a merry party, by the example of taking up his hat and wishing them all a good night; and nothing is more likely to cool the ardour of his self-love than to find that his dearest friends, instead of giving him their company, only wait upon him to the door. Lord Brougham, it will be recollected, declared from the first that he had no intention of going; but, after the "final and unalterable resolution" of Lord Althorp, it seems matter of surprise to the retiring Prime-Minister, that his friend and "right-arm" has been prevailed on to remain.

CCCXXXVII.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

This sketch is unquestionably prophetic, or else H.B. had been fortunate enough to obtain information at which the public had no means of arriving till some months afterwards. Nothing had transpired at the date of this sketch, through the ordinary channels of publicity, to indicate a want of good-understanding between Lord Brougham and Lord Melbourne, yet here we see them in the characters of *Lupus et Agnus*, as represented by Phædrus. The unsparing severity in which Lord Brougham accustoms himself to indulge, whether speaking or writing, justify, in some degree, the assigning of the character of the Wolf to the noble and learned Lord, especially when put in contrast with the bland, good-humoured, and courteous style of Lord Melbourne's oratory, to which, rather than to the play upon his family-name, is owing his being represented in the character of the Lamb.

CCCXXXVIII.

A FANCY SKETCH.

Among the professors and admirers of pugilism, the science is frequently mentioned by the delicate term "The Fancy"—why, it would puzzle the whole fraternity to explain. Farther, it is needful to state, that "a cross" is a term which signifies a fight, in which, though the combatants and their seconds appear to be animated by no other desire than that the best man should win, it is, nevertheless, previously settled which of the two shall win, and how the loser shall appear to yield to superior strength

and science, when, in fact, he gives up by collusion and not by collision.

The stake for which the Government appeared to be contending was a certain portion of the Irish Tithe Bill, which Mr. Shaw, Mr. Irton, and other opposition-members, alleged that Government did not sincerely support, but voted one way, while they wished and allowed the question to be carried the other. The sketch is executed with great fidelity to the general appearance of a prize-ring. Mr. O'Connell and Lord Althorp, two heavy weights, are the principals; the former, pushing on for victory with a determined look, while the latter drops his arms and pretends to be beaten, though evidently without a scratch. Mr. O'Connell's second is his colleague, Mr. Ruthven; and his bottle-holder, Mr. Shiel. Lord Althorp is waited on by Mr. Littleton and Mr. Spring Rice, the former of whom, in the secret of "the cross," is crying out "we are beat; we give in." The three conservatives in the middle, Mr. Lefroy, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir H. Inglis, have discovered the trick, and confess themselves taken in. John Bull holds his watch, as umpire of the fight, and Lord Brougham, coming in from behind, as if he were a disinterested spectator, assists the deception, by begging that the beaten man may be taken away.

CCCXXXIX.

ACTÆON.

Lord Grey, as Actæon, attacked by his own dogs. The story of the breaking up of Lord Grey's administration is so fully explained at No. CCCXXX., and other numbers, that the repetition here would be tiresome. Taking the Tory version of the affair, as contained in the speeches of Earl Wicklow at this period, the sketch is not only

very humourous, but perfectly faithful to the facts of the case; but Lord Grey's own speech, on the 18th of July, does not warrant this version. His Lordship then said, that he made no complaint,—accused nobody,—did not complain of ill-treatment, believing that none had been intended. Mr. O'Connell is Diana, and very properly, since it was by venturing into the privacy of his councils, that the metamorphosis was occasioned. The foremost of the dogs is Lord Althorp, but the reader must not overlook the happy appropriation of some peculiar character of dog to each of the Ministers who appear in the sketch. Lord Althorp, a great patron of agriculturists and graziers, is a sheep-dog. The courtly Lord Palmerston is a poodle, trimmed in the sofa and hearth-rug fashion; Mr. E. Ellice is a mastiff; and Lord Duncannon a non-descript.

CCCXL.

A SKETCH OF THE DOWNSHIRE HILLS.

Not a landscape, but portraits of Lord A. Hill (now Lord Sandys,) on the left; the Marquess of Downshire in the middle; and Lord Marcus Hill: three noblemen differing in politics, for the Marquess of Downshire and Lord Sandys are Conservatives, while Lord Marcus is a Whig; but all equally respected, both in public and private life.

CCCXLI.

THE CELEBRATED *VAUX*HALL PERFORMER.

The very extraordinary part played by Lord Brougham between the reconstruction of the Whig cabinet under Lord Melbourne, in July, 1834, and its sudden break up in the following November, must be so fresh in the recollection of every reader, that he will readily understand

the point of this sketch. It was at this period that the *Times* commenced a series of attacks on the public character of Lord Brougham, which, by bringing into strong light his many inconsistencies, did him great damage in public estimation. It will be observed that the pole with which he balances himself, has Whiggism written at one end, and Toryism at the other. It was suspected that Lord Brougham foresaw the dissolution of the Melbourne ministry, and the probability of its being succeeded by a ministry of Conservatives; and, like the Vicar of Bray, was preparing for the change; "for," said the *Times*, "the Tory language by which he discredits Lord Melbourne's government accredits him with the party that would rush into power upon the ruin of the present Ministry." The musicians playing to the capers of his Lordship, represent the Journals in which his conduct was most severely censured. "The *Times*" is, of course, the leader of the band.

CCCXLII.

SO MUCH OUT OF THE FIRE; OR, THE MAN WOT'S LOST HIS THRONE.

On Thursday, the 16th of October, 1834, both Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire. His Majesty is receiving the intelligence from Lord Althorp, and the quotation from Henry VI. is aptly introduced to express the sorrow of the king, and the consternation of the minister. It was stated that among the documents that were rescued by the exertions of the firemen, were the Poor-Law Amendment Act and the Reform Act,—and H.B. has made an admirable use of this piece of information to contrast the values of the things which have been saved, with those which have been destroyed.

CCCXLIII.

MISTAKE AND NO MISTAKE.

Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament in 1834, the Lord-Chancellor set off on a tour through England, in the course of which he received numerous invitations and addresses, and made most extraordinary speeches. While he was at Fareham, some of the inhabitants, members of a philosophical institution, got up a meeting and voted a complimentary address to their visitor, and a deputation was chosen to present it to the Chancellor in due form and solemnity. But before this could be effected, the erratic Chancellor was off, and the deputation, zealous in the discharge of their duty to their constituents, followed him to the Isle of Wight, and there overtook him at the Hotel at Shanklin. It was late when the deputation arrived, and his Lordship had retired to rest, having left word with the host that if any messengers should come for him, (anticipating, perhaps, a summons from his Sovereign,) they were to be shewn up to him. The eager inquiries of the Fareham philosophers led the host into the belief that they were the special messengers whose arrival the Chancellor expected, and accordingly they were shewn up, first by the host, and secondly by H. B., who has sketched the scene with his wanted spirit and humour. The self-complacency of the three philosophers of Hampshire, the solidity and stolidity of mine host, and the surprise and disappointment, not unmixed with a sense of the ridiculous, displayed in the person and countenance of Lord Brougham, are all inimitable. Bunbury, who drew from the stores of a rich imagination, never conceived anything more comic. The incident is one of that perfect kind of which it is usual to say,—it is almost too good to be true.

CCCXLIV.

IN SILENCE ELOQUENT.

The coal-heaver, leaning on his shovel, is the late Lord Durham, frequently represented in that character on account of his being the owner of very extensive coal-mines in the North of England. The broom-girl is the Lord-Chancellor Brougham,—and between them stands John Bull. The Lord-Chancellor, in the course of his peripatetic speechifying, made some very severe animadversions on Lord Durham, to which his Lordship, as opportunities presented themselves, replied,—not with equal severity, for that would have been impossible,—but with such force as his nature permitted.

CCCXLV.

HIDE AND SEEK.

The *Edinburgh Review*, published in October, 1834, contained an article "On the last session of Parliament," in which the part taken by Lord Durham in the preparation of the Reform Bill was commented upon with great freedom. The publication of this number was immediately followed by a letter from Lord Durham to the editor of the *Review*, in which he said, "if the statement came directly or indirectly from a member of Lord Grey's government, he has been guilty of gross misrepresentation, and a suppression of the truth. If it did not, I have a right to complain of your having published charges against my public character, founded on assumed facts and circumstances which could only be correctly known or stated from official authority." Public report assigned to Lord Brougham the authorship of

this article, which, as the inkstand marked "gall" implies, was flavoured with great bitterness against Lord Durham. At this period the *Times* newspaper, on which the noble Earl has mounted, to detect the Chancellor in the act of scribbling anonymous invectives, was distinguished alike by its censure of Lord Brougham and its praise of Lord Durham.

CCCXLVI.

VAUX-HUNTING; OR, THE NEWEST VERSION OF TALLY-HO!

Lord Durham, as a huntsman, is cheering on the newspapers, in the likeness of hounds, most distinguished for their persecution of Lord Brougham and *Vaux*. The foremost of the pack is the *Times;* the *Examiner* follows next, and close behind is the *Spectator*. His Lordship, who, in his speeches at Inverness, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and other places, stood at bay, and made as good a stand as one man might against such fearful odds, seems to have found it, at length, more prudent to fly, and is accordingly going at full speed. The alternative of the title, "the newest version of Tally-ho!" signifies that Lord Durham's pursuit of the Chancellor is but retaliation of the unsparing assault made by the Chancellor upon him *(See* the preceding number); in proof of which the following anecdote of Curran may be told:—In pursuing the chase across the field of one who did not love the sport, he was stopped by the owner, and asked by what law he presumed to trespass on his ground? "By what law?" said Curran, "the *Lex Tally-ho !-nis (talionis)* to be sure."

CCCXLVII.

THE CENTAUR; OR, THE RAPE OF THE ACT.

The Lord Chancellor (Brougham), in the likeness of a Centaur, is carrying off, in his arms, the Act for Establishing the present Central Criminal Court. The origin and point of this spirited sketch will be found in the following extract from the *Times* of the 3rd November, 1834:—"If this Bill had really been the offspring of Lord Brougham's own knowledge and judgment, we should not have allowed our disgust at some of his late strolling adventures to prevail over our sense of justice; we should immediately, and even anxiously, have ascribed to him that which was his due. The bill itself, we have reason to believe, was drawn many years ago, by Mr. Shelton, the Clerk of the Crown at the Old Bailey, and revised by that experienced judge in criminal causes, the late Sir John Sylvester. It was found among the papers of Mr. Shelton, and was given to the Lord-Chancellor by a gentleman who certainly expected to have some remuneration for so valuable a present. The Chancellor saw an opportunity of acquiring some reputation by this well-digested measure; he seized it eagerly, and in the first burst of his gratitude, wished to repay the donor with a gift of even 'Oriental Magnificence.' The donor, however, had no wish to go farther east than the Old Bailey. Under these circumstances, what was to be done? Only this: the Chancellor is to enjoy the full reputation of being the author of a measure, of which he probably has never taken the trouble to understand more than half the details; and for the donor, who prefers the water of the Thames to that of the Ganges, some appropriate place must be created."

CCCXLVIII.

FALL OF THE *VAUX*-HALL PERFORMER.

No. CCCXLI. exhibits Lord Brougham, as a *Vaux*-hall performer on the tight rope, balancing himself between Whiggism and Toryism: in this sketch, we see that Toryism has snapped in his hands, and that his fall is the consequence. The plain truth is, that he lost his hold of public opinion, and though the Melbourne Ministry, which fell with him, and, as generally believed, through him, afterwards rose again, Lord Brougham did not rise with it. This sketch is executed in H. B.'s usual effective manner—it is easy to see that, after such a fall, the chances of getting up to exhibit again would be as an hundred to one.

CCCXLIX.

TROIS DOGS.

The political differences between Lord Brougham and the late Lord Durham, have been stated in elucidation of several of the preceding sketches: it is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat them here. Their Lordships, while engaged in worrying each other, are suffering a third dog, the Duke of Wellington, to run off with the bone of contention. Lord Durham has, at present, the best of the battle, having got the upper *paw* of the Chancellor; but John Bull seems to divide his humanity fairly between them, and to be desirous only of parting them, thinking that each has his peculiar merit, and might shew his courage and strength to more advantage than by tearing his rival, when there is a common enemy to contend with. Such is the moral of this graphic tale.

CCCL. & CCCLI.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, ATTENDED BY DOCTORS OF CIVIL LAW.

This is a faithful sketch of the procession at Oxford, on the installation of his Grace the Duke of Wellington into the office of Chancellor of that University. The Duke is attended by the Hon. Mr. Bagot, as his train-bearer, and followed by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Hill, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Henry Fane.

CCCLII.

A PROMISING PUPIL.

The Duke of Wellington is taking a lesson from Sir Henry Halford, President of the College of Physicians, and the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, late Secretary of the Admiralty. It is not improbable, considering for how many years the mind of the Duke of Wellington had been actively employed in the services of "the tented field," that his Latin had got a little rusty, and like the ancestral armour of Don Quixote, required a little rubbing up and repairing to be fit for his equipment, when he had to take the field as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Sir Henry Halford and Mr. Croker, according to report, assisted his Grace in polishing his classics. The noble Duke and learned Chancellor, albeit accustomed to command in matters wherein his superiority is undoubted, appears to know how to obey when the subject is one in which he is conscious of his own deficiency. He stands before his tutors like Corporal Trim before Captain Shandy, while he

was repeating the Commandments. The rule which the Duke is pronouncing, is one that he would be likely to learn without much labour. "A verb, signifying advantage, governs a dative case, as 'fortune favours the brave.'" Mr. Croker exclaims, "worthy of honour!" to which Sir Henry Halford adds, "most learned! most gracious!"

CCCLIII.

CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF D.C.L. UPON THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

The lady, standing at the bar, is the Princess Lieven, wife of the Russian Ambassador, and who held a highly-distinguished place in political circles, as a zealous Conservative. The Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, into which office he was formally installed, on the 10th June, 1834, is conferring upon her the honorary degree of D.C.L. in this form:—"Most celebrated lady, by virtue of my authority, and the authority of the whole University, I admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law." Among the doctors sitting on the bench, are Lord Eldon and the Duke of Cumberland.

CCCLIV.

THE FALL OF ICARUS.

Icarus was the son of Dædalus, who being confined, together with his son, in the labyrinth which he himself had constructed, made wings for both, with feathers and wax, for the purpose of effecting their escape. Dædalus was successful, and landed in safety in Cumæ, but Icarus taking a higher flight, approached the sun too closely; and the wax of his wings being thereby melted, he fell into the sea. The fate of this ambitious youth is, in the

present sketch, compared with that of the Lord-Chancellor Brougham. His eagerness to worship the rising sun, is represented at No. LXXI; but during his provincial tour, his language, in reference to his most gracious master, arrived at such a degree of familiarity, that the king could endure it no longer, but waxing warm he melted the Chancellor's wax; the great seal, therefore, ran away from him, and he fell to rise no more.

The feathers of which the wings are composed, are marked with the titles of the various publications to which Lord Brougham was reputed to be a contributor, and which were loudest in sounding the king's praises and his own, after the well-known style of "*Ego et Rex meus.*"

CCCLV.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

This is a most happy thought. During the discussions on the Reform Bill, the Duke of Wellington descanted, with great force, on the inconveniences which must arise in the practical working of the business of government, when the minister should have lost his influence over the House of Commons, which his Grace contended would be the consequence of destroying the nomination boroughs; and in the course of one of his speeches on this subject, he very emphatically put the question, "How is the King's government to be carried on?" Being now, himself, the Ministry (for between the dissolution of the Melbourne Cabinet, and the return of Sir Robert Peel to England, the Duke was said to represent, in his own person, all the principal offices of state), he is placed by H.B. alone at the council board, asking himself the same very pertinent and difficult question, "How is the King's government to be carried on?" The empty chairs, placed in order round the table, have a very ludicrous effect.

CCCLVI.

RECEIVING THE FATAL NEWS.

The explanations of the sketches No. CCCXXX. and CCCXXXII., have shewn that although Lord Althorp was the first to declare his "final and unalterable resolution" to resign office, he resumed it, under the advice of Earl Grey. In fact, it was Lord Althorp's influence in the House of Commons, and the King's confidence in Lord Althorp, which, at that period, prevented the total dissolution of the Cabinet. With Lord Althorp for leader of the House of Commons, the King was willing to go on, but under no other circumstances; and, consequently, the death of Earl Spencer, by removing Lord Althorp to the other House of Parliament, did, of itself, absolve the King from his engagement with the then existing Ministry. Lord Melbourne, however, does not appear to have been quite prepared for the King's acting so strictly and so promptly on his bargain, and evinces much surprise in communicating to his colleagues the fatal news of the King's determination. The consternation of the other members of the Cabinet manifests an equal degree of astonishment. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" cries Lord Holland.—"What!" says Mr. Spring Rice, "neither the Colonies nor the Exchequer?" for Mr. Spring Rice had been already named as the probable successor of Lord Althorp in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The countenance of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, sitting close behind Mr. Spring Rice, seems to say, "*Lugete,*" while that of Lord Auckland, behind Sir John Cam Hobhouse, is one of unmixed wonder. Mr. C. Grant (now Lord Glenelg) is fast asleep, and Lord Palmerston is endeavouring to rouse him to a proper sense of his loss. The shock of such unwelcome tidings has almost knocked Lord

Duncannon off his chair. Lord John Russell is rendered speechless; and Lord Brougham, in his usual emphatic style, is expressing his determination to resign. In Lord Melbourne's hat part of a letter may be seen, directed, apparently, to the Duke of Wellington. This will be explained at No. CCCLXII.

CCCLVII.

STATE CRICKET-MATCH.

The Lord-Chancellor is playing a game of single wicket with the Duke of Wellington, and is bowled out, to the great delight of His Majesty, who stands behind the Duke, and looks on with great admiration. John Bull, though he does not appear to take much interest in the game, is amused with the dexterity of the Duke, and the disappointment of the Chancellor. The circumstances detailed in the explanations of Nos. CCCLIV. and CCCLVI. are the same that are referred to in this.

CCCLVIII.

THE NEW *VAUX*-HALL MASTER OF THE UNCEREMONIOUS.

Since this print was sketched, Vauxhall itself has ceased to exist. The genius of Hogarth, who first suggested the plan on which Vauxhall commenced as a place of entertainment, and whose immortal pencil painted the walls of the great rotunda,—the music of Hook;—the voices of Dignum and Bland, and, lastly, the great Nassau balloon itself, could not save Vauxhall from the fate of all sublunary things,—it *has* died away.

> Another age shall see the bricks and mortar
> Cover the ground,—and smoke in every quarter.

No wonder, then, that the recollection of the great Simpson begins to fade; yet it is sad to think that so much politeness and urbanity should be forgotten. Gentle Minister of a taste gone by, if anything in thy present abode can bring back thy thoughts to the fate that appertains to mortals, grieved must thou be to know that Vauxhall, the scene of all thy glories, did not survive thee!

Simpson was, for many years, the Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall, and the present sketch of Lord Brougham represents him in the exact attitude and style of a drawing of Simpson, published a few years before his death, and universally allowed to be an excellent resemblance, not only of his person, but of the manner in which he was in the constant habit of paying his respects to the fashionable visitors at Vauxhall. It was in consequence of the reports in the public papers of the manner in which the Lord-Chancellor (Brougham) surrendered the great seal to Sir Herbert Taylor, at the King's request, and likewise of an apparent similitude between the Lord-Chancellor and the Master of the Ceremonies in the vivacity of their characters, that H.B. sketched his Lordship in the likeness of Simpson.

CCCLIX.

UNHAPPY GHOSTS CROSSING THE STYX.

William IV., as old Charon, has ferried over his late Ministers, and is making them deliver up their seals of office by way of toll. There is something very shadowy in the figures of all the parties—everything looks ghostly. Lord Melbourne, just landed, walks slowly on in thoughtful mood. Lord Duncannon is just in the act of giving up his seal. Lord Palmerston follows, and next to him is Mr. Spring Rice,—all hanging their heads in mournful

silence. In the character of Mercury, we see the Duke of Wellington catching Lord Brougham by the skirt of his robe, who is attempting to escape from his destiny. The Duke, repeating from Virgil, reminds the ex-Chancellor how much more easy it is to fall than to rise again. The *facilis descensus Averni* refers to the Chancellor's running about the country, attending public dinners, and speechifying with more fluency than deliberation, whereby the favour of the King was soon lost; and the *revocare gradum* expresses the difficulty of re-instating himself in His Majesty's good opinion. The Lord-Chancellor, endeavouring to get off with the great seal, exclaims:

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo,"

which, being freely translated, means,—if I cannot subdue the House of Lords, I will stir up a commotion in the Birmingham Political Union.

CCCLX.

THE STATE CERBERUS.

It has been already stated, that after the dissolution of the Melbourne and Althorp Cabinet, Sir Robert Peel, to whom the King intended to assign the task of forming a Ministry, being abroad, the Duke of Wellington undertook to carry on the public business until Sir Robert's return to England; and, for that purpose, held (as it was said) the seals of the three great offices of the Secretaries of State. In this sketch, therefore, H.B. has drawn him as a political Cerberus guarding the seals of office. The reader will not fail to observe, that he lays his paw on a box, which is labelled "First Lord of the Treasury;" from which it might be inferred that he intended to hold this appointment himself; but this was not the case, Sir Robert Peel having received the appointment immedi-

ately on his return. Sir Robert is enacting pious Æneas, and entering the infernal regions under the guidance of William IV. in the eharaeter of the Sybil.

CCCLXI.

THE CURTIAN LEAP.

The Duke of Wellington, by his memorable deelaration that the state of the representation in the House of Commons, prior to the Reform Aet, was ineapable of any improvement, had ereated an impassable gulph between his party and the great bulk of the people. When, therefore, his party were on the eve of returning to power, upon the dissolution of the Melbourne Cabinet in November, 1834, the Duke of Wellington, in order to afford Sir Robert Peel a better prospect of acquiring the confidence of the people, deelined filling any prominent post, and declared that for himself he would rather not take any office at all; or, if his serviees should be deemed requisite, would accept whatever offiee, whether important or unimportant, His Majesty might desire him to undertake. In this eonduct H.B. eompares him to M. Curtius, the Roman youth, who, sacrificing his life to the safety of his eountry, threw himself into a gulph that had opened in the forum, in eonsequence of the Oracles having pronouneed that the gulph would never close until Rome should cast into it whatever it held most preeious; a sentenee that was understood to mean the life of one of her brave eitizens.

CCCLXII.

THE MAN WOT CARRIES HIS MAJESTY'S LETTERS.

Lord Melbourne, in the character of a postman. The

fact which gave rise to this sketch is, that, after the interview between Lord Melbourne and the King, in which His Majesty informed the Prime-Minister that he considered the administration to be dissolved by the death of Earl Spencer, and that he had made up his mind to send for the Duke of Wellington, Sir Herbert Taylor, when Lord Melbourne had taken his leave of the King, requested him, as he was going immediately to London, to be the bearer of a letter to the Duke. There was something exceedingly comical in making the dismissed Minister to be the bearer of the news of his dismissal to his rival, and of the invitation to his rival to go and take his place. H. B. has accordingly seized the occasion of displaying his talent for graphic humour, and given to Lord Melbourne the office of a letter-carrier, by way of compensation for the loss of his place of Prime-Minister.

CCCLXIII.

NEW STATE OMNIBUS.

Sir Robert Peel is now mounted in his seat, and has the reins in his hands, but his start seems not to be a very promising one; for, except his gracious master, the proprietor of the concern, he has not a single passenger. John Bull, in the character of a time-keeper, with watch in hand, admonishes him to set off; and when it is considered how long the public had waited, first, for Sir Robert's return from abroad, and afterwards for his completing his arrangements, it can hardly be said that John Bull is too quick upon him. His chief dependence, for the success of the undertaking, seems to be upon the Duke of Wellington, who is serving in the very arduous and useful office of his conductor or cad. How the concern succeeds, we shall see hereafter.

The title of this sketch requires some explanation. About seven or eight years before this date, a series of prints were published, of which the following were the titles and subjects:—1st. The Man wot drives the Sovereign, viz., the Duke of Wellington, then Prime-Minister to George IV., as a coachman. 2d. The Guard wot looks after the Sovereign; viz. the Marchioness of Conyngham, in the dress of a mail-coach guard. 3d. The Cad to the Man wot drives the Sovereign; viz., Sir Robert Peel, then Leader of the House of Commons, in the character of a cad; and 4th. The great Swell wot drives whenever he likes; viz., George IV., in the dress of a coachman of a superior order. It is with reference to these prints, that the Duke, in the present sketch, is called "The Man wot is Cad to the Man wot was Cad to the Man wot drove the Sovereign."

CCCLXIV.

THE *VAUX* AND THE GRAPES.

Among the first appointments made by Sir Robert Peel, in the construction of his Ministry, was that of Lord Lyndhurst to the office of Lord-Chancellor, whereby a vacancy was created in the office of Chief-Baron of the Court of Exchequer previously filled by his Lordship. Shortly after the appointment took place, Lord Brougham published a letter, in which he proposed that he should be appointed to the office of Lord-Chief-Baron of the Exchequer, and his pension as ex-Chancellor thereby saved to the public. Whether this proposal, to exchange £5000 a-year and nothing to do, for a post where £6000 would be very hardly earned, was made in simple sincerity of heart, or was only put forward *ad captandum*, must be left to him who searches all hearts. Suffice it to say, that the proposal was not accepted; but

Sir James Searlett (now Lord Abinger), whose head is seen among the grapes, was created the new Chief-Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and Lord Brougham, like Master Conrad, was suffered to "continue." Lord Brougham's title being "Brougham and Vaux," H. B. has sported with the latter half, to represent him as the animal, who, in the well-known fable, declared the grapes sour which he was not able to reach.

CCCLXV.

BREAKING-IN THE REFORM COLT.

This sketch refers to the brief period for which Sir Robert Peel held the reins of government. The King, as the proprietor of the concern, of which Sir Robert Peel is the driver, sits at his side, and the Duke of Wellington, like the old hostler and chief manager of the stable, sits on the axle-tree behind, ready to put to rights whatever may happen to get out of its place. The horses (His Majesty's liege subjects, over-fed with promises of reform, and hopes of improvement) are evidently unmanageable, and their natural skittishness is mightily aggravated by the shouting of a group of the stable-men and drivers, whom the proprietor has recently discarded to make way for his new coachman. Referring to the approaching general election, the driver observes, that everything depends on the *poll;* and that, should it fail, they must be upset to a certainty—a catastrophe, which it is now well known, actually happened. The ragamuffins, following and shouting, are Mr. Hume, then M. P. for Middlesex (in the plaid brogues), Mr. Thomas S. Duncombe, M. P. for Finsbury; Mr. D. W. Harvey, late M. P. for Southwark; and Dr. Lushington, M. P. for the Tower Hamlets.

CCCLXVI.

SWING CAUGHT AT LAST.

The practice of incendiarism was very prevalent at this period in many parts of the country, and the burning of a rick or a barn was often preceded by a threatening letter to the owner, signed "Swing." Great exertions were made to apprehend the culprits, and, among other conjectures, it was supposed that a conspiracy existed against farmers and land-owners, among certain disaffected persons, headed by some one of superior intelligence and influence, who assumed the name of Swing. Pending the anxiety that dwelt in the public mind on this frightful subject, "Swing caught at last" was a very attractive announcement. John Bull and his "Chief Magistrate," sitting at the table of office, seem fully sensible of the importance of the capture. The malefactor himself is the well-known ex-Chancellor, Lord Brougham, whose manifold transgressions are fully detailed by his accuser, Sir Robert Peel, in the habit of a policeman. His practice of inserting *inflammable articles* in "*Times*" past was generally reported, and as generally believed, although, of course, no one ever *knows* who writes the leading articles in a newspaper. But the well-known quarrel between Lord Brougham and the *Times* (of which Thomas Barnes, Esq., has, for many years, been the reputed editor) and the scorching articles daily put forth at his Lordship in that journal, are very humorously referred to as proof of his guilt, his Lordship having, as Sir Robert Peel says, actually set *Barnes* on fire. The Duke of Wellington, as a superintendent of police, has another prisoner to bring forward, namely, Mr. Bulwer, now Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. An Act of Parliament had just

then passed, to regulate the trade of chimney-sweeping, and, among other things, it was therein forbidden to cry "Sweep" in the public streets. Mr. Bulwer's attempts to blacken the Ministry, are construed into an offence against this provision of the statute referred to.

CCCLXVII.

COALITION.

The fable of the wolves proposing to the sheep to merge their own *trifling differences*, for the purpose of making common war upon the watch-dogs, is universally known, and its application to the coalition between the Whigs and Radicals is, in some respects, sufficiently happy; but the fable either relates or implies, that the dogs being subdued, the destruction of the sheep followed next; whereas, in the political history, the sheep have out-witted the wolves, and having made use of them to get the upper hand of the dogs, still contrive, by making common cause with the dogs, to keep the wolves at bay. In the good old shepherd, with his crook, we recognize our late King William IV., and in the two faithful animals at his feet, ever watchful over his flock, we see the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The fat sheep in the foreground, in conference with one of the wolves (whom, by the mark of Death's head and cross-bones, we know to be Mr. O'Connell), is Earl Spencer; and that smaller animal, who looks up so complacently in the face of the ruthless ravager, is Lord John Russell. Immediately behind them, and listening to the terms of the treaty, though taking no ostensible part in it, is Lord Melbourne; behind him, with a look that seems to shew very little personal interest in the matter, is Lord Durham; and, quite in the back-ground is Lord Grey. The con-

ference is managed by the wolf already described; but he is backed by another, a Scotch variety of the species, whose countenance strongly resembles that of Mr. Joseph Hume, then member for Middlesex.

CCCLXVIII.

PICK-A-BACK.

This sketch contains a charge against Mr. Joseph Hume of riding into the House of Commons, as one of the Members for the county of Middlesex, upon the back of Mr. Byng's long-established and extensive influence in that county. Old and feeble as the latter gentleman appears in the sketch, his wealth, popularity, and influence in Middlesex were quite sufficient to sustain the burthen of a colleague, had Mr. Hume been one to his taste; but such does not appear to have been the case, for Mr. Byng's committee deemed it proper to make a specific declaration to the constituency that no coalition existed between the two candidates.

CCCLXIX.

ABSOLUTION; A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

The explanation of No. CCCLX. has already acquainted the reader, or rather reminded him, that when the late Earl Spencer died, and the first Melbourne Ministry became *ipso facto* dissolved, Sir Robert Peel was in Italy; and he being the person to whom the King intended to assign the task of forming a new Ministry, a special messenger was forthwith dispatched to summon him to London with all possible speed, the Duke of Wellington carrying on, *ad interim*, the government of the country, so far as related to things which there was an absolute

necessity for doing, and everything else remaining in abeyance. It was at Rome that the messenger found Sir Robert Peel, who was no sooner apprised of the urgent necessity for his immediate return to England, than he took a respectful leave of the Pope, and set off in obedience to his Sovereign's commands. This sketch represents Sir Robert Peel in the act of taking leave of the Pope, but H.B. has taken a poet's license with the fact, and made his representation retrospective. Sir Robert Peel was, for a long series of years, the great champion of the Protestant cause; and, in that character, steadily, ardently, and resolutely opposed the bill for granting Catholic Emancipation, for which he may be supposed to have incurred the highest displeasure of His Holiness, the Pope of Rome. But having, at length, brought forward a bill for granting emancipation, and succeeded in carrying it into a law, it may also be imagined that he had merited absolution, and being at Rome, he is receiving it (by the favour of H.B.) at the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

CCCLXX.

THE *HOPP*OSITION 'BUSSES.

The Duke of Wellington on the right, and Mr. Joseph Hume on the left, are making their separate attempts to get John Bull as a passenger into their respective carriages; the Duke's is an old-fashioned stage-coach-looking concern, drawn by horses, of which Sir Robert Peel is the driver; the other is a nondescript vehicle, of which steam seems to be the moving power, and in the front may be recognized the figures of Mr. O'Connell, Lord Melbourne, Lord J. Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, and Lord Palmerston.

Whether they are conductors, managers, or passengers, it is not easy to determine, or if managers, who is the chief.

CCCLXXI.

THE GOOSE OF THE CAPITOL, *alias* A CAPITAL GOOSE.

Mr. Joseph Hume (whose countenance is worn by the goose), in one of his harangues to the electors of Middlesex, reminded them, with reference to some former speech which he had delivered, that the cackling of a goose had saved the capitol of Rome. It is hard to say whether the classic taste, or modest simplicity, of this reminiscence be the more worthy of admiration; it would have been impossible for H.B. to have let slip so favourable an opportunity of sketching its celebrated author in the character he had so happily chosen for himself. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington are the two persons who seem surprized at the cackling of the goose; perhaps they are intended for two of the Gauls, whom the goose is scaring away.

CCCLXXII.

CAST-OFF MACHINERS SELLING BY AUCTION.

The term machiners, or steady-going horses of all work, is not inaptly given to Lord Palmerston and Mr. C. Grant (now Lord Glenelg,) on account of their having belonged to several successive administrations, differing from each other in principle very materially. They are here represented as offered, by public auction, to Sir Robert Peel, who is forming a new administration, but he seems to consider it advisable not to include them. The auctioneer

is William IV., whose professional harangue sets forth the peculiar merits of the cattle, one of which, Cupid (a well-known soubriquet of the noble Viscount Palmerston), appears to comprehend the auctioneer's eulogium on his figure, and puts himself into an attitude to challenge admiration. The other, Somnus, so called from a love of repose universally attributed to him, seems scarcely to have opened his eyes, even though he is on view. In the left-hand corner stands Sir Robert Peel, the expected purchaser, with the Duke of Wellington, like an old horse-dealer, at his elbow, for an adviser and judge. Lord Spencer, with his back to the rostrum, and his hands in his coat-pocket, does not look too honest for the place, particularly as he is being spoken to by a very suspicious-looking person, who bears the likeness of Lord Brougham. In the back-ground is a group composed of Lord Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham.

CCCLXXIII.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE; OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD.

Lord Brougham and Louis Philippe, the King of the French. "*The Schoolmaster is abroad,*" is a phrase that originated with Lord Brougham, and has become a by-word, to signify that education is being extended among all ranks of the people. The interest which Lord Brougham has always taken in the subject of education, renders the character of a schoolmaster perfectly applicable to him; and as Louis Philippe, during his exile from France, assumed the profession of a teacher, the character is equally suited to him. The difference is, that the former has studied the theory only, while the latter has had considerable practical experience. About the period when

this sketch is dated, Lord Brougham visited Paris, and being presented at the Court of the King of the French, was honoured with a very gracious reception.

CCCLXXIV.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A KING'S ARMS.

For genuine drollery there is nothing, in the whole collection, which surpasses this sketch. That two politicians, who, at this period, and for many years previously, entertained such adverse feelings with regard to each other, should be brought into juxta-position on any occasion, is matter of surprize; but that H. B. should have found a proper opportunity for bringing them to co-operate, so as to allow of his assigning to each a character so suited to his outward appearance, was a piece of good fortune not to have been expected. Of the exact resemblance of Mr. Cobbett to the Lion Rampant-Gardant of Herald's College, we are not left in doubt; for in that part of the shield in which the arms of Scotland are quartered, we see his prototype in the same precise attitude. Sir Francis Burdett's resemblance to the unicorn is quite as striking; and now, to gratify the impatience of the reader, to be informed of the circumstances which gave H. B. authority for bringing them together as supporters of the crown, it remains to be told, first, of Sir Francis Burdett, that being pressed by his constituents in Westminster to acquaint them how he should vote in case of a motion to declare that the House of Commons had no confidence in the Ministry, he stated most positively that he was not, and never would be, a party-man; that he had always endeavoured to uphold the prerogatives of the crown, and would never join in compelling the King to make choice of a Ministry from one party only. Next,

with regard to Mr. Cobbett, in the debate on the choice of a Speaker (19th February, 1835), his speech ran thus:—"The last time I had the pleasure of hearing the voice of my constituents, they voted an address of thanks to the King for having dismissed his late Ministers. I, therefore, am determined to do nothing which has a tendency to force those Ministers back upon the King." And the fact was, that neither of these two honourable members voted on the question of the election of a Speaker, or the amendment to the address.

CCCLXXV.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF LEADERS OF OPPOSITION.

Previously to the opening of the session of Parliament, after the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the Premiership, the members of the opposition held several meetings to arrange their plan of proceeding. The present sketch exhibits one of these meetings. It resembles a fancy-dress ball, every one appearing in character; except that the characters are not chosen by the individuals, but are assigned to them at the pleasure of the artist. On the left-hand, Lord Palmerston appears as an old roadster; Lord Melbourne, just below, as a bleating lamb, whether on account of his name, or because of his simplicity in coming within reach of the fangs of Mr. O'Connell, may be doubted. Mr. O'Connell is in the character of a wolf, and Lord Spencer in that of a fat wether. Mr. Hume appears as a goose, Lord Brougham as a fox, Sir E. L. Bulwer as a buck, and Lord Morpeth as a donkey, with a hat facetiously cocked upon one of his long ears. Between the fox and the goose is an animal with the face of the late

Lord Durham, but what description of animal it is, is difficult to discern. Above his head sits Lord Glenelg, in the likeness of a cat, and close to his side a mouse, with the features of Lord John Russell. Let us not omit, however, to notice the "twa dogs" who appear on the left, under the arch of the horse's neck; and who, as representatives of "High Life" and "Low Life," might easily be recognized, without the inscription of FINSBURY on the collar of the latter. The "High Life" dog, or "Corinthian Tom," is Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., and his companion Thomas Wakley, Esq.

CCCLXXVI.

THE NEW UMPIRE, COMMONLY CALLED THE DERBY DILLY.

When Lord Stanley seceded from the Melbourne administration, he maintained for a time a neutral position. The number of members from both Houses of Parliament, who concurred with him, was so few that they could scarcely be called a party. The principal among them were the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham. To this small select party, Mr. O'Connell gave the title of the Derby Dilly,* and here is the Derby Dilly upon the road. John Bull leans against the gate-post, and regards the concern with great indifference. His Majesty William IV., as the owner of all highways, stands in the toll-house. Lord Stanley is the proprietor, and drives

* "Lord Stanley," said Mr. O'Connell, "may think that he carries fate and fortune in his train, but he will find his followers fewer than he calculated upon.

Adown thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby Dilly, with its six insides."

for himself, and his two passengers in front are the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Ripon. Sir James Graham acts as guard to the coach.

CCCLXXVII.

SETTLING-DAY AT TATTERSALL'S.

The division on the choice of a speaker was the first assault on the Peel ministry. The race for the majority was run between the Conservatives and the united Whigs and Radicals, and the Conservatives were beaten. Sir Robert, as the loser, is handing over a £10 note (the number of the majority was ten) to Lord John Russell, who shrewdly suggests that, after this trial of strength, Sir Robert may as well let him walk over the course, and take quiet possession of the stakes; that is to say, of the government. Sir Robert promises to consider the proposal; and the Duke of Wellington endeavours to avert the loss that is sure to follow the placing of everything upon a single point, and proposes to run him the best of heats. Lord John is much too knowing for this. The parties most immediately interested in the race for political power are disposed in the fore-ground on either side of the room. Behind Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington are Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ellenborough, and behind Lord John Russell are Lord Spencer (with his hands in his coat-pockets), Mr. O'Connell (in his cloak), and Lord Brougham (great-coated and neckclothed up to his chin). Mr. Joseph Hume is peeping over Lord Brougham's shoulder; and between Mr. O'Connell and Lord Spencer appears the ever-smiling countenance of Mr. Spring Rice. In the back-ground are Mr. Cobbett and Sir F. Burdett, but it is no settling-day with them. Near to Lord John, but at some distance behind, as if the affair did not imme-

diately concern him, is Lord Stanley, to whom Sir Robert Peel had made overtures to join his Ministry, without success.

CCCLXXVIII.

CROTCHETS ENCLOSING A NOTE OF *INTERROGATION* AND THE *INTERJECTION* O!

If, in some of these satirical sketches, the point of the satire is so concealed from vulgar observation that the sketch itself proves to be an enigma which few persons, comparatively, have ingenuity sufficient to solve, this sketch now before us deserves to be entitled one of the most enigmatical. Great geniuses are often visited by crotchets and whims; and, as noble lords and honourable and learned members are very apt to entertain these visitors, H.B. seems to have resolved on indulging a whimsical crotchet of his own, which is, to convert Lord John Russell into a note of interrogation, and Mr. O'Connell into an interjection. The occasion afforded for his taking this liberty with Lord John Russell was his putting a variety of questions, of a very awkward description, to Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, on the dissolution of Parliament, and on the course of policy which Sir Robert Peel intended to pursue, amidst the many difficulties by which he was surrounded. Mr. O'Connell was designated by Cobbett as the Big O! and there is abundance of ground, in the history of this extraordinary man, for giving him a note of admiration. To those persons who do not readily apprehend the humour of the conceit, the admirable fidelity and spirit of the portraits will prove an ample compensation.

CCCLXXIX.

MY HOBBY-HORSE.

The rider of the hobby-horse is the Marquess of Chandos, (now Duke of Buckingham,) who, as the head of the agricultural party, made several attempts to repeal the tax on malt. It was reported that an overture was made to him to join the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, but that he declined the proposal, except on the condition that the malt-tax should be given up, to which condition Sir Robert could not agree. On the very first day, therefore, of the meeting of the House of Commons, after the election of a speaker, the noble Marquess gave notice of a motion for the 10th of March, to repeal the malt-tax; and, when that day arrived, brought the subject forward, and pressed it on the attention of the House with great energy. Being opposed, however, not only by the existing Government, but by their predecessors, who could do no otherwise than oppose the motion, after their conduct with respect to the same question when in the hands of Sir William Ingleby, (*See* Nos. CCLIX. and CCLX.,) the noble Marquess would have been in a very shabby minority if he had not had the support of those Radicals who had opposed the Whigs on the former occasion; and it is this support which is alluded to by the Marquess holding fast by the horse's tail.

CCCLXXX.

A RURAL SUBJECT.

A dilemma has always ranked among the horned beasts; but never was seen a dilemma with a more formidable pair of horns than this. Sir Edward Knatchbull and Mr.

Baring (now Lord Ashburton), being considered as representatives of the landed interest, were expected, by their constituents, to vote for the repeal of the malt-tax; but, as members of Sir Robert Peel's administration, they stood in a new position, and felt the necessity of opposing the repeal of any and every tax whatever; notwithstanding which, the Marquess of Chandos, charging the Ministry like a wild bull, with his motion for the repeal, placed the two gentlemen above mentioned in the disagreeable situation of having to choose between forfeiting their places, or disappointing the expectation, and incurring the disapprobation of their constituents. Sir Robert Peel, unincumbered by a pledge, or a rural constituency, evinces much more complacency than might be expected on the occasion, were he not certain of the votes of the late Ministry, who, as Mr. Spring Rice intimates, intends to support him by opposing the motion.

CCCLXXXI.

INCUBATION EXTRAORDINARY.

Sir Robert Peel is sitting in the "Whig nest," and upon the Whig eggs, that is to say, measures that were in embryo when the Whigs were turned out of office. His hopes of hatching them seem likely to be blighted, by the mischievous interposition of the great turkey-cock, Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Hume, as the Middlesex goose, *(Vide* No. CCCLXXI.,) has laid a solitary egg, in the shape of a notice of a motion to limit the supplies to three months, a modification of the threatened motion of the Attorney-General, who talked of stopping the supplies altogether. But the goose has abandoned her egg, finding no probability of her being able to raise warmth enough to hatch it. When it is recollected how suddenly the former occupiers of

the nest were driven away, and how long a time the eggs had to cool before Sir Robert returned to supply their place, it will not seem surprizing that they were all addled.

For the amusement of the reader, the origin of this sketch shall be faithfully and accurately traced; and, when he has pursued the joke to an end, he will be forcibly reminded of a passage in Pope's Epilogue to the Satires, commencing—

"Let courtly wits to wits afford supply."

On the 12th of March Mr. Hume, then member for Middlesex, in a debate on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, said, "The Right Honourable Baronet has asked me whether the introduction of this bill was one of the reasons which have induced me to alter the course I originally intended to pursue with regard to the supplies. My answer is, that in changing that intention, the measure under consideration never, for a moment, entered into my contemplation. It would seem that the Right Honourable Baronet assumes great merit for the introduction of this bill. The fact is, however, that the Right Honourable Baronet has merely crept into the nest of the old administration—that he is now hatching one of their eggs." To this Sir Robert Peel replied,—"The Honourable Gentleman has talked of hatching eggs—Why, the Honourable Gentleman himself has laid an egg in this House which it seems that neither he himself, nor any of his friends, can hatch. What has become of the egg which the Honourable Gentleman laid last week? Last night the Honourable Gentleman stated it to be a matter of doubt, whether he or some other friendly hen would sit upon it; but to-night, it appears, that, notwithstanding the incubation, all attempt to bring forth the chicken is to be abandoned." Mr. O'Connell, followed with these words,—"The Right Honourable Baronet should

not count his own chickens before they are hatched, for he will probably find the chicken of my Honourable Friend, the member for Middlesex, a good fighting-cock yet."

Here one would have thought the joke was, as Pope expresses it, "full fairly given to the House,"—but Mr. Hume, with a taste and appetite more durable than those of the rest, picked it up again four days afterwards, and in the course of a discussion on the intention of Government to send the Marquess of Londonderry upon an embassy to St. Petersburgh, said, "The Right Honourable Baronet, with his cuckoo-note of 'a fair trial,' is the reverse of the cuckoo in his habits; for instead of laying his eggs in other birds' nests for them to hatch, he hops into other birds' nests himself, and hatching their eggs, takes credit for a most goodly brood of reform chickens." Here, at last, seems to be the conclusion of the egg joke; and it must be acknowleged that the Honourable Member for Middlesex acted with his characteristic attention to economy in making the most of it. A debate in Parliament is often a very dull affair; and "Gentle Dullness ever loves a joke."

CCCLXXXII.

A STUDY FOR A DAMOCLES.

Damocles was prevailed on by Dionysius to undertake, for a while, the charge of royalty, and be convinced of the happiness which a Sovereign enjoyed. He ascended the throne, and while he gazed upon the wealth and splendour that surrounded him, perceived a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. The sword (bearing the inscription of "adverse majority") suspended over the head of Sir Robert Peel, is held by Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Hume, as the leaders of the

three parties, two of which, namely, the ex-Ministers and the Radicals, were decidedly and actively hostile, and the third, or Stanley party, not, at that time, friendly. It is evident that the three persons above-mentioned had it in their power, by uniting their forces, at any time to put an end to the Government of Sir Robert Peel.

CCCLXXXIII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL.

An excellent representation of Mr. O'Connell. His pouch, like that of the Opossum, is a place of refuge for his offspring when danger threatens them, and there we behold, securely nestling, the persons of Lord Glenelg, Mr. Spring Rice, and Lord John Russell. The meaning of his extensive tail cannot be misunderstood, inscribed as it is with the names of those Irish Members who obtain their seats in the House of Commons solely by Mr. O'Connell's influence.

CCCLXXXIV.

A NICE DISTINCTION; OR, A HUME-ILIATING REJOINDER TO A WARLIKE AP-PEEL.

In a debate on Sir Henry Hardinge's Irish Tithe Bill, Mr. Hume, alluding to the conduct of Sir Robert Peel with reference to the matter under discussion, said, "I myself positively could not, consistently with the feelings of a man of honour, have recourse to the bringing in of a measure which had been condemned and thrown out of the other House by my friends." This expression called up Sir Robert Peel to ask Mr. Hume if he really meant to say that he (Sir Robert) was acting in a manner inconsistent with a man of honour? In the House Mr. Hume

did not explain his meaning to Sir Robert Peel's satisfaction, and, therefore, Sir Robert sent him a letter calling on him to disavow the imputation apparently conveyed by the objectionable passage in his speech; to which letter Mr. Hume made the following reply, "What I intended to say was, that I could not say what your feelings of honour were, but that I, as a political man, should not have considered it honourable conduct if I had so acted. It is, therefore, quite clear in my recollection, that whilst I made my observations in allusion to what I would have done, I did not impugn your honour as a gentleman in the course you had taken."

Sir Robert Peel, followed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Henry Hardinge, advances with a bold front to demand satisfaction; which Mr. Hume, with his hat under his arm, as he usually disposes of it while addressing the House, is offering with Hume-ility. The gentleman retreating is Dr. Lushington, between whom and Sir Robert Peel a misunderstanding had arisen on a previous night; but, happily, had been explained without bloodshed.

CCCLXXXV.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD MEETING WITH THE WOLF.

That Little Red Riding-Hood is Lord John Russell, and the Wolf Mr. Daniel O'Connell, may be easily perceived, nor is it more difficult to understand the application of the story; it being implied that the Irish Agitator has wheedled and coaxed the leader of the House of Commons with no other intention than that of devouring him at the first favourable opportunity. About this period the opposition journals charged the Government with having made

a league with Mr. O'Connell for the purpose of obtaining his constant support in the House of Commons, and they very kindly warned the Ministers of the danger incurred by pursuing such a course.

CCCLXXXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN FLEECING THE CHURCH.

The ministerial plan for settling the question of a reform of the Irish Church, is here illustrated by the tale of Robin Hood robbing the priest. "*Lend* me your purse, master," says Lord John to the Archbishop of Armagh, "and I will settle it for you." This is the language of the Irish Tithe Bill—"Let us (the government) take the Church revenues into our management, and we will do what is proper for the Church, and make a good use of the rest." The poor Archbishop feels the force of the circumstances in which he is placed, and is making a virtue of necessity. The burly figure of Mr. O'Connell is made unusually large, for the sake of contrast with the diminutive person of his coadjutor; his peculiar insignia of a Death's head and cross-bones adorn the skirt of his coat, after the fashion of the bursting grenade on the uniform of the First or Grenadier regiment of foot-guards.

CCCLXXXVII.

SANCHO FEASTING AS GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

If the wit of this sketch were not too refined for the senses of those to whom the lesson which it conveys would be most useful, it would teach the Irish peasant of modern days, and the great mass of the people of any other time

or country, how few of those expectations which demagogues hold out to them are ever realized. Every reader of Don Quixote (and who is there that has not read Don Quixote?) will remember the consummation of Sancho's desires, by his obtaining the government of Barataria; and his dinner, or rather his attempt to dine, under the superintendence of the great Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell, native of Snatchaway. What exquisite delicacies and what savoury *morceaux* are spoken of, and how his mouth waters to be at them! when lo! one by one, they are snatched from his lips, and at length he is compelled to make a meal on dry-bread and raisins, and to rise but half satisfied. The astonished and disappointed Sancho is here personated by an Irish peasant, as representative of his class; Mr. O'Connell is the Doctor, and Lord John Russell is the waiter. Pat's looks betray at once his eagerness for the good things he has been taught to expect, and his mortification at their vanishing from his sight when he believes himself on the very point of enjoying them. The inexorable Doctor, standing by, seems to say—

> "Shew his eyes and grieve his heart,
> Come like shadows—so depart."

CCCLXXXVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND FRIAR TUCK, WITH A SLIGHT ALTERATION IN THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"Carry me over the river, thou brawny friar, or it shall give thee pain." This is the well-known address of Robin Hood to Friar Tuck; and the friar did carry him over, not from fear of the pain with which he was threatened, but because he intended, after serving Robin Hood's turn,

to have his own turn served at Robin's expense. Suppose, then, that Lord John Russell represents Robin Hood, and that the river is the current of events that separates him from place, pay, and power; suppose, also, that Mr. O'Connell is the brawny friar, whose strength and stature are required to wade through the current, which is too strong for the feeble and diminutive Lord. Suppose that by the aid of the strong man the present difficulty is overcome, but is to be paid for by taking the strong man into partnership, and allowing him a large share both of profit and dominion. Suppose all this, and you have the Tory interpretation of the present sketch.

CCCLXXXIX.

H.B. AND THE BISHOP OF EX—T—R AS SEEN, &c.

The question which the Bishop of Exeter is asking, is one which Lord Brougham is evidently puzzled to reply to, nor was it answered (as will hereafter appear) for nearly nine months. His Lordship appears abstracted, and as if he were revolving in his mind the circumstances which had led to his own loss of the great seal, and the probability of his ever regaining possession of it. These eminent persons were actually seen walking together, as mentioned in the inscription of the sketch. To Lord Brougham, who had lost his seat on the woolsack, and saw very little hope of recovering it, yet whose hopes were not quite put out of their misery while the seat continued vacant, could any simple question have been more mal-apropos? If the Bishop of Exeter had been actuated by the most malevolent disposition, he could hardly have given the ex-Chancellor a more unkindly cut. H.B. are Lord Brougham's initials as well as the artist's.

CCCXC.

JACK IN OFFICE.

This is a parody of the admirable picture, under the same title, by Mr. Edwin Landseer; and those only who are acquainted with the original can fully appreciate the merit of the parody. The happy and consequential animal who is in charge of the good things of canine life, and enjoys a position from which he looks down with contempt on the less fortunate of his species, is Lord John Russell. If dogs'-meat barrows had not been exempted from the statute for regulating carts and other carriages, we should have seen written on this, at full length, the name, title, and place of abode of the Prime-Minister, as the master both of the barrow and the dog; but the letter T, printed on the side, shews that it belongs to the Treasury. The collar, with the leathern strap and hook, round the neck of the Jack in Office, serve to shew that, though raised to eminence in the absence of his owner, his proper place is under the barrow, where he is forced to do laborious drudgery. The basket on the ground, containing a plate with a tempting piece of liver, must be intended to typify the Court of Chancery, by the eager yet crouching and submissive manner in which it is regarded by Lord Brougham, "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'" Mr. O'Connell, in the guise of a poodle, puts up his supplicatory paws like one long accustomed to beg. But the late Lord Durham, behind him, like an ill-trained terrier, seems more disposed to take than to solicit. That patient-looking beast in the back-ground, on the left, presenting the likeness of Mr. Joseph Hume, appears to consider that his time is not yet come.

CCCXCI.

HEADS OR TAILS.

William IV. and Mr. Daniel O'Connell at pitch and toss for the empire. H.B. intended by this sketch to warn his countrymen, that while things were suffered to go on as they did at this period, it was "the toss up of a halfpenny" whether the monarchy was preserved, or fell beneath the attacks of its Radical assailants.

CCCXCII.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS,—FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

In the story alluded to in this sketch, a Fisherman makes a vow that he will cast his net but three times,—at the first cast he pulls up a basket of rubbish; at the second a dead ass; but at the third he pulls up a vessel sealed with the seal of Solomon, and on his breaking the seal, a monstrous Genius comes forth, who threatens the Fisherman with instant death. The story goes on to tell how the Fisherman escaped the threat by ingeniously tricking the Genius to get into the vessel again, and then replacing the seal. The Fisherman is Lord John Russell; and his three casts are the three divisions in the House of Commons in which he obtained a majority over Sir Robert Peel. The first division, on the Address, is compared to the basket of rubbish; the second, on the choice of a Speaker, to the dead ass; but the third, on the Irish Church question, that is to say, the portentous appropriation resolution, is compared to the vessel inclosing the gigantic Genius. It would seem as if H.B. had been endowed with the faculty of second sight, for what ordinary mortal could have fore-

seen that this same appropriation clause, with all the noise that it made, would afterwards be wheedled into the vessel again, sealed up, and be thrown to the bottom of the sea,—in other words, that the resolution of the majority of the House of Commons would end in smoke? yet the story has actually been completely made out, and the comparison is in all essential particulars perfect.

CCCXCIII.

MERRY-GO-ROUND.

If magistrates continue in the mood which seems, at present, so general among them for putting down fairs, many years will not elapse before the memory of this pleasant pastime will have passed away; and, consequently, the humour of this sketch become unintelligible. Here is a type of the world revolving on its axis; the young and daring are mounted on horseback, the older and more sedate get into the carriage, while the poor are drudging on foot below to furnish the means of enjoyment for those who are more fortunate. In this sketch the Ministers are in the lucky places. Farthest on the left-hand side is Lord Howick on horseback, who is followed by Lord John Russell, mounted in like manner. Next to him is a carriage containing Lord Lansdowne, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Duncannon. Lord Lansdowne is delighted with the sport which the great Sampson below is making for the Philistine Lords above,—Lord Duncannon, in a paroxysm of good-nature, is for giving, or rather promising, something by way of encouragement; but Lord Melbourne, though he appears to have his full share of enjoyment, deprecates taking even the slightest notice of the person to whose exertions he is indebted for it, and designates him by the offensive term "individual," a term by

which his Lordship has spoken of Mr. O'Connell more than once, when goaded to the necessity of referring to him. Behind the carriage is another of the "youngsters," mounted on a cock-horse; and though his features are not very distinct, they bear a sufficient resemblance to Mr. Spring Rice to prevent any mistake. But as it often happens, at this game of Merry-Go-Round, that the poor drudge, who has worked below, gets rewarded by a ride while some one else turns the machine; so it will hereafter be seen that the gentleman, who is now pushing round with so much zeal, will by-and-by get his turn on the coach or the cock-horse.

CCCXCIV.

ANOTHER STAGE IN THE MARCH OF INTELLECT, &c.

This mode of propelling a carriage by means of a kite, though not common, has actually been practised. The meaning of H.B. seems to be, that the Melbourne Ministry, no longer able to get on by the ordinary means, have recourse to this unusual and dangerous expedient. The kite is no other than that awful and predatory biped Mr. O'Connell; the driver of the carriage, and contriver of the plan, is Lord John Russell; just below him is Lord Melbourne, who seems, by his manner, to care very little how he gets along so that he gets along some-how, and he appears to enjoy the distress of the old gentleman by his side, William IV., who regrets being under the necessity of riding in such a conveyance and in such company. In the middle of the carriage, lying on his back, is John Bull, who suffers himself to be driven along, though he confesses that he cannot see which way he is going.

CCCXCV.

A FAMILY GROUP, FRAMED, GLAZED, AND READY TO BE HUNG UP AT BROOKES'S.

This sketch gives a view of a window in Brookes's Club-House, at which are standing Lord Ebrington (on the left), Mr. O'Connell, and Lord Duncannon.

CCCXCVI.

GOING IT ON STILTS, TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

The two figures on stilts are Lord John Russell and Mr. Spring Rice; the latter, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, being very properly represented in the act of holding the tambourine to John Bull, for the purpose of collecting tribute. The bagpipes are played by Lord Brougham, and the big drum by Mr. O'Connell.

CCCXCVII.

UP-HILL WORK.

This sketch reverses the order of things as they were represented at No. CCCXCIV. Mr. O'Connell is giving a ride to a pretty weighty load of his Irish friends, in a cart drawn by a single horse, a miserable-looking hack, bearing the features of Lord John Russell. Close to Mr. O'Connell sits Mr. Shiel, looking very discontented with the rate at which the animal goes; and immediately behind sits Mr. Ruthven, one of the representatives for Dublin. The poor gentleman who lies on the ground, under the tail of the cart, is Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who had lately sat as member for Cork, but lost his seat by the report of a committee.

CCCXCVIII.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN PEACHEM AND LOCKIT.

Lord Brougham having spoken disparagingly of the late Lord Durham, at certain dinners, and other public meetings, the noble Earl took an opportunity of noticing it, and promising, that when he should meet the noble and learned Lord in Parliament, he would fully reply to him. Great expectations were therefore formed, and the contest was eagerly looked forward to, but it never took place; the combatants, upon re-consideration, thought it best to exchange forgiveness, after the manner of Peachem and Lockit, in the Beggar's Opera.

CCCXCIX.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

The story of the Faggot-cutter and his seven sons—how they were lost in a wood; and how Hop-o'-my-Thumb, engrossing all the wit of the family, found means to extricate them all, by strewing something on the ground, is too generally known to require to be here repeated. Having the indubitable likeness of Lord John Russell, in the character of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, we can be at no loss to know that by the Faggot-cutter is meant the Duke of Bedford; and the reader will be pleased to observe how he is employed. Before him stands a huge oak, on which is inscribed "British Constitution in Church and State." With an uplifted axe he is lopping off a rotten branch, having thereon the words "Corrupt constituencies." His polished weapon gleams brightly, as if it had been fresh ground upon a north-country whetstone; and on it is writ-

ten, "Purity of election—Tavistock, Middlesex, and Stroud to wit." Nevertheless, we see that he is trampling on the Reform Bill; and while he cuts away the ancient rottenness he is lopping away young branches, for his sons to bind up into faggots for his and their own use, unmindful of the injury which he is thereby doing to the tree. The reader will hardly require to be told of the allusion which is made by the cutting of these faggots. On an examination of the registry of voters for Middlesex, it was found that every son, and some more distant relatives, of the Duke of Bedford claimed to vote, in right of nominal rent-charges granted to them by the Duke out of his property in Bloomsbury, for the sole purpose of giving them the necessary qualification to vote. Votes so created are commonly called "faggot-votes." And, with regard to Tavistock and Stroud, the influence of the Duke of Bedford in these boroughs, notwithstanding the Reform Act, is quite as powerful as ever; for Tavistock is always represented by a member of the Russell family; and when Lord John Russell lost his seat for South Devon, he found no difficulty in getting returned for Stroud.

CCCC.

MAD DOGS, *alias* SAD DOGS.

The *Times* newspaper, referring to some expressions of Lord Brougham's, implying a hope of his restoration to his seat in the cabinet, stated, that William IV. would as willingly see a mad dog enter the council-chamber as Lord Brougham. This assertion of the *Times*, coupled with the frequent censures cast by them upon his Lordship, for dragging his coronet through the dirt, (for in such forcible terms did they describe his running about the country and speaking at public meetings,) furnished

H.B. with one-half of the subject of this sketch. The other half was supplied by the current observations of the conservative press, on the appointment of Lord Morpeth (whose face appears in the tin-kettle) to the office of Irish secretary, and the fate that must attend him in that office, while Mr. O'Connell retained his influence in that kingdom. Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington are shouting after the poor animals, and the King is flying in terror.

CCCCI.

THE MODERN ORPHEUS.

At No. CCCXVIII. we had Orpheus drawing Iron Tears down Pluto's Cheek. In this sketch, H.B. has presented us with a different and enlarged view of Orpheus, in the act of charming wild animals by the power of his melody. His audience are the members of the Cabinet. In the fore-ground sits Lord Duncannon, in whose person the woods and forests (well-known admirers of Orpheus) are represented; and behind him, in the dress of an old woman, is Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary, nursing her baby, under the name of the Tithe Bill. The picturesque shepherd, in his broad-flapped hat, and leaning on his staff, is the Earl of Mulgrave (now Marquess of Normanby) then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and close behind him is the figure of the noble Premier himself, Lord Melbourne. The couple next to be noticed, a "nate little broth of a boy" and a Pat-lander, go where he will, leaning on the shoulder of a tidy little English body, in a modest cap and short petticoats, is Mr. Spring Rice, and the little body, on whom he leans, is Lord John Russell. Quite in the back-ground are Sir John Cam Hobhouse and Lord Howick. In the person of Orpheus playing (we will sup-

pose,) the well-known and highly popular air "the Groves of Blarney," it is impossible to mistake Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

CCCCII.

SINBAD CARRIED AWAY BY THE ROCK-*ITE*.

The imagination which is required to follow H.B. in his flights from one subject to another, ought to possess almost as much strength of wing as that of the huge bird now before us. In the last sketch we were in Thrace, in company with the poets and historians of ancient Greece; now, with a stroke of his pencil, he conveys us to the scenes of enchantment described in that never-failing source of entertainment the Arabian Nights. The comparison of Lord John Russell, carried off like a pigmy, in the powerful claws of Mr. O'Connell, to Sinbad, carried away by the monstrous bird called a Rock, holds good in these particulars. Lord John Russell was in a difficult situation—so was Sinbad; and Mr. O'Connell, as the leader of a party of some sixty voters in the House of Commons, was able to help him out, just as the great Rock was able to fly away with Sinbad out of the valley; and both Sinbad and Lord John Russell took advantage of the means which presented themselves for obtaining present help. Sinbad's friend was a Rock, and Lord John Russell's was, if not Captain Rock himself (a name given to an imaginary person, on whom the blame of every lawless outrage in Ireland was thrown), considered to possess so many of the attributes of Captain Rock, as to be accounted one of his gang; H.B. calls him a Rock-*ite*.

CCCCIII.

A FAIR GAME.

This sketch represents His Majesty's Ministers amusing themselves by knocking down the institutions of the country, just as toys and ginger-bread are set up and knocked down again at a country fair. The keeper of the sticks is our late most gracious Sovereign William IV., who, by his speech, is beginning to find out that he has got a set of players to deal with, who bid fair to ruin him. The articles put up for sport are the imperial crown, a bunch of coronets belonging to the several ranks of the peerage, and a roll composed of the charters of corporations. On the ground, and mutilated by a "heavy blow," lies the Protestant Church, and not far from it is a stick inscribed East India Company, whose charter the government had declined to renew. The player, in the act of throwing at the objects set up for marks, is Lord John Russell, and the looks of the by-standers evince the great interest which they take in the success of his attempts. The row of lookers-on (beginning on the left-hand) is composed of Mr. O'Connell, Lord Ebrington, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Spencer, and Lord Howick. Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley are conversing together, and Lord Stanley just discovering that his position between the two parties is one in which he cannot long continue. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are likewise conversing together, and Sir Francis Burdett walking off in disgust.

CCCCIV.

A NORMAL SCHOOL FOR THE STUDY OF THE GRACES.

The allusion, in this sketch, is to a Bill which was brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Hume, and supported by Mr. Warburton, the member for Bridport, and Mr. Roebuck, the member for Bath, to license places for the public performance of music and dancing. The three honourable members who figure in this sketch, and the noble Lord who is applauding their performances, are distinguished for their advocacy of a system of national education, of which Normal Schools, or schools for teaching the teachers, form a very important feature. But, however celebrated as orators and as statesmen, the two gentlemen who are taking their lessons, are not particularly remarkable for that external polish which would render them objects of admiration at Almack's, or qualify them to be leaders of *haut ton*. Thomas Hood, in one of his Comic Annuals, has a picture of three or four elderly gentlemen in buckled shoes, curled wigs and spectacles, sitting on little low forms, and conning their primers, thereby illustrating the well-known proverb "better late than never;" and it is on this principle that Mr. Hume and Mr. Warburton have put themselves to school under the tuition of Mr. Roebuck, that they may become qualified for teachers in the new schools for music and dancing about to be established under Mr. Hume's Bill. Mr. Hume, entering upon the study with the earnestness of purpose becoming a grave occasion, is making a proportionate progress, aud by the turn of his left leg is evidently commencing the Scotch step; but Mr. Warburton, more volatile and less persevering, has not yet got out of

his positions. There is nothing very aristocratic in the style of the preceptor, Mr. Roebuck, though the manner of his right leg is full of pretension. The learned gentleman, it is true, writes on his cards of address, "from Bath;" but he appears unequal to the task of maintaining a place among the professors, who move in the first circles of the metropolis. The applause of Lord Brougham is cheering to their exertions, but the expression of his countenance renders his sincerity doubtful.

CCCCV.

ALARMING COMET OF 1835.

As the appearance of a comet is believed by the vulgar to portend disasters, H.B. has given the head of Mr. O'Connell to the comet which appeared in 1835, and has studded his tail with the heads of those Irish members who composed Mr. O'Connell's political train. He is leaving Ireland in a flame, and passing over St. George's Channel to shed his malign influence over England's happy isle.

CCCCVI.

THE DERBY DILLY TAKEN IN TOW BY THE PATENT SAFETY.

The Derby Dilly had not been on the road six months before it was given up. Lord Stanley, after declining the proposals of Sir Robert Peel to join his administration, had continued to sit, in the House of Commons, on the same benches with his former friends, the Whigs; but he soon found that his neutral position was untenable in every respect; that, in politics, whoever was not *for* Mr. O'Connell must be *against* him; and that the very

benches and cushions were so identified with the politics of those who sat upon them, that the seats on the ministerial side of the House were stuffed with thorns for those who did not go the full length of the ministerial policy. Lord Stanley, therefore, went over to the other side, and thus explained his motives in so doing:—"When he found that one night, after discussing the details of a measure, upon the principles of which they were agreed, having left his seat, for the purpose of voting according to the best of his judgment, he was received, on his return, with ironical cheers, which, in any other place and under other circumstances, would have amounted to personal insult—cheers, which, coming from the quarter from which they did, intimated the opinion that he was not fit for their society, (an opinion in which he humbly acquiesced,) he could not be mistaken in the conclusion at which he had arrived. There was no choice left him on which he could for a moment pause. Determined, on the one side, not to permit insult which he could find the means of preventing; and, on the other, to give no offence, no alternative remained for him but to withdraw from a society which did not like his presence, and for which he confessed he was unfit."

Thus, then, we see the Derby Dilly given up, and hooked on to the "Patent Safety," the owner of the latter having taken the concern to add to his own. Sir Robert Peel, the proprietor of the Patent Safety, is driving home his new acquisition, and chatting with Lord Stanley on the precarious state of the *coach* trade, and the success of their rivals on the road. The person who occupies the back seat, and is a terror to those mischievous rogues who delight in throwing stones and dirt at the king's-arms, is Sir Robert Inglis.

CCCCVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

The learned counsel, in the triumphal car, are Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr. Knight Bruce, who were heard at the bar of the House of Lords, in opposition to the Bill for reforming Municipal Corporations. When the motion for their being heard was carried, in the House of Lords, it was objected to, by some of the principal supporters of the Bill, because such a course would occasion delay; but Lord Brougham, who took at least an equal share with Lord Melbourne in the conduct of the Bill, was of opinion that counsel would not occupy more than two days; and that the time would be well spent, as the arguments for and against the measure would be so much better understood, and more easily discussed, after they had been reduced to a form by counsel, than without such previous arrangement. The result, however, was, that the speeches of Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr. Knight made such an impression on the House, that the Duke of Wellington, and others who had agreed to entertain the principle of the Bill, and thought that they should have been able to enter upon the discussion of its provisions in Committee, immediately after the hearing of counsel, found it impossible to refuse to hear evidence at the bar. This is the triumph of the learned counsel, and the conversion of the Duke of Wellington, who stated to the House that he at first felt disposed to go at once into Committee on the Bill, but that, after having heard the learned gentlemen who had appeared at their Lordships' bar, he found it impossible to avoid going into evidence on the subject of the measure, justified the placing of his Grace in the situation of a captive, led in triumph by the

successful barristers. The figure of Sir Charles Wetherell is an admirable likeness, and the near-sightedness of Mr. Knight Bruce is not forgotten, as we perceive by his holding his glass to his eye.

CCCCVIII.

SEE-*DAN* TO *VAUX*-ALL AND BACK AGAIN.

This sketch is inferior to none in point of humour and fidelity of resemblance. The play upon the names of the two chairmen, Lord Brougham and *Vaux*, and Mr. *Dan*iel O'Connell, which is contained in the title, is easily understood; and, whoever recollects the parliamentary history of this period, or will take the trouble of reading it, will understand why the noble and learned Lord, and the honourable and learned gentleman, are represented as supporting the whole weight of the government, in the persons of its two principal members. During the whole session Lord Brougham, though not in office, took as zealous and as active a part in all government measures, in the House of Lords, as if he and not Lord Melbourne had been actually the Prime-Minister; and, in the House of Commons, the support given to Lord John Russell by Mr. O'Connell was equally serviceable.

CCCCIX.

A REMARKABLE *TAIL*-ER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A portrait of Major Macnamara, of Doolen, in the county of Clare, member for that county. The term "*Tail*-er" is applied to him in common with every Irish member who owed his election, in any degree, to the influence of Mr. O'Connell, and voted with him on all

occasions; such members being commonly called Mr. O'Connell's Tail.

CCCCX.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

There is a saying of Horne Tooke which is very often repeated, and particularly by political speakers and writers, that, if your companion intends to go to Windsor while you are going only to Hounslow, there is no reason why you should not accept his company so far as you are going the same road. The present sketch has an allusion to this well-known saying. Lord John Russell has opened a place of entertainment, called the Half-way House, and has distinguished it by the sign of the Bedford Arms. John Bull has got so far on his journey, and is taking the refreshment which the landlord is offering under the name of half-and-half, being a mixture of Irish stout and Scotch ale, in allusion to Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume. These two gentlemen are standing on the other side of John Bull, the latter advising John to drink the proffered beverage, but promising something stronger bye-and-bye; while the latter depreciates the liquor, by a comparison with the stuff which he is brewing. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Winchelsea are riding away, quite shocked at the vitiated taste of their old friend.

CCCCXI.

THE ——— MACHINE.

The attempt of Fieschi to assassinate the King of the French, by a machine composed of a row of gun-barrels so contrived as to be discharged simultaneously as His Majesty and suite were passing; the escape of the King,—

the death of General Mortier,—and the injury sustained by the assassin himself, through the bursting of two of the barrels, are circumstances yet fresh in the public mind. The ——— Machine in this sketch (the reader is left to supply the epithet "infernal," if he please,) is the English Municipal Corporation Bill, which had passed the Commons, and been just brought up to the House of Lords, as mentioned at No. CCCCVII. The representative of Fieschi is Lord John Russell; his accomplice, looking out of the window, is Mr. O'Connell; and the other, who exclaims, "I thought I had constructed the Machine better," is Lord Brougham. It must be observed, that the barrels which have exploded are marked Sir F. Palgrave and T. J. Hogg. To explain the signification of the explosion and the inscriptions, it is necessary to state, that the Bill was founded on the Report of a certain number of persons, commissioned under the Great Seal, to inquire into the circumstances of all the Corporations throughout the kingdom. Sir F. Palgrave and Mr. Hogg were among these Commissioners, and each of them published a statement at variance with the Report made by the other Commissioners, and which furnished the opponents of the Bill with such arguments against it, as enabled them for the present to put off the measure. For this reason, they are compared to the barrels which burst and flew into their master's face. Lord Brougham, having appointed the Commissioners in his capacity of Lord-Chancellor, very naturally expresses regret that he did not construct the Machine better; and Mr. O'Connell, who has been looking forward to the measure of Irish Corporation Reform which was to be the sequent to the English Bill, sees, in the present explosion, the destruction of his hopes.

CCCCXII.

A BAD SHOT.

The subject of this sketch is a little episode in the great parliamentary work of the session of 1835. A Committee had been appointed to make inquiry concerning the institution of Orange Lodges, and one of the principal witnesses called before them was Colonel Fairman, the Deputy-Grand-Master of the Orange Society. In the course of his examination reference was made to a certain book, in which some of the letters and papers relating to Orangeism were stated to be entered in company with other matters, and this book Colonel Fairman refused to produce, alleging that it was a private book, and that the powers of the Committee did not extend to books and documents of a private nature. This refusal only sharpened the desire of the Committee to obtain possession of the book, and as the Colonel persisted in his refusal before the Committee, he was ordered to the bar of the House. This awful position, however, failed to strike that terror into the soul of the Colonel which they who had brought him there had anticipated, and, consequently, he still refused to give up the book. The House then proceeded to order that the Serjeant-at-Arms should take him into custody, and convey him to Newgate, and Mr. Hume gave notice that he should move for a search to be made at his residence for the book so much coveted. But, alas! Colonel Fairman, considering the intended visit of the Serjeant-at-Arms an honour beyond his merits, did not wait to receive it; but went away, no one knew whither, taking with him the mysterious book. So the Serjeant-at-Arms informed the House that he could not find Colonel Fairman; and Mr. Hume, understanding

that the book was no more to be met with than its owner, acquainted the House that his motion was at an end.

H. B. has treated the subject with his accustomed felicity. The Right Honourable James Abercrombie, the Speaker of the House of Commons, putting his mace to his shoulder, as if it were a Joe Manton, is taking aim at the flying Colonel, who, by his diminished size, is known to be out of the reach of the shot, and who is taking the book safe under his arm. Mr. Hume, carrying the bag, is exceedingly mortified at the escape of the game; and Mr. O'Connell, as the pointer, looks up in manifest despair.

CCCCXIII.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

The situation of the Ministry of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell was at this time so precarious, being in a minority in the House of Lords, being opposed out of doors, as Lord Melbourne frankly acknowledged, by the clergy, the gentry, and, in short, by nearly the whole of the educated classes, and depending for their majority in the House of Commons upon the Irish members under the influence of Mr. O'Connell, that he might be said to hold their destinies in his hand; and assuming that his designs upon those Institutions, which a British Minister is entrusted to defend, were as inimical as his enemies declared them to be, the Minister who took office, under the circumstances in which the Ministers at this period were placed, might be truly said to have trusted his head in the Lion's mouth. The dignified air of Mr. O'Connell, as the king of the beasts, wagging his gracious tail, evinces his consciousness of supreme power. Lord John Russell, with a degree of courage which nothing but practice could

inspire, is performing the frightful feat, but begs to be informed, if the usual token of peace, the wagging of the tail, is to be seen. William IV., looking through the bars of the cage, expresses his distaste for such exhibitions; but John Bull, being one of those who like to encourage desperate people to risk their lives for a subsistence, appears to be highly pleased with the entertainment.

CCCCXIV.

THE MISSIONARY; OR, A SCENE FROM THE OLD PLAY OF THE HYPOCRITE.

Soon after the termination of the Session of Parliament in 1835, Mr. O'Connell made a tour of the north of Great Britain, and attended several public meetings at Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, where he spoke in very strong terms against the House of Lords. The Conservative papers described this tour as a mission undertaken, by desire, for the express purpose of exciting the public to make a demonstration sufficient to intimidate the House of Lords into compliance with the proposals of Ministers,—hence the term "Missionary," adopted for a title to this sketch. Of course he did not miss his cue to say many things to flatter his entertainers, Scotch as well as English. The occasion has been happily seized by H.B. to represent the great Agitator in the character of Doctor Cantwell in the Hypocrite, cajoling the Scotch and English public by an affectation of political purity. His English admirers are represented in the person of Mrs. Bull, a suitable match for honest John, as he is generally represented; and the Scottish party are embodied in the person of Mawworm.

CCCCXV.

A SWINISH MULTITUDE.

The term "Swinish Multitude" has been often applied to the common people, but H. B. has made bold in this sketch to apply it to the aggregate of the Melbourne Ministry. This, indeed, may be said to be "going the whole hog." Mr. O'Connell appears in that well-known character in Ireland, a pig-driver. The explanation of this sketch will be found in the circumstances mentioned at No. CCCCXIII. The drove exhibits the faces of nearly the whole Cabinet. Commencing on the left-hand we see Lord Palmerston, Lord Glenelg, Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, Lord Duncannon, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Mulgrave, and Lord Morpeth. Close behind Lord Mulgrave is Mr. E. Ellice, and behind Lord John Russell is Lord Howick.

CCCCXVI.

A TRAVESTIE.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell, in the character of Macbeth travestied, meets and challenges Lord Melbourne, Lord Mulgrave, and Lord Morpeth, as the three "weird sisters," who hail his presence, and accost him with expressions of admiration of his superior greatness.

CCCCXVII.

FISHING FOR GUDGEONS.

This is the subject of No. CCCCXIV. in another point of view. John Bull and his neighbour Sawney are drawn in the form of two Gudgeons, and Mr. O'Connell is

angling for them with a hook baited with blarney. It is well known, that with all the skill of the angler, the fish did not bite.

CCCCXVIII.

VOLUNTARY TRIBUTE; OR, A PASSAGE FROM GIL BLAS TRANSLATED INTO IRISH.

At the period of the year when this sketch is dated, the newspapers generally contain statements of the collection of the Tribute, or Rent paid by the people of Ireland to Mr. O'Connell. The papers espousing the O'Connell side tell of the wonderful alacrity with which this rent is paid up by the whole of the people; but the opposition papers are filled with stories of the oppressive manner in which the tribute is levied, chiefly by means of the Irish priesthood. To humour these stories, H.B. has represented Mr. O'Connell soliciting his tribute after the manner of the beggar in Gil Blas:—"I looked about to see what was the matter, and perceived on the ground an old hat turned up, with a rosary of great beads in it; and, at the same time, heard a lamentable voice pronounce these words, 'Mr. Traveller, for God's sake have pity on a poor maimed soldier! drop, if you please, a few bits into the hat, and you shall be rewarded in Heaven!' I turned my eyes immediately on the side from whence the voice issued, and saw, at the root of a bush about twenty or thirty paces from me, a kind of soldier, who, upon two cross sticks, supported the barrel of a carbine, in my apprehension larger than a pike, with which he seemed to take aim at me. At this apparition, which made me quake for my money, I stopped short, and pocketing my ducats in a great hurry, took out some rials and approaching the hat,

which was exposed for the reception of the extorted charity, dropped them into it."

In the edition of Gil Blas published in the Novelist's Magazine, there is a print from which this sketch appears to have been copied. Poor Pat, dropping his contribution into the hat, displays as much genuine fear as the student of Oviedo. Mr. O'Connell, it will be observed, instead of a carbine, levels the pastoral crook of the Pope, in allusion to the use made of the priesthood for the purpose of aiding the collection of the O'Connell rent; and, with regard to the death's head and cross-bones, it remains to be told, that Mr. O'Connell was reported to have recommended that every man, who did not vote for the popular candidate at some particular election, should have a death's head and cross-bones marked upon his door, to point him out to the enmity of his countrymen.

CCCCXIX.

HIGH-BRED AND LOW-BRED — STUDIES OF TWO REMARKABLE ANIMALS IN BROOKES'S MENAGERIE.

This sketch is a fac-simile of a pair of most exquisite pictures by Edwin Landseer, the one entitled "High-Bred," representing a grey hound sitting in a gentleman's study, the other a bull dog in a butcher's shop. The idea of appropriating these characters to the persons of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. O'Connell, and describing them as remarkable animals in Brookes's Menagerie, was suggested by the circumstance of Sir Francis Burdett writing a letter to the members of Brookes's club, to induce them to expel Mr. O'Connell, on account of the gross and ungentlemanly language made use of by him in his north

country tour, when speaking of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cumberland, and the House of Peers generally. Sir Francis's letter may be found in the newspapers about the latter part of November, 1835.

There is a double meaning in "Brookes's Menagerie." A person of the name of Brookes kept an establishment in the New Road, for the sale of beasts and birds of every description, and designated his house "Brookes's Menagerie."

CCCCXX.

DON QUIXOTE ATTACKING THE WINDMILL.

This sketch refers to the same subject as No. CCCCXIX., and shews the failure of the attempt. Had Sir Francis Burdett's letter been taken up in a kindred spirit, and the members of Brookes's agreed that a person who could descend to so much vulgar abuse, to say nothing of the danger to society of inciting the public to attack the House of Lords, was unfit to be a member of their club, his conduct would have been deemed spirited and proper; but, as the club did not do so, but on the contrary came to the resolution that there was no ground for their taking any steps against Mr. O'Connell, the attempt was pronounced Quixotic and absurd, even by those who did not join in the cry against Sir Francis for his apostacy from his principles and malevolence towards a rival patriot. The windmill, representing Mr. O'Connell, is a most ingenious invention, and the antiquated appearance of the knight and his steed is incomparably good.

CCCCXXI.

A SPECIAL RETAINER.

This sketch and the two following are different views

of the same subject. In the re-construction of the Cabinet, after the return of Lord Melbourne to power in April, 1835, the office of Lord-Chancellor was not filled up, but the great seal was put into commission, and so remained until about the end of the year. In what exact point lay the difficulty of filling up the office, is one of those state secrets which, in all probability, will never be generally disclosed; but as Lord Melbourne appeared quite resolved not to re-appoint Lord Brougham, all eyes were naturally turned to Sir John Campbell, the Attorney-General, as the person most likely to be raised to the chancellorship. At length, however, Mr. Pepys, of the Chancery Bar, K. C., was created Baron Cottenham and Lord-High-Chancellor; and Lady Campbell, the wife of the Attorney-General, was made a peeress by the title of Baroness of Stratheden.

It was rumoured that Sir John Campbell, whose station no less than his talents, and service to the Ministry, seemed to give him the best possible claim to the chancellorship, finding himself disappointed, actually sent in his resignation, the arrival of which, at a cabinet council, is the subject of No. CCCCXXIII. No. CCCCXXII. explains the *modus operandi* of pacification, and the present sketch shews the result. There is an odd mixture of satisfaction and dissatisfaction in the expression of the Attorney-General's countenance, which reminds one of Banquo, when he asks the witches to tell him his fortune, as they had already told Macbeth's, and is answered, "that his *children* shall be kings." Reversionary greatness is something, to be sure, but people in general think there is nothing like having it in possession. Nevertheless, he considers it as the price of his being "retained" in the service of the government, to which he makes up his mind with a wry face.

CCCCXXII.

THE GARDEN OF STRATHEDEN.

We are to assume that Sir John Campbell was indignant at his disappointment, and that the peerage to his lady was the apple which first tempted her, and with which she next tempted him to return to his allegiance. The scene from Paradise Lost is well suited to the occasion. Lord Melbourne, of course, is the tempter; and this would be a portion of his soliloquy, before arriving at that part of the story which the picture represents—

——————————— "Let me not pass
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts—
Her husband—for I view far round—not nigh;
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength and courage haughty"—

The idea of converting the figure of William IV. into the tree from which the golden fruit springs, and of shewing him entwined in the folds of the wily and powerful serpent, is particularly happy. The precise moment represented in the sketch is that in which the lady of Eden, or Stratheden, having been tempted herself, is tempting her husband in language such as this—

——————————— "The serpent wise,
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively, hath so prevailed that I
Have tasted. * * * * *
Life
Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense seems flat to this and harsh."

CCCCXXIII.

A SCENE OF CONFUSION.

This sketch exhibits the reception of Sir John Campbell's letter to announce his resignation. The order of these three sketches is numerically reversed; for the resignation must have preceded the tempting to stay, and the tempting must have preceded the "fall" of the tempted. But this is of little importance. The different effects of the letter, upon the several members of the Cabinet, serve to illustrate the individual characters. The Premier, who disdains to conceal or disguise his sentiments, gives expression to his feelings; and, with his hat over his left-eye, and his arm uplifted, as if he were going to cut the letter to pieces with his cane, seems to say, "Confound the fellow, and his wig too, something must be done to pacify him." Mr. Spring Rice, with his pen in his hand, seems about to calculate the chances of the resignation being real. Mr. Edward Ellice, shutting his eyes, is deliberating on the best method of patching up the *fracas*, he being a noted piece (peace) broker. Lord Duncannon is lost in astonishment; and Lord Glenelg, caught napping as usual, is collecting his faculties to comprehend the case. Lord John Russell, too sensitive to bear the sudden shock, has fainted; and the more callous Lord Palmerston is endeavouring to recall him to life.

CCCCXXIV.

DON QUIXOTE ABOUT TO LIBERATE THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

Sir Francis Burdett, having taken disgust at the public conduct of Mr. O'Connell, made a fruitless effort to turn

public opinion against him. This sketch assumes that the Baronet's object was to destroy the Agitator's popularity, and diminish his consequence and power, and thus release the ministers from the necessity of conciliating him, in order to obtain his hitherto powerful support. Upon this assumption the ministers (Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse) are represented as the Galley-slaves whom Don Quixote liberated, as described in the eighth chapter of the first volume of the history of that immortal hero. The chivalrous character of the exploit in the two different cases admits of a comparison; and, if the Tory papers could be received as authority, the comparison would be equally admissible between the characters of the persons in whose behalf it was performed. And though from this point the comparison fails, inasmuch as the valour of the Knight prevailed, and the Galley-slaves, with Gines de Passamonte at their head, desiring nothing so much as liberty, were actually set free, while the chivalrous Baronet's attempt was a miserable failure; and the ministers neither were set free nor seemed to wish it, their's being the "servitude which hugs her chain;" still, according to the authority referred to, a similitude is found in the catastrophe; for both sets of prisoners might, according to the Tories, be said to have returned to their vicious courses.

CCCCXXV.

THE RIVALS.

H.B. has, in this sketch, amused himself by fancying that a personal resemblance exists between Lord Morpeth, the Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Liston, the celebrated comedian. There is nothing on which people differ so much as a likeness. Let every one judge for himself,

whether or not any likeness does in fact exist between these two portraits; but that, taken separately, they are faithful likenesses of the two persons for whom they are intended, is universally allowed; and this also is certain, namely, that Mr. Liston retired from the stage about the time when Lord Morpeth began to play a conspicuous part.

CCCCXXVI.

OLD ATTITUDES IN NEW POSITIONS.

There is little to remark on this sketch, except that it gives an admirable representation, not of the visage only, but of the expression, attitude, and general appearance of each of the three great men who face the treasury-bench, namely, Sir Robert Peel (in the centre), Lord Stanley (on his right), and Sir James Graham. It was remarkable that these three very eminent and highly-talented men were now, by the force of circumstances, brought together, and as it were united in one course of policy, within so short a time after that in which one of them (Sir Robert Peel), was diametrically opposed to the other two. How the change was brought about, the elucidations of the foregoing sketches has briefly shewn; and the reader who considers attentively the course of events in the period referred to, and reflects on the characters of the individuals, will find that their new position was inevitable. They themselves appear to think so; and, finding the change of position natural, are enjoying the freedom of their accustomed attitudes.

CCCCXXVII.

A REGULAR KICK-UP.

Mr. Hume moved, in the House of Commons, an ad-

dress to His Majesty, for the purpose of suppressing the Orange Societies, which were accordingly put down by royal proclamation. The parish beadle, exerting himself with so much vigour against the unlucky orange women, is Mr. Hume; the orange woman whom he attacks is the Duke of Cumberland, at that time the Grand Master of the Orange Association; and the other is Lord Kenyon, a distinguished member of that body. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, as policemen, are endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the parochial functionary, and to accomplish the suppression by milder methods; the interpretation of which is, that, in lieu of Mr. Hume's resolution, Lord John Russell proposed an address to the King upon the subject, which amendment was agreed to by Sir Robert Peel, and voted by the House. The two orange women in the distance are Lord Roden and Sir Harcourt Lees, influential leaders of the Orange party in Ireland.

CCCCXXVIII.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

This sketch and the next refer to a remarkable passage in the political history of Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Raphael, a citizen and quondam sheriff of London, being desirous of a seat in the House of Commons, applied to Mr. O'Connell for his assistance in obtaining one, for which, of course, he would be ready to pay any needful expense. At the next election, after the application so made, a candidate, with money to spend, was wanted to stand with Mr. Vigors for the county of Carlow; and Mr. O'Connell, calling to mind Mr. Raphael's application, wrote him a letter, in which he assured him of quiet possession of the seat, on payment of £2000 to him (Mr. Daniel O'Connell).

After a very curious correspondence, highly characteristic of the caution of the citizen Raphael, and the imperiousness of the representative of all Ireland, the money was paid to Mr. O'Connell's own account, at Mr. O'Connell's bankers, Messrs. Wright, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and the election commenced, when an opposition was quite unexpectedly made by Colonel Bruen. Mr. Raphael was returned, but Colonel Bruen presented a petition, and after a very few days the defence of Mr. Raphael's seat was abandoned, and Colonel Bruen and Mr. Vigors remained the sitting members. Mr. Raphael complained heavily of the abandonment of his case before the committee. He contended that his purchase was a speculation; that he had paid £2000 for the seat, when no contest was expected; and when there was every reason to believe that the expense of the election would not be £200; and after giving Mr. O'Connell a fair chance of making a large overplus, he maintained that he had a right to the utmost exertions that could be made in defence of the seat, cost what they might. Finding, however, that there was no redress to be obtained by remonstrating with Mr. O'Connell, he tried the system of threatening an exposure; and, still failing in his object, he put the threat in force, and sent a statement of the whole transaction to the *Times*, in which it was immediately published. The most curious circumstance that transpired was, that Mr. O'Connell, in one of his letters, inquired of Mr. Raphael if he would like to be made a Baronet; to which the ex-Sheriff and disappointed candidate replied, that he should be very proud of the honour, when he had got back his £2000.

To return now to the sketch, every one knows the origin of the saying, "Catching a Tartar." Colonel Bruen was exactly this sort of catch to Mr. O'Connell. "Catching a

Tartar is like catching a cold; the prize would be gladly given up if it were possible. The two comrades to whom Mr. O'Connell is communicating the good luck of his catch, are Lord John Russell and Mr. Spring Rice, but they seem very little inclined to participate in the pleasure to which they are invited. *See* also No. CCCCXXXV.

CCCCXXIX.

A CARTOON OF RAPHAEL, AFTER *CARLO—W* DOLE-CI.

This is another sketch on the subject of the one preceding. Neither party having derived any benefit from the transaction, but both having exposed themselves to public censure, Mr. Raphael is endeavouring to find consolation both for Mr. O'Connell and himself; but Mr. O'Connell seems to be inconsolable.

CCCCXXX.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The Conservative members are turning out the officers of the Irish Corporations,—how, when, and why, will be found to be explained at No. CCCCXXXIV. The characters are (beginning on the left-hand) Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Shaw (the Recorder of Dublin), Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley (with the mace), Sir Henry Hardinge (in military costume), Sir Robert Peel, and the Lord Mayor and Corporators of Dublin.

CCCCXXXI.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, THAT IS TO BE.

This is a sketch in anticipation of the passing of the Government Bill for reforming the Municipal Corporations in Ireland; and it supposes, as one of the consequences of that measure, that Mr. O'Connell would be the new Lord Mayor of Dublin. The Ministers, whose proposal would have led to this result, are appropriately represented as the servitors of his Lordship. Lord John Russell, as Leader of the House of Commons, leads the way with his mace, and the First Lord of the Treasury follows next, with his sword of state. Now let the reader contrast the carriage of these two functionaries, to whom dignity is a habit, with that of the Lord Mayor, whose habit is anything rather than dignified.

> ———— New honours come upon him,
> Like our new garments: cleave not to their mould,
> But with the aid of use.

The chief magistrate of the City of Dublin looks more like Jacques as the mock Duke in the Honey Moon; he tucks up his robe, and trots along in a style which is even too much for the gravity of the two lacqueys behind (Lords Normanby and Morpeth), who are evidently more inclined to laugh, than to keep up the solemnity befitting the occasion.

CCCCXXXII.

THE IRISH TUTOR.

With a very small majority of the House of Commons

in their favour, and with the majority of the House of Lords, as well as the Court itself, opposed to them, the Ministers were mainly dependent on Mr. O'Connell and the sixty Irish members who voted under his direction, and, in the political slang of the day, composed his tail. The precise value of this support, either in concessions to the demands of Ireland at large, or in patronage for Mr. O'Connell and the other Irish members, became a very nice question. On the one hand, it was clear that the Ministers could not exist without his support, and therefore they ought to pay something for it; on the other hand, Mr. O'Connell had no other market (for the Tories could not in any way have made use of him), and therefore it was unnecessary to pay a great deal. This, however, by the way:—H.B. is a commentator on the feeling or opinion most prevalent at the moment which he seizes for his design, and at this moment Ministers appeared to be very much under the control of Mr. O'Connell. Lord Melbourne, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Duncannon, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Morpeth, and Lord Palmerston are the scholars, and Mr. O'Connell is the master. He is teaching them the lesson that he desires them to learn, and which is indicated by the paper before him. The question of "*Repeal of the Union*" has always been his *dernier resort*, and it very appropriately appears behind him as his final argument.

CCCCXXXIII.

MY LAST NEW STEP.

The Duke of Devonshire has long maintained a position at the head, or more properly speaking, in the centre of refined and polished society; Devonshire-house being the nucleus round which circles all that is pure,

elegant, and select in British aristocracy. The occasion of this sketch was a current *on dit*, that he had brought a new step from Paris, and practised it before some of the ladies whose presence confers grace and honour upon his assemblies.

CCCCXXXIV.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

The subject of this sketch is the *vexata questio* of Irish Municipal Reform. The preamble to the Bill which the Government introduced, for the purpose of reforming the Irish Corporations, set forth that they were the cause of great discontent, and the source of much mischief; that having been established as bulwarks for the protection of the Protestant party, they were highly offensive to the Catholics; and thereupon it was proposed to introduce into them such reforms as would admit all parties to corporate rights and privileges, without distinction of religion. The opposition party met this Bill by admitting all the evils described in the preamble, but proposing a different remedy. "At present," said they, "the corporations are a scourge inflicted by Protestants upon Catholics, but the proposed Bill will be a still greater scourge to be inflicted by Catholics upon Protestants. Our remedy is to do away with corporations altogether, and provide for their duties in some other way." This stab at the existence of Municipal Corporations in Ireland, is here compared to the assassination of Cæsar, who is personated by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The conspirators are the leaders of the opposition. The Duke of Wellington, who is most conspicuous, and stands out boldly with his dagger (the Lords' amendments) in his hand, is most probably intended for Brutus. Under his right arm Lord Stanley

creeps, and on the other side Lord Lyndhurst is rushing in. Behind are Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Egerton, and Sir Robert Graham. The civic Cæsar is ludicrously represented as falling at the feet, or foot (for one only remains,) of the statue of King William, of pious and immortal memory, which was mysteriously blown up with gunpowder and destroyed on the night of the 7th of April, 1836.

CCCCXXXV.

FRIAR TUCK AND LITTLE JOHN AGAIN.

In explaining this sketch, it is necessary to give the conclusion of the story of the Carlow affair (*See* Nos. CCCCXXVIII. and CCCCXXIX). It was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Hardy, the member for Bradford, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the circumstances, and report thereon to the House. Their report acquitted Mr. O'Connell of all pecuniary turpitude, while it admitted that the circumstances were such as very naturally gave birth to suspicion. Shortly after this report was made, Mr. Hardy called the attention of the House to the subject, and proposed a resolution to the effect, that Mr. O'Connell had been guilty of a breach of privilege. This motion is the river over which Mr. O'Connell, as Friar Tuck, desires to be carried by Little John, alias Lord John Russell, in requital of similar services previously done and performed. And that Lord John did well and truly answer to the call so made upon him, as well and as truly as Little John carried the Friar, appears by the fact, that he moved, as an amendment to Mr. Hardy's motion, a series of resolutions wholly exculpating Mr. O'Connell, which were carried by a considerable majority.

CCCCXXXVI.

A CLASSICAL SUBJECT.

It was the following extract from a speech of Sir Robert Peel, on the 25th April, 1836, in a debate on the Irish Tithe Bill, which furnished the subject of this sketch. Speaking of the appropriation clause, he said, "that the promise of the noble Lord (Morpeth) to submit a mere formal resolution, did not imply that His Majesty's government were prepared to abandon their former pledge. [*hear, hear.*] At the same time, he could not help feeling that there was something in the expressions used by the noble Lord that might, with reference to that part of the question, particularly where he mentioned his inability to shake it off,—[*great laughter*] there was something in the expression and significant action with which that expression was accompanied, and which was formed according to the models of the ablest orators, that convinced him that he would have fled if he could from the embarrassment of that question. The noble Lord's manner and appearance, during that part of the speech, reminded him strongly of the graphic picture drawn by Horace when he says,

> Demitto auriculas ut iniquæ mentis asellus,
> Cum gravius dorso subiit onus."

Lord Morpeth having the charge of bringing in and carrying through its several stages the measure alluded to, is aptly represented as the *asellus iniquæ mentis,* or vicious donkey; and although his rider, Lord John Russell, looks not much like a *gravius onus,* yet, on closer inspection, it will be seen that his unsparing driver, Mr. O'Connell, has fixed him into the appropriation clause by way of chair, which all the kingdom knows was too great a load for

any minister to carry, and which has been ultimately kicked off. Sir Robert Peel, with Lord Stanley looking over his shoulder, is enjoying the agonies of the poor creature, whose ears are painfully expressive.

CCCCXXXVII.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

This sketch alludes to the action brought by the Honourable Mr. Norton against Lord Melbourne, the circumstances of which are now so fresh in public recollection, that it is unnecessary to relate them; and it is to be hoped will, in a few years, be so deservedly forgotten that it would be sheer malevolence to revive them. There happened, about this period, to be a Great Eclipse of the Sun, and it was a happy thought of H. B. to connect the two circumstances in this sketch, and to represent Lord Melbourne, whose character while the action was pending might be said to be obscured by the charge brought against him, as the sun, during the eclipse; his radiance hidden by the interposition of Diana. But the eclipse passed away, in the ordinary course of nature, and the verdict of a jury cleared the character of Lord Melbourne from the imputation which had been cast upon it.

CCCCXXXVIII.

A MISREPRESENTATION OF THE GHOST SCENE IN HAMLET.

Let the reader look back to No. CCCCXXXII. (the Irish Tutor), and he will there find that Mr. O'Connell carries in his pocket a pretty considerable rod bearing the inscription of Repeal, and to this "last argument" he has always had recourse when defeated in any particular

attempt. This is another exemplification of the same "*Da Capo*" movement. The House of Lords, evincing no intention to give up the Protestant party in Ireland as a sacrifice to the Catholics, which, they contended, would be the inevitable result of the Government Municipal Corporation Bill, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to his "more removed ground" of Repeal, and is here represented as inviting Lord Melbourne to follow him, which his Lordship seems very much inclined to do, notwithstanding the opposite counsel of Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Wellington. When we see a nobleman of high rank and large possessions, of cultivated manners, refined taste, and liberal education, so moon-struck as to be willingly led

"to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er its base into the Sea;"

we are tempted to exclaim—

"Something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

This, by the way, is a quotation so well hackney'd that it is hardly conceivable how any one can have lived to man's estate without being familiar with it. Yet such may be the case. In the year 1825, well known as "the panic year," the writer was discussing the currency question with a banker of some eminence in the North of England, and a member of the Society of Friends; and, in the course of the conversation, forgetting that the education of a quaker might not have led him into Shakspeare, he happened to repeat the line

Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

"Eh!" said the quaker,—after a pause,—in which his countenance shewed that he was considerably at a loss, "what dost thou think Denmark hath to do with our monetary concerns?"

CCCCXXXIX.

SERPENT CHARMERS.

This sketch was suggested by the following passage in a speech of Sir George Sinclair (Member for Caithness,) on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, 19th May, 1836. It was a charge against the Ministers, often repeated by the opposition papers, that they obtained the support necessary to keep them in power, by tampering with the avowed enemies of the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, and the Church, and thus exposed the institutions of the country, which they themselves professed to revere, to the danger of destruction from their declared enemies, if, by any unforeseen circumstances, it should happen that the power of this hostile party should become too great for controul. Pursuing this train of invective, Sir George Sinclair said :—

"His Majesty's Ministers reminded him of a body of Indian jugglers who exhibited in this city. They had a basket full of live snakes which they opened during a part of their performance, and these reptiles crawled forth and wound themselves round their legs, thighs, and other parts of their body without injurying them. These men enjoyed perfect impunity with those noxious animals, which it were death for another to touch. So it was with His Majesty's Ministers and the Radicals."

The principal charmer is Lord John Russell, and the great serpent darting his tongue into his Lordship's ear is Mr. O'Connell. Round the right arm of his Lordship is a serpent with the head of Mr. Hume, opposite to which is a head resembling that of Mr. Shiel. That very spruce little charmer, playing a pipe as he sits cross-legged on

the ground, is Mr. Spring Rice, and the other who leans over the wall is Lord Morpeth.

CCCCXL.

A BATTERING TRAIN.

This sketch most happily shews how much sincerity lay in the countenance that Ministers affected to give to the threats of Mr. O'Connell, against the existence of the House of Lords, after the opposition given by their Lordships to those measures which, though approved of by the Commons, were deemed prejudicial to the established institutions of the country. It is not necessary to read the labels issuing from the mouths of the batterers to be assured that "it is all a sham,"—when we see among them not only the Lord Chancellor, Lord Glenelg, Lord Holland, Lord Duncannon, and the Marquess of Lansdowne, themselves members of the threatened house, and among whom is one (we will not name him,) of the most aristocratic of his order, but likewise Mr. Spring Rice, an aspirant after the dignity of a peerage which he since obtained by the title of Baron Monteagle, Lord Morpeth, the heir to the Earldom of Carlisle, and Lord John Russell, a possible Duke of Bedford. It is almost superfluous to add, that the person who leans over the battlements, and bids defiance to the assailants, is the Duke of Wellington, and he who looks on from behind with equal indifference is Lord Lyndhurst.

CCCCXLI.

INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION.

Sir Charles Wetherell is reported to have said of Lord

Brougham, that he knew a little of everything but Law. Of the profundity of his knowledge, few persons, comparatively, are able to pronounce an opinion, but all must admire the extraordinary versatility of his talent. In this respect he far surpasses all his cotemporaries; for although the Reverend Sydney Smith has commended Lord John Russell for the moral courage which induces him to consider even the most time-hardened of our social institutions as mere plastic clay in his all-powerful hands, and which renders him so confident of success in every undertaking, however difficult and various, that he would "perform the operation for the stone,—or build St. Peter's —or take the command of the Channel Fleet,—with equal indifference,"—still the living proofs of the extent and versatility of Lord Brougham's acquirements and talents are so numerous as to entitle *him* to the pre-eminence.

Look at the natural philosopher and late Lord Chancellor as here represented; his unpretending hat, his hands stuck in the pockets of his loose top-coat, his easy careless attitude and manner! who would not take him for a bred and born grazier, just descended from the roof of the Boston coach, booted, great coated, and comfortered, as required for a night journey outside? He looks at the beast with the eye of a connoisseur; he is calculating its weight and value per stone, (to sink the offal,) and in less than a minute his left hand will be upon its back, and his right will be groping for the fat about the kidneys. Who would suppose that such a man had sat in that august seat which had been filled by Becket and Wolsey, and More and Bacon, and (to come at once to modern times) by Thurlow and Eldon? Where is the connecting link between things apparently so unlike? H. B. has found it in the "Discourse on Natural Theology by Lord

Brougham and Vaux," dedicated to Earl Spencer in the following terms :—

"I inscribe the fruits of these studies to you, not merely as a token of ancient friendship,—for that you do not require; nor because I always have found you, whether in possession or in resistance of power, a fellow-labourer to maintain our common principles, alike firm, faithful, and disinterested;—for your known public character wants no testimony from me; nor yet because a work on such a subject needs the patronage of a great name,—for it would be affectation in me to pretend any such motive;—but because you have devoted much of your time to such inquiries,—are, beyond most men, sensible of their importance,—concur generally in the principles which I profess to maintain;—and had even formed the design of giving to the world your thoughts upon the subject, as I hope and trust you now will be moved to do all the more for the present address."

The clean waistcoat and white cords of the noble Earl who owns the fat ox, shew him to be a gentleman breeder. Since his retirement from the turmoil of political life, he seems to be qualifying for the character of a cattle-feeder upon the Johnsonian principle.

"Who feeds fat oxen should himself be fat."

CCCCXLII.

A PITIFUL-LOOKING GROUP.

Mr. O'Connell being unseated, as Member for Dublin, by the Report of the Committee appointed to try the merits of the election, a meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern was called by his political friends to get up a subscription for the purpose of defraying the very

heavy expense which he had incurred in attempting to retain his seat. The exhibition of an owl, or some other tame bird or beast was, at that time, no uncommon accompaniment to an itinerant organ; and the part is here performed by Mr. Warburton, who assisted very prominently at the meeting, and who is sufficiently oracular with his party to deserve to be typified by Minerva's bird. Mr. Hume took the chair on that occasion, and is accordingly represented as the begging dog. Behind is the Duke of Bedford, in the act of putting his hand into his pocket for the £100 which, according to the newspaper reports, he really gave to the subscription; a piece of munificence (or anything else which the reader may choose to call it,) which seems to be prompted by his son Lord John Russell.

CCCCXLIII.

ASTONISHING EXHIBITION.—BEDOUIN ARABS OUTDONE.

A party of Bedouin Arabs, about this time, astonished the town by the exhibition of their extraordinary feats of strength and activity. This sketch represents one of their performances; and, by the substitution of Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and Lord John Russell, for three of the Arabs, serves, at the same time, to shew the actual position of the Ministry, which is here embodied in the person of the last-named performer. Persons who judge by ordinary *criteria*, may think the small gentleman's situation a very insecure one; and hence it has happened that the Conservatives have been constantly announcing the approach of his downfall, which, nevertheless, has not yet happened, and is not more probable now than four years ago.

CCCCXLIV.

BEGGARY AND INDEPENDENCE.

On the division in the House of Commons upon the Government Irish Tithe Bill, Mr. D. W. Harvey voted against the Ministers; and, as he had always declared himself hostile to a Church Establishment, he was accused of inconsistency in voting against a Bill, which was to reduce the Church Establishment in Ireland. But it is only justice to Mr. Harvey to state, that the objection which he made to the Bill was, not that it took something away from the Irish Church, but that it made what was left much more secure than it had ever been before. Mr. O'Connell, however, publicly censured his conduct, and the electors of Southwark, not appreciating the motive for the vote, called him to account, in consequence of which, he addressed a public meeting of the electors in a speech, containing the following passage, by way of retort on Mr. O'Connell's censure:—"He had ever been an independent man; he had suffered much by his unbending firmness in asserting his principles at all times; but although his fortune had been thereby affected, he had never thought of, and never should think of, calling upon the public to subscribe for his domestic wants. He should disdain such a course; and if discarded from Southwark, sooner than beg assistance from public charity, he would hang a placard round his neck inscribed, 'Formerly member for Colchester, and late for Southwark,' and thus go and sweep the crossings for the Members of Parliament."

The likenesses of Mr. Harvey, as the crossing-sweeper, and Mr. O'Connell, as the begging Member of Parliament, are excellent.

CCCCXLV.

DEFICIENCY AND SURPLUS.

On a personal comparison with Mr. Pattison, the governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is sadly deficient; while of Mr. Pattison there is a surplus of the "too too solid flesh." Of the condition of the Bank itself, it would be obviously improper to say anything; but that the Exchequer was in a state of deficiency, all through the Chancellorship of Mr. Spring Rice, is notorious.

CCCCXLVI.

A GENTLE WARNING.

Whatever bargain might have been made between Ministers and Mr. O'Connell for such measures as he and his friends should desire, the House of Lords seemed resolved that they would be no party to them; and so fast as the Bills relating to Irish Tithes, Irish Corporations, &c. were passed in the House of Commons, and sent forward to the Upper House, did the Upper House send them down again mutilated and metamorphosed, so that the Commons were ashamed to adopt them. To represent this state of things, H.B. has converted Lords Morpeth and John Russell into bill-stickers, plastering their Bills upon the House of Lords; the Conservative leader of which, the Duke of Wellington, is very unceremoniously pulling them down and tearing them to pieces, while his assistant, Lord Lyndhurst, writes up a caution to the stickers to discontinue the practice.

CCCCXLVII.

THE RIVAL NEWSMONGERS.

The advocates of the repeal of the Stamp Duty on newspapers contended that the mere diminution of the price of the papers, and consequent increase of the extent over which such knowledge as they contained would be spread, were not the only results that would follow upon the measure, but that an entirely new description of papers would be called into existence, and the public released from the mental bondage in which they were unhappily held by the great capitalists, to whom the leading journals of the day belonged. Why these wonderful prophecies were never fulfilled, it is not our business to inquire; suffice it to say, they never were. But that such things were anticipated by certain persons of more enthusiasm than common sense, this sketch will remain a testimonial. The principal men of all parties are here represented, each as endeavouring to force the sale of his own paper. The scene is the Elephant and Castle, and the Union Coach is indicated no less by the name painted on the back than by the three outside passengers;—John Bull full of beef, beer, and good-nature, Sawney in his bonnet and plaid, and Paddy, in a very bad hat, listening to the voice of Mr. O'Connell. Close to Mr. O'Connell is Mr. Roebuck, and behind him Mr. Hume. The Don Whiskerandos, who looks into the coach-window, is Sir Roger Gresley; and he who holds up his paper to John Bull, is the Marquess of Londonderry. Lord Melbourne appears as the driver of the coach, and Lord John Russell as the hostler.

CCCCXLVIII.

SHARP PRACTICE.

Few persons will require to be reminded of Baron Munchausen's account of the manner in which he caught in his hands the shots from a battery, and, throwing them back again with yet greater force, came off victorious. The Duke of Wellington is the Baron, who takes his stand on the besieged House of Lords, and not merely returns the shots which are aimed at it by the besiegers, Lord John Russell, Mr. O'Connell, and Lord Morpeth, but outdoes Munchausen, by sending back the same shots more heavy and destructive than when they were first fired. The labels on the shots explain the allusion.

CCCCXLIX.

POPULAR DANCE IN FETTERS.

In No. CCCCXXIV. we had a representation of "Servitude that hugs her chain;" but a hornpipe in fetters implies not merely a marvellous love of confinement, but a positive glory in it. The performer does not appear to be the only person who glories in his situation; for the owner of the small hat seems to enjoy the performances, and the bulky by-stander, with his hands in the pockets of his blue frock, has already put his feet into the right position, and only waits for a clear stage to take his turn at the figure.

The reader is, no doubt, too well acquainted with the Beggar's Opera, to require to be told that the dancer is Filch in the likeness of Lord John Russell; that Mr. O'Connell, on the left, represents Peachum; and Mr. Hume, on the right, Lockitt. Three of the group behind

bear resemblance to Cabinet Ministers; the second and third, on the left, look like Mr. Spring Rice and Lord Morpeth; and the bulky man, on the right, has the countenance of Lord Melbourne. This sketch merely follows up the often-repeated charge that Ministers wore the chains of Mr. O'Connell.

CCCCL.

A RISING STATESMAN.

The Marquess of Clanricarde, who is now the representative of Her Britannic Majesty at the Court of the Emperor of Russia, and who, at the date of this sketch, was accustomed to take a part in the debates in the House of Lords, took a seat in the car with Mr. Green, the celebrated æronaut, on one of his trips into the "regions above."

CCCCLI.

HOUNDS ON A WRONG SCENT.

In a debate in the House of Lords on the Newspaper Duty, Lord Lyndhurst expressed an opinion in favour of abolishing the tax altogether. When the Bill was returned to the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked on what had fallen from Lord Lyndhurst, in the following words:—"Before he sat down, he could not omit referring to certain insinuations which had been thrown out on this subject, and that, in a quarter where he had certainly least of all expected to hear them. He certainly was hardly prepared to hear parties, who had hitherto opposed any reduction at all in stamp duties upon newspapers, now holding out a sort of promise, or professing an inclination for the total abolition of those duties. [*hear, hear.*] This was a bait which he was somewhat surprised to see held

out; and if those who held it forth, were men who knew anything of the sports of the field, and knew what was meant by a false drag—[*hear, hear, and a laugh*]—if they were aware of the use of a red herring in this way, in order to get the hounds off the real scent; and if they knew also by whom such expedients were usually resorted to, they would spare him (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) from further characterising their conduct on this occasion. All he would say was, let not the parties he had referred to take up the course of the poacher on the present occasion, and impede him in the course of public utility, which he was now called upon by his duty to take up, by holding out hopes and throwing out suggestions, which they all the while knew would never be realized. [*cheers.*]

The Duke of Wellington is the mischievous old sportsman, using Lord Lyndhurst as a *false drag*. The hounds are Mr. Hume, Mr. Wakley, and Mr. T. Duncombe; the ministers, Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. S. Rice,) are the huntsmen, calling the hounds off the false scent; the latter uses his whip among them as an additional persuader.

CCCCLII.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

It has been stated in the illustrations of Nos. CCCCXL. and CCCCXLVI., that the House of Lords made no scruple of rejecting those measures which appeared to have been brought forward by Ministers, to conciliate the extreme Radical and Irish parties; or, (to use an expression which may be a metaphor or a pun, as the reader's taste will dispose him to regard it) the House of Lords hesitated not to *dishonour* whatever *bills* the Ministers drew upon the legislature, to pay for the support which was yielded to

them by the parties above mentioned. This conduct on the part of the Upper House, acting under the leadership of the Duke of Wellington, and with the assistance of Lord Lyndhurst, is here represented as the Murder of the Innocents. The ground is strewed with the mutilated forms, or mangled remains, of the offspring of the connection between the Whig and Radical parties; the Duke of Wellington is issuing his sanguinary orders for their indiscriminate slaughter, which orders the ruthless Lord Lyndhurst appears but too expert in carrying into execution. On their knees, upon the bare and bloody earth, the one with arm outstretched, imploring mercy, the other despairing to find it in human breasts, casting up their eyes in a silent appeal to Heaven, we see Lord Cottenham and the late Lord Holland. In the doorway are Lords Lansdowne, Melbourne, and Plunket, seeking safety by withdrawing; but the inexorable Lords Wharncliffe and Ellenborough are close upon them, the former dragging forth a favourite bantling, only to glut his appetite for vengeance, by adding it to the lifeless heap below.

CCCCLIII.

DESCENT OF THE GREAT BALLOON.

Ministers having been carried aloft by the assistance of Mr. O'Connell and his Irish influence, it would follow, as a matter of course, that with the decline of his popularity they should sink. The inscriptions on the several labels render any further explanation of this sketch unnecessary.

CCCCLIV.

SPANISH DILIGENCE.

This sketch is intended to exhibit the state of Spanish

affairs at the period at which it is dated. The diligence which is driven by Lord Palmerston as coachman, and Lord John Russell as postillion, and is carrying the Queen of Spain and her infant daughter in front, the King of Portugal in the middle, the King of the French behind, and John Bull on the roof, represents the Quadruple Alliance. It is sticking fast in a slough, from which the cattle seem very ill-calculated to extricate it, and Louis Philippe, with characteristic prudence and foresight, is seizing the favourable opportunity of getting out of it.

Some little time after the date of this sketch, and when the affairs of Spain had recovered a little, the late Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses, was walking on the Parade at Brighton, where he was staying for the improvement of his health, then fast declining, and happening to meet a friend, whose looks indicated something of an agreeable nature, Smith raised his languid head, and inquired the news. "Good news from Spain," was the reply, "the Spaniards have succeeded in getting their constitution of 1812." "I give them much joy," said poor Smith, "and I wish to God that I had *my* constitution of 1812."

CCCCLV.

ATTACKING JOHN ON HIS WEAK SIDE.

During every recess the Conservative party keep up a succession of dinners in different parts of the kingdom, which are thought to be highly useful, if not even absolutely necessary, to keep the party together. Except that of Colonel Sibthorpe, who stands up on the left-hand of the party, and the Earl of Wilton, there are no portraits in this sketch.

CCCCLVI.

IRISH POUCHA.

The following is the account of the Pooka, or Poucha, from Heath's Picturesque Annual:—

"One of the most curious of the Irish preternatural beings is the Pooka, an eccentric sprite, who lies in wait for the passers-by, generally at the edge of some desert, common, or morass, in the shape of a shaggy unkempt horse, and starting up between his legs, bears him off with the speed of the wind. In vain the involuntary rider attempts to throw himself down when passing a piece of soft ground. He continues, in spite of his teeth, to sit bolt upright; even when the route lies through a quick-set hedge, or grazes along a rugged wall. Onward flies the malicious beast, snorting, kicking, flinging, but withal, pressing straight on as if he were riding a steeple chase. A precipice, at length, presents itself in the distance of at least a thousand feet, sheer down into the glen, and the headlong haste of the beast redoubles. Swearing, praying, and sweating, had hitherto been sufficiently employed to prevent his mind from sinking under the terrors of his situation; but at this spectacle, the perspiration dries upon his limbs, his strained muscles relax, his eyes close, and he only feels that he is nearing the inevitable gulf with fiery speed, when just as they touch the brink of the cliff, the beast turns sharply away, and continues his flight along the uneven edge. Thus do they ride, the ill-assorted pair, the live-long night; and the Pooka, as fresh as at the out-set, seems only in the middle of his sport, when the crow of a cock arrests him as he flies. With a tremendous fling he dismounts his fare in an instant, and the traveller finds himself floundering in a bog and alone."

The reader will scarcely need to be told that the mischievous and dangerous "preternatural being" is Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and that the miserable and terrified pair, whom he is hurrying towards the brink of the precipice with such frightful rapidity, are Lord Mulgrave (now Marquess of Normanby), the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Morpeth, his secretary.

CCCCLVII.

SATAN, *alias* THE ARCH-AGITATOR.

If Mr. O'Connell be "the verra deil," as some persons appear to think, he is never so Satanic as when he mounts the platform at the Corn Exchange in Dublin; and in proportion as his comb has been cut in England, does he crow with lusty strength when he gets back again to his own dunghill, where this sketch represents him. Whether Mr. Shiel, who stands beside, be intended for Belial, or Beelzebub, or Mammon, or Moloch, or whom else of—

> ——— "the many tongued powers
> That led the embattled Irishmen to war,"

is left to conjecture.

CCCCLVIII.

A SCENE FROM HUDIBRAS.

This sketch, which institutes a close comparison of Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Sharman Crawford, member for Dundalk, to Hudibras, and his squire Ralpho, alludes to the differences between the two gentlemen first named, on the subject of Irish Tithes. Mr. Crawford, not being satisfied with Mr. O'Connell's policy of taking "justice to Ireland" by instalments, more especially with the condition annexed, of rendering the remainder more difficult to be obtained,

came to an open rupture with his quondam friend, and, as it usually happens in such cases, afforded materials for their common adversaries to make use of against both of them. They are accordingly represented as set fast by the churchwardens "Wellington and Lyndhurst," on account of their attacks upon the Irish church, and as spending the period of their punishment in mutual revilings, in imitation of their prototypes Hudibras and Ralpho.

CCCCLIX.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 1.

Pandora's box would have been a *bon-bon* in comparison with the pie which the good old King, William IV., has just opened; nor can it be doubted that, full as it is of all sorts of unclean birds, the three servants of His Majesty, Lord Melbourne, who sets the dainty dish before him, and Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth, who wait at a distance, have each had a finger in it. There cannot be a more admirable portrait of the admiring Monarch. It is life itself.

CCCCLX.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 2.

Lord Grey, with the assistance of Lord Brougham, *vide* the broom, undertaking to cleanse the British constitution of its time-grown imperfections, is the solemn interpretation of this sketch. And the old nursery story is *a-propos* enough to the occasion. Whatever imperfections they had discovered from below were somewhat above their reach. They did, indeed, "kick up a fine dust;" but the Tories say that, like unskilful and slovenly housemaids, they pretended to make all clean, when, in fact, they only swept the dirt out of one corner into another.

CCCCLXI.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 3.

It is hard to say which is the baker and which the baker's man. Lord Melbourne manages the oven, and Mr. O'Connell kneads the dough, out of which he has fashioned an Irish Tithe-Bill cake, and an Irish Corporation cake, and now desires to have them baked. Public opinion, which is the breath of a minister's nostrils, is the material which supplies combustion to the fuel of his oven; and so great has been the draught, or current of air in this direction, that combustion has gone on increasing in degree down to the present moment; and the oven, which was too hot for the cakes in 1836, is still too hot for one of them, the which has now grown sour, and, in fact, is spoiled, and not worth the price of the baking, while all the bakers and the bakers' men have only burned their fingers.

CCCCLXII.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 4.

The ragged-looking animals on the farther side of the Irish Channel, who are advancing, with Mr. O'Connell in their front, like an old bell-wether, are part of the flock which Lord John Russell folds as leader of the House. The sheep are not lost, as poor little Bo-peep supposes; they are making their annual migration to their native plains, where they delight to run wild, and disport themselves, each after his own peculiar fancy, until they have run down the fat, and run off the wool, obtained in our richer pasturages; after which they return as lean stock, to be brought into condition again.

CCCCLXIII.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 5.

This firm, compact, smooth, and precipitous wall, must be the wall of the Court of Chancery. The song tells us that Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall, but it does not tell us how he got there. That he sat upon it, however, is well known, as likewise that he had a great fall. His successor (Lord Cottenham) seems, by his attitude, to have some sort of footing on the other side, and we may suppose that he stands on the uppermost step of the legitimate ladder of legal acquirements; but Lord Brougham is on the wrong side of the wall for the ladder, and that being the case, and looking also at the nature of the wall, one may pretty-safely trust in the truth of the prophecy, that he will never be up there again.

CCCCLXIV.

NURSERY RHYMES, *No.* 6.

History does not tell us that King Charles, when he took refuge in the Boscobel oak, felt his situation so secure that he took a nap there; but his successors, falling upon more quiet times, have since reposed in safety in the arms of the British oak, planted on Constitution Hill. There is something very touching in the comparison of the confiding and artless character of William IV. to the simplicity of an infant; but the office of rocking his cradle is somewhat rudely performed by the three boisterous spirits (Lord John Russell, Mr. O'Connell, and Lord Melbourne) whose faces, like those of "*Libs, Notus,* and *Auster,*" appear in the dark cloud above.

CCCCLXV.

DOCTOR SYNTAX ON HIS HUMBLE BUT FAITHFUL STEED, IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

Few persons are unacquainted with the adventures of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque, an exceedingly-humourous poem published by Ackerman. The comparison, instituted in this sketch, of Sir Robert Peel to the learned hero of the poem, was suggested by the following extract from his speech at Glasgow University on the occasion of his being installed Lord Rector, in January 1837 :—"I am not a stranger to Glasgow. No, when my education was completed, I burnt with anxiety to see Scotland. I came to this city, I wished to see something of Scotland which I could not have seen from the windows of a luxurious carriage; I wished to see other habits and manners of life than those which the magnificent hospitable castles of the nobility presented. Yes, in Glasgow I hired an humble but faithful steed; I travelled partly on horseback and partly on foot through almost every county that lies southern of Inverness; I have read the map of Scotland upon the great scale of nature, from the summits of Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond; I have visited that island, whence savage and roaming bards derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. Yes, amid the ruins of Iona I have abjured the rigid philosophy which would conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, by bravery, and by virtue. I have stood on the shores of Staffa,—I have seen the temple not built with hands,—I have seen the mighty swell of the

ocean,—the waves of the great Atlantic beating in its inmost recesses, and swelling notes of praise nobler than any that ever pealed from human organs. I have lived on the banks of the Spey,—two autumns have I spent on the margin of that river; I want no guide to the mountains and Glens of Badenoch; I could find my way tomorrow from Corriarick to Loch Logan; many a day have I climbed the mountain side with no other companion than a Highland shepherd; many an hour have I passed in converse with him, listening to his simple annals and artless views of human life."

CCCCLXVI.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM HUDIBRAS.

Mr. O'Connell, again in the character of Hudibras, and Mr. Sharman Crawford as Ralpho. It may be seen by the Irish papers about this date, that Mr. Crawford dissented from the doctrine of Mr. O'Connell that the Irish Members should accept the Government Tithe-Bill as an "instalment" of justice to Ireland; and that, in consequence of a resolution on this subject, passed by his constituents, and which Mr. Crawford declared to amount to this simple instruction, "obey O'Connell,"—he tendered a resignation of his seat for Dundalk.

There is certainly some resemblance,—in their relative characters more than in the situation and circumstances,—between Messrs. O'Connell and Crawford on the one hand, and Hudibras and his Squire on the other. The occasion is one on which, as Hudibras expresses it, the pair were likely "to pull a crow." The scene is taken from Part II., Canto II., verses from 489 to 508; but the reader, if he be well acquainted with this the wittiest of

all the witty poems that ever were penned, will not fail to remark that the speeches are reversed.

CCCCLXVII.

THE *MUTE*-ABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

In the beginning of the year 1837 an endemic disease prevailed in England, and more especially in London, under the name of Influenza, and occasioned a very great mortality. The endemic disease, however, which has proved fatal to the defunct in the present sketch, is the love of change, equally prevalent among all ranks of society, about the same period. Lord John Russell (on the left) and Mr. Spring Rice (on the right) are the two mutes employed to do the lugubrious, proper to such occasions, and their grief is doubtless as poignant as that of the ordinary functionaries appointed for the office.

CCCCLXVIII.

DON CARLOS AND THE INQUISITION IN LONDON.

In January, 1837, the Chief-Magistrate at Bow-Street (Sir Frederick A. Roe,) was engaged, by order of Lord John Russell, in investigating a most marvellous tale told by a Spanish lady, of the name of Josefina Carillo Albernez, of her having been to a certain house in the city where she was blindfolded and led into a room filled by persons, who were holding a kind of political inquisition in the name of Don Carlos. The extraordinary circumstances of her story, which, so far as might be concluded from the appearances of the lady herself, there was no reason to doubt, excited a great deal of attention, and though the inquiries of Sir F. Roe ended in exposing the

entire fabrication of the tale, it was a very fit occasion for H.B. to disport, after his usual manner of ingrafting a political joke, upon every subject of public interest that is at all calculated to bear one.

The Political Inquisition here sitting is composed of the Cabinet Ministers, with Mr. O'Connell for their President. On the left-hand are Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Glenelg (asleep), and Lord Palmerston. On the right-hand of the President is Lord Mulgrave, and immediately before him Lord Morpeth as the Secretary. On the opposite side are Lord John Russell (in a large Spanish hat), Mr. Spring Rice leaning forward, and Lord Duncannon leaning backwards, and Lord Melbourne,—and facing the president is Lord Cottenham, the Lord Chancellor of England, who is holding in his hand a list of denounced persons, whereon we see the names of Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel.

CCCCLXIX.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH, FROM WHICH IT IS PRESUMED HOGARTH TOOK HIS WELL-KNOWN PICTURE OF THE COCK-PIT.

It will be impossible to enjoy the humour of this sketch, however carefully and distinctly explained, without having a perfect recollection of Hogarth's Cock-Pit. The characters in that picture, some drawn from life, and some from an imagination as fertile and vigorous as ever artist possessed, have so much of truth and real life in them, that the great merit of this sketch consists in putting into their exact places, and furnishing with their identical clothes, looks, and attitudes, some of the best known among the frequenters of the modern Political

Cock-Pit. The arena of the contest is Ireland, and the cocks are Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. For Lord Albemarle Bertie, the leading figure in Hogarth's picture, we have John Bull occupying the centre of the front row. The lineal descendant of the Filch family, who, in the original, is taking advantage of a favourable opportunity for appropriating to his own exchequer one of his neighbour's bank-notes, is here represented in the likeness of Mr. Spring Rice, who, like his prototype, seems an adept in the business of fast and loose, equally ready to appropriate and to *drop the appropriation*, as circumstances require. The person who sits next to him on the right may be any one; but beyond him, still on the right, is a curious example of the "pressure from without" which broke down Earl Grey. A venerable gentleman, with a head as bald as Mr. Pickwick's, and a countenance exceedingly like that of Mr. Byng, the Member for Middlesex, appears shockingly oppressed by the burthen of a broad-shouldered Scot, (Mr. Hume,) who, too zealous to regard ceremony or courtesy, pitches the whole of his avoirdupoise upon his friend before him, reminding us very forcibly of what took place at the Middlesex election about the same period, when he was charged with endeavouring to ride into Parliament upon the influence of Mr. Byng. (*See* No. CCCLXVIII.) The unhappy veteran, sinking under the load above, necessarily transfers some portion of it to the unfortunate wight who sits next below, and who, looking up through his eye-glass, with the countenance of Sir William Molesworth, seems to remonstrate with his evil fortune. The hero of the broom (Lord Brougham), who scowls on them from behind, is easily recognized, and the discontent and envy pourtrayed on his countenance contrast very strongly with the jolly cheeks of his successful rival for the great seal,

(Lord Cottenham,) who sits in the back row, wearing a cock-pit hat over his Westminster-Hall wig. Immediately under Lord Cottenham sits Lord Melbourne, looking like a respectable country gentleman, an admirer of the sport. An eager little figure, wearing on his head a kind of skull-cap, and who seems to be trying to catch the ear of John Bull, bears the likeness of Mr. Shiel, and above him, in a slouching hat, sits the Irish Secretary, Lord Morpeth. It is curious to observe how very desirous every individual round John Bull appears to be to gain his attention, and of those none more so than Mr. O'Connell, who, while laying hold of John's collar with one hand, stretches out the other with the most consummate coolness and familiarity to take a pinch of snuff out of Lord Mulgrave's box; thus scattering the snuff (query—throwing dust) into the eyes of the King, who sits below with a constable's staff in his hand. The Duke of Cumberland, wearing a sash across his body, is shrinking in disgust at the view of his brother's situation. In the left-hand corner Lord Lyndhurst is pointing to a guinea which he has thrown into the ring, and seems to be challenging some one to a bet. Next to him sits the Duke of Wellington, in a venerable hat, and looking on with great coolness. Close beside the Duke sits Sir Henry Hardinge, and, in the row behind Lord Wynford, is communicating with Lord Eldon, through the medium of an ear-trumpet. Lord Stanley, holding an empty purse in his hand, and Sir James Graham by his side, are judiciously placed apart from the other two parties, they having left the Whigs without having joined the Tories. Above the screen, on the right-hand, Sir Francis Burdett appears in the likeness of the old woman, who, in Hogarth's picture, is lighting her pipe at a little pot of charcoal, and Hogarth's figure of the big dog, looking over the screen, is here supplied by the head of Dr. Lushington.

CCCCLXX.

A SCENE FROM THE POPULAR FARCE OF TOM THUMB.

The dress and character of the renowned King Arthur are fitted, by the skill of H. B., to Lord Mulgrave, and the speech which he is uttering relates to circumstances which rendered his Lord-Lieutenantcy very remarkable. In a tour which he made through some of the most disturbed counties in the south, he exercised very freely the royal prerogative of mercy, releasing from the jails such prisoners as were represented to him to be most deserving of his clemency. In the attitude and expression of countenance of the Lord-Lieutenant, a spirit of resolution and defiance is visible; but Lord Grizzle's (or Morpeth's) look and manner are not so easily interpreted. The most probable meaning seems to be, that while he admires the depth of Lord Mulgrave's policy, he hints the necessity of caution,—compliments his own sagacity and penetration,—and comes to the conclusion that two such governors of Ireland the world never saw, and never will see again.

CCCCLXXI.

MARCH-OF-REFORM-MASTER OF CEREMONIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c.

Mr. Roebuck, late Member for Bath, appears in this sketch in the character so long, and with such high and deserved reputation, sustained by Mr. Nash, commonly known by the title of Beau Nash; and the person with whom he is exchanging civilities (much to the astonishment of Mr. Pratt, the door-keeper, who has been accus-

tomed to the plain and easy style of gentlemen who know how to distinguish between the House of Commons and a ball-room,) is Sir James Graham. The occasion of exhibiting Mr. Roebuck in this dress and character will be found in the following extract from a speech of Sir James Graham :—" Sir, I really address you with some difficulty ; I see so much agitation on the benches before me. I have also in my eye the Honourable and Learned Member for Bath, who read us last evening so pointed and useful a lecture on the mode and manner in which we should deliver our sentiments. He appeared almost in the character of a Master of the Ceremonies on the occasion, a very appropriate character for him to assume, representing, as he does, the ancient subjects of Beau Nash, that renowned king of Bladud. But notwithstanding what I have observed, and notwithstanding the sarcasm of this *Arbiter Deliciarum,*—I, confining myself to the rules of the House,—which you, Sir, will always be found ready to enforce, and which every gentleman at this side of the House will always be found anxious to maintain,—I will endeavour, with all the *frankness* and *plainness* which become a *Commoner of England,* to express my sentiments on the present occasion."

CCCCLXXII.

A STUDY FOR ROTTEN-ROW, HYDE-PARK.

The lady mounted on a pillion behind Mr. O'Connell, upon the back of a beast which seems in all respects perfectly Irish,—that is to say, very wild, very rough, very frisky,—very ill-fed, and very much over-burthened,—is one Mrs. Prunty, a female politician of no little importance. For the zeal and energy which she displayed at a contested election, and her services in bringing electors to

the poll, *nolentes volentes,* she received the public thanks of the liberal party, and was presented with a new pair of panniers, to enable her and her donkey to carry on, with greater credit and respectability, their daily avocations as itinerant merchants and dealers.

CCCCLXXIII.

A DYING SWAN.

In the debate on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, in the House of Commons on the 8th of February, 1837, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, who is here represented as the dying Swan, having replied to a very powerful speech of Sir James Graham's, was followed, and somewhat roughly handled, by Sir Robert Peel. The comparison of Sir John Cam Hobhouse to the dying Swan is contained in the following passage :—

"The Right Honourable Baronet has asked me—I think, rather improperly—what course I mean to pursue, when I receive an appointment which, till the Right Honourable Baronet himself spoke, I had not the slightest expectation of obtaining. As I doubt the Right Honourable Gentleman's authority or competence to confer the appointment, I must say I do not recognize his right to catechise me as to the principles I mean to follow on the contingency, which, till this night, I thought was a remote one; and now, what between his funeral speech—between the notes of the *dying Swan*—and his declaration that it is in vain for me to hope to be able to conduct the Government, the Right Honourable Gentleman has left me in complete doubt as to the position in which I really stand."

H.B. has admirably followed up Sir Robert Peel's image, and suited it with everything that is appropriate.

The expiring bird has retreated to a sedgy and secluded nook, and at the foot of a willow-tree

> "Which grows aslant the brook,
> And shews its hoar-leaves in the glassy stream,"

is turning up his eyes, and laying down his head, to die in music. Sir Robert Peel, from behind the tree, is witnessing the sorrowful scene.

CCCCLXXIV.

INTERESTING SITUATION OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The Baron Munchausen, being pursued by a lion, fortunately meets a crocodile running at him with open mouth. With wonderful presence of mind he slips aside, and the lion, unable to check himself, jumps down the crocodile's throat, and thus the Baron's enemies destroy each other, something after the manner of the well-known Kilkenny cats, which ate up each other all but their tails. The story is applied to the policy of the Government on the Canada question; Lord Stanley (the lion) urging the Ministers to a more vigorous and determined course, and Mr. Roebuck (the crocodile) reprobating the too great harshness of their proceedings, Mr. Spring Rice (the Baron) stands aside, and allows each to fight his battle against the other.

CCCCLXXV.

NEW PATENT SAFETY-CAB.

A new sort of hackney-cabriolet, of the fashion represented in this sketch, made its appearance in London streets about this time; and, as it was denominated "the Patent Safety-Cab," it appeared to H.B. a proper vehicle

for Lord John Russell to ride in, under the superintendence of Mr. O'Connell, who, since the second appointment of the Melbourne ministry, is always represented as driving them in whatever direction, and at whatever pace, he thinks proper.

CCCCLXXVI.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

This sketch is an adaptation of the celebrated Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, in the Dulwich Gallery. The Saint is Lord Viscount Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the name of St. Sebastian fitted him happily just at this time, on account of the expedition of General Sir de Lacy Evans to Spain, to assist the cause of the Queen against Don Carlos, Lord Palmerston having been very instrumental in getting up that expedition, and the British legion occupying at that time the fortress of St. Sebastian.

It happened that, at this period, the conduct of Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, was attacked in the House of Commons on several points, as represented by the inscriptions on the arrows with which he has been pierced.

CCCCLXXVII.

GOING TO THE FAIR WITH IT.

Nothing moderate gives satisfaction now—there must be excitement, and excitement is to be produced only by extravagance. *Nil admirari* may be a very good rule,

> "To make men happy, and to keep them so;"

but people do not want to be made happy; they would

rather be made to stare; and statesmen, if they wish to thrive, must take this truth for their guide.

This sketch exhibits Ministers in the act of performing, before a numerous assemblage, the extravagancies necessary to keep up excitement. The most conspicuous figure is Lord John Russell, balancing himself on a pole which bears the inscription of "Irish Corporation Bill—majority 80." His Lordship is manifestly so placed to represent that the whole administration depended for support on the measure referred to, and the majority in its favour. The ticklish trick of balancing the church is performed by Mr. Spring Rice, in allusion to the measures which he proposed with regard to church-rates. The other performer, (Mr. O'Connell,) though not strictly one of the administration, may be said to be one of their party, and his grand trick is the swallowing of the sword on which "Repeal" is inscribed. It is understood, however, that though he swallows the sword, he does not swallow the handle, but makes use of it to draw the sword out again, and flourish it over the heads of his foes as terrifically as ever. The bye-standers are all men of political importance. Beginning at the left-hand they are as follows—Lord Ebrington, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Joseph Hume, Lord Brougham, Mr. Roebuck, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir F. Burdett, John Bull, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Inglis, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and each of them is making some appropriate remark.

CCCCLXXVIII.

FANCY BALL—JIM CROW DANCE AND CHORUS.

In such a place as London there is always some pre-

vailing joke, or cant phrase, which reigns paramount for a season, till it becomes worn out, and is succeeded by something fresh; and, in nine cases out of ten, the phrase, or the joke, takes its rise from the stage. In 1837 Jim Crow was the fashion, and to "jump Jim Crow" was the favourite expression to signify any kind of inconsistency. It originated in a dramatic piece, played at the Adelphi Theatre, in which an American actor, Mr. Rice, performed the part of a negro, and sang a song describing all sorts of persons and things, and the facility with which he had accommodated himself to every change. The burthen of the song, which was accompanied by a peculiar dance, was very nearly as set forth in the sketch :—

"Turn about, and wheel about,
And do just so;
And every time I turn about
I jump Jim Crow."

If this sketch had contained every politician, from the time of Pharoah and Joseph, they might all have been joined in the dance of Jim Crow, for who is he on whom the charge of inconsistency may not be at some period affixed? Here are eleven of the leading men of modern days, and all brought to the same acknowledgment of Jim Crow-ism. Not to admire the spirit of the sketch, and the infinite variety of style which is observable in the dancers, each variety strikingly appropriate to the character of the performer, would be impossible.

In the left-hand corner is Lord Abinger, formerly Sir James Scarlett, and a Whig, till, tired of waiting for Whig-ascendancy, he *"jumped Jim Crow,"* and was made Attorney-General, by the Duke of Wellington, in the reign of George IV.

Next to him is Lord Stanley, a scion of an old Whig stock. His grandfather may be seen among the most

conspicuous of the Whig politicians, in the caricatures of Gilray, and his Lordship was a member of Lord Grey's reform government, and a Whig, "until the pressure from without" (Lord Grey's well-known expression) drove the Whigs into lengths which Lord Stanley was not prepared for, and then he "*jumped Jim Crow*," and took his seat on the opposition benches.

The jolly figure with an upturned face, to whom Lord Stanley is setting, is Sir James Graham. In former days, when toryism was predominant, Sir James went great lengths the other way, and his notions on the subject of the national debt were considered very heterodox. As a member of Lord Grey's cabinet he prudently suppressed all extravagant notions, and confined himself within proper Whig limits. The circumstances which produced the change in Lord Stanley operated in like manner upon Sir James Graham, and he took precisely the same opportunity to "*jump Jim Crow*."

Between these two, in the back-ground, is Lord Lyndhurst. It is said, that when a young man, and before he had entered on political life, he was ultra-latitudinarian in his political creed; and that, notwithstanding the strict truth of his assertion, that his *political life* has been consistently conservative, he did originally "*jump Jim Crow*."

The two figures occupying the centre of the fore-ground it is not possible to mistake. Lord Melbourne, who, when in office under Mr. Canning, made several speeches against reform in Parliament; who was next a member of Lord Grey's cabinet, by which reform was carried; who subsequently, as Prime-Minister, went much greater lengths towards democracy than either Lord Grey or Lord Althorp would venture to go; and, finally, if he did not actually make, yet consented to enjoy the advantage of, an alliance with Mr. O'Connell, the sworn

enemy of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and the advocate of a repeal of the union;—Lord Melbourne has "*jumped Jim Crow*" as high as any of them; but his aristocratic and courtly sensibilities are evidently shocked at finding that his jumping Jim Crow has at length brought him into close contact with the "Irish Agitator," and he turns in disgust from the "individual" who, with his thumb to his nose, and his left-arm stuck in his side, lets him see that it is too late to be squeamish when he has become dependent. The attitude of Mr. O'Connell is admirable; one can almost fancy that the right leg moves, so perfectly does it express the act of that well-known movement called "toeing it and heeling it." If being always inconsistent be not such a degree of consistency as constitutes an exemption from the charge, Mr. O'Connell has, all his life, been "*jumping Jim Crow.*"

Vis-a-vis, in the centre of the back-ground, are the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. "Surely," will some hasty Conservative exclaim, "these two should have been omitted; have they not been throughout undeviating Conservatives?" Alas! no:—for years did the Duke of Wellington vote against Catholic emancipation, and for years was Sir Robert Peel the chosen champion of the opposition to this great measure, yet it was carried at last by this very pair of Ministers, and properly has H.B. placed them in a position to make mutual acknowledgments of having "*jumped Jim Crow.*"

That lean performer, on the right, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, enjoying, as it seems, *a pas seul,* is Sir Francis Burdett. It is not many years ago since he was drawn through the City of Westminster in a triumphal car, decorated with every thing symbolical of liberty and popularity, and preceded by a banner, on which was inscribed "Westminster's Pride and England's Glory."

And now—but the tale is told at Nos. CCCCLXXXII., CCCCLXXXIII., CCCCLXXXV., CCCCLXXXVI., &c.—the worthy baronet still contends that he has been consistent; but every one else is satisfied that he, like the rest, has *"jumped Jim Crow."*

That very queer figure in the cocked hat is Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P. for Westminster. His attitude, like that of a person receiving corporal chastisement, very readily suggests the reason for including him among the group of jumpers. In obtaining the seat for Westminster, he triumphed over Sir John C. Hobhouse. Among other topics then touched upon, was that of flogging in the army, and Sir John C. Hobhouse being then Secretary-at-War, and unable, in that character, to carry out the professions of which he had once been so lavish with respect to the abolition of military punishment, General Evans shone by contrast a brilliant abolitionist. Nevertheless, when commanding the British legion at St. Sebastian, the General flogged his soldiers without any scruple, and H.B. has accordingly put him into his sketch as one of those who, when it suited their purpose, could *"jump Jim Crow."*

The next person is Lord John Russell, of whom it is enough to say that he, who brought the Reform Bill into the House of Commons, used formerly to sneer at every project of reform, and to compare himself to Aladdin, who was too sensible of the value of his old lamp to exchange it for a new one. Grave and sometimes querulous as Lord John Russell is, there can be no doubt that it was with great deliberation and firmness of purpose that he *"jumped Jim Crow."*

The last person in the company is Mr. Spring Rice, on whom it is unnecessary to fix any specific charge of Jim Crowism, since the mere fact of his jumping into the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, where it was his bounden

duty to defend every item of the expenditure, and to resist every assault upon the revenue, which, while in opposition, he had been accustomed to join in, was quite sufficient to give him admittance into the company of those who are here represented as "*jumping Jim Crow.*"

CCCCLXXIX.

SOMETHING BETWEEN THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

It was Sir Robert Peel, who, in reply to some observations made in the House of Commons, on the difficulty of forming a Conservative Ministry, made use of the metaphor which has given occasion to this sketch, and stated his belief, that if the vessel of the state should be deserted by its crew, there would be found a sufficient number of hands willing and able to take the helm, and steer the ship through the dangers by which she might be surrounded. H. B. has given an excellent representation of the idea. The vessel is evidently on a lee-shore, thither driven by the furious blasts of Mr. O'Connell and Lord Brougham, who are blowing great guns upon her weather-quarter. The crew are making their escape in the jolly-boat, leaving the owner (John Bull) and the captain (William IV.) to take their chance with the ill-fated bark. Assistance, however, is at hand; a boat steered by Sir Robert Peel, and rowed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir James Graham, is making for the vessel. But what of the sublime and the ridiculous? This is the point in the sketch. To describe, in fervent language, a patriotic statesman rushing forward to take the helm of government, when the nation is sinking amidst the storms of contending factions;—this is sublime. To talk of such things when all the world sees that politicians,

ready and eager for office, are waiting at every corner, and are thinking less of the dangers of the state than of the salary and patronage which placemen enjoy;—this is ridiculous; and has not H.B. most happily blended, in his sketch, the ridiculous with the sublime? There are the raging sea, the stranded ship, the forsaken owner and his captain, the runaway crew, and the gallant preservers in the life-boat. These ingredients would compose a sublime subject; but a single glance at the two heads peeping over the stern of the vessel, the Boreas with trumpeters' cheeks blowing from the clouds, and the dwarfish figures in the two boats, show that there is a just proportion of the ridiculous in the composition.

CCCCLXXX.

LOOKING OUT.

This is a parody of a picture painted by the well-known artist, Mr. Parker, of Newcastle. The figure in the original, from which a very popular print was engraved, is that of a smuggler; that of the present sketch is Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

CCCCLXXXI.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, &c.

Sir Francis Burdett. During the contest for the representation of Westminster, which forms the subject of some of the succeeding sketches, the "*Times*" described Sir Francis Burdett as a fine specimen of the Old English Gentleman, an expression which H.B. has caught up and amplified, by an allusion to a popular ballad under the same title. Whether or not Sir Francis really embodies in his own person the idea of a perfect English gentleman

of the "olden time," is matter of opinion. H.B. has judiciously placed, in the left-hand corner, a picture of the Tower of London, to remind the spectator of the days in which Sir F. Burdett was regarded as a martyr in the cause of public liberty, and underwent an imprisonment in the Tower.

CCCCLXXXII.

FOLLOWING THE "LEADER."

In explaining this and the four following sketches, it is necessary to state briefly the circumstances which dissolved the connection between Sir Francis Burdett and the constituency of Westminster. For some time previously to the date of this sketch, Sir Francis had absented himself from the House of Commons, and it had become pretty evident that he had conceived a distaste either for the persons or principles, or both, of the leading men among the party to which he had formerly belonged. The persons who put themselves forward as the organs of the City of Westminster, pressed him for an explicit avowal of his sentiments, and after some correspondence, equally unsatisfactory to both parties, they called on him to resign his seat, which he did in a letter containing the following remarkable passage:—

"It affords me an opportunity, and I trust a justification of complying, to use the fashionable patriotic slang, with the wants and wishes of this portion of the people. The gauntlet is thrown down thus publicly, and I take it up and accept the challenge thus publicly given. I will apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and then call upon the electors of Westminster to declare themselves for or against a zealous supporter and firm adherent, as I have ever been, and still am, of the laws, institutions, and constitution of

England. I should not, however, venture upon this decision, provoked to it as I am, 'nettled and stung by pismires,' were I not satisfied by recent appearances that no unfair advantage will thereby be given, or can be taken by either party; all will start fair and upon equal terms."

The person brought forward to oppose Sir Francis, was John Temple Leader, Esq., then the sitting member for Bridgewater. This sketch, exhibiting four Cabinet Ministers, Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, immediately following Mr. O'Connell and Sir J. Hobhouse, bringing up the rear behind Mr. Hume and Sir William Molesworth, indicates very plainly the extraordinary exertions made by Ministers and their friends to procure the election of Mr. Leader, who nevertheless was, on this occasion, beaten by a considerable majority. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the two lookers-on are Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington.

CCCCLXXXIII.

MAY-DAY IN 1837.

This sketch alludes to no particular topic of political discussion, but is a piece of indulgence for the fancy of H.B. His Most Gracious Majesty William IV., whose good-humoured countenance we see through the green enclosure, has evidently a "painful pre-eminence," and may exclaim with Cato—

> "Am I distinguished from you, but by toil,
> Superior toil, and heavier weight of ——— boughs."

The gallant of the party, he with the cocked hat and laced coat, is plainly the Prime-Minister, Lord Melbourne; and in that delicate Sylph, who is setting to him with so much mock modesty, we easily recognize Lord J. Russell. The gentleman who wears the motley dress, can be no other than

Lord Morpeth, and the burly bearer of the big drum, who drums eternally "Justice for Ireland," must, of course, be Mr. Dan. O'Connell. The custody of the pence-collecting ladle (important office!) is given to Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the amazement of John Bull, who, with prophetic penetration, deems him unfit for the office. The tall, thin, and gentlemanly sweep *(Vide* CCCCLXXXI.), is Sir Francis Burdett.

CCCCLXXXIV.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

Mr. Leader having, while Member for Bridgewater, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in order to become a candidate for Westminster, and having lost the election, as stated in CCCCLXXXII, is most appropriately represented as the dog in the fable, who, snatching at the shadow, lost the substance.

CCCCLXXXV.

A RACE FOR THE WESTMINSTER-STAKES.

Every jockey, and every other person knowing in horses, is aware that more dependence is to be placed on a "thorough bred" than on a "cock tail." And accordingly it fell out, in the race here delineated, that the thorough-bred horse, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., though aged, ridden by Lord Castlereagh, beat the young one, Mr. Leader, who is ridden by Mr. Roebuck. Of the two groups of "backers," it is easy to distinguish the winners from the losers; among the former, in the left-hand corner we see the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, and Sir James Graham; and, among the latter, Mr. Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Joseph Hume, outrageous with disappointment.

CCCCLXXXVI.

TAKING UP A FARE.

It has already been stated that the party, few in number, but strong in talent and personal importance, who joined Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, when they seceded from the Melbourne and Russell Ministry, received the title of the Derby Dilly. But in such times it was impossible to maintain a middle position; events pressed too hardly, and compelled every politician to take his stand on one side or the other of the broad line that separated Ministers from the opposition. So the Dilly was soon done up, and at No. CCCCVI. we saw it taken in tow by the Patent Safety. This sketch exhibits the Patent Safety, or the Conservative coach, taking up Sir Francis Burdett after his recent change of politics. The driver of the coach is Sir Robert Peel, and by his side sits His Majesty, William IV., who, by the dialogue, appears to take a lively interest in the success of the concern. The late proprietor of the Dilly, Lord Stanley, is now employed as an occasional driver for the Conservative; "sometimes," as he says, "driving it *up* a stage, and sometimes taking it *down*." Another of the Dilly people (Sir James Graham) is standing at the horses, ready to take off their clothes when they start. The three passengers on the front of the roof are old and steady supporters of the Conservative, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Lefroy, and Mr. Goulburn. Every traveller knows that the guard of a stage coach is at least as important a person as the coachman in the management of the concern, and that, without a very intelligent, active, and trustworthy person to fill the situation, the concern cannot thrive. We are not surprised, therefore, to see that the proprietor of the

Conservative has secured the services of the Duke of Wellington, who is represented in the act of buckling on a portmanteau. The passenger behind, in the travelling cap and cloak, is Lord Lyndhurst.

CCCCLXXXVII.

DON QUIXOTE ATTACKING THE LION OF DEMOCRACY.

In the preceding sketch we saw Sir Francis Burdett fairly taken up as a passenger in the Conservative coach; but, previously to his taking this step, he made some attempt to turn the hearts of his constituents, which had evidently become fixed on persons and on objects such as Sir Francis began now to regard with great dislike. For one, who had so long led the Reform party in Westminster, to imagine it possible for him to make a short turn, and get the whole mass to turn short with him, instead of overthrowing and trampling upon him in the confusion, was as wild a belief as ever entered the head of Don Quixote, or any other hero of Romance, serious or comic. Being hardly pressed by his constituents to explain his conduct, which they were sadly at a loss to understand, he addressed them as follows:—"You ask me what is my opinion in regard to the Ministerial measures now before Parliament? I repeat my entire disapprobation of them, and of the whole system of Ministerial policy, both foreign and domestic; that the measures now before Parliament are ill concocted, unjust in principle, feebly sustained, and mischievous to the public." This was throwing down the gauntlet, as boldly as Don Quixote bade defiance to the Lion; but the Lion of Westminster was as little inclined to altercation with Sir Francis, as the Lion of the King of Spain to risk a combat with the Knight of La

Mancha. The Westminster Lion only resolved "that it was a pity to see a man who, for forty years, had worked for the public good, giving up the principles for the support of which he had once been called, 'The Glory of his Country,'—and that, therefore, Sir Francis Burdett ought to resign his seat."

CCCCLXXXVIII.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

The Ministers, who have got the King into the same boat with themselves, are pulling away with might and main to escape the destruction which threatens them if once fairly drawn into the course of Radicalism; for the reader must observe that the word "Rapids," which is the true reading of the verse, is changed into "Raddies" —*i. e.*—Radicals, by elision. The verse, as most readers must know, is from the popular glee, "The Canadian Boat Song;" and the sketch has reference to the affairs of Canada, then the subject of frequent debates in the House of Commons, and on which the Ministry had much to dread from the violence of their Radical allies.

H.B. has made bold in this sketch, to give the helm into the hands of Lord John Russell, and put Lord Melbourne at the stroke oar, with Lord Duncannon for his second, and Lord Palmerston in the bow. The passengers are John Bull and King William, the latter evidently sickening.

CCCCLXXXIX.

A DEAD HORSE.—A SORRY SUBJECT.

The Dead Horse is Mr. John Temple Leader, now Member for Westminster; but, at the date of this sketch,

just beaten in a contest with Sir Francis Burdett, as fully explained at Nos. CCCCLXXXII., CCCCLXXXIV., and CCCCLXXXV. Mr. Joseph Hume, who was said to be very instrumental in promoting the contest, is a very proper person to perform the office of carting off the beaten candidate. In the back-ground we see a part of the Bridgewater coach, in which, as the title of the sketch states, the Dead Horse was formerly a leader, Mr. Leader having resigned his seat for Bridgewater, to try his fortune in Westminster.

CCCCXC.

BIRD-CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.

The point of this sketch is sufficiently obvious. Lord John Russell, as the Ministerial Leader of the House of Commons, is endeavouring to catch some of the flighty Radicals, by the infallible process of putting salt upon their tails, in allusion to certain hints given by his Lordship of intended measures to propitiate this class of politicians. The magpie is intended for Mr. Wakley, member for Finsbury; the cock-sparrow, facetiously crowned with a hat, for Mr. Roebuck, member for Bath; and the jackdaw for Mr. Joseph Hume, then member for Middlesex.

CCCCXCI.

"WE, THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND."

The readers of the *Times* must be well acquainted with a story, which that journal takes great pleasure in repeating (though whether real, or the invention of the editor is somewhat doubtful), of a petition for Reform, that was presented to the House of Commons, and commenced

with the astounding words "We, the people of England;" but which, upon inspection of the signatures, was found to have proceeded from three humble individuals, tailors, in Tooley-street. Whoever has been accustomed to read the speeches, not only of the three parliamentary orators depicted in this sketch, but of the majority of those public men who appropriate to their own exclusive use the title of liberal, must have remarked that, upon every occasion, they take it for granted that they speak the sentiments of the great bulk of the nation; or, to use the forcible and emphatic, though rather coarse, expression of Lord-Chief-Justice Holt, "as if they had the whole of the Commons in their bellies." This assumption, if true, is in bad taste; but when glaringly at variance with fact, is in the highest degree ridiculous, and well worthy of a comparison with the exordium of the petition from the three tailors of Tooley-street.

The subject is treated in the present sketch with exquisite humour. Mr. Wakley, the most rational of the three, is one who does not suffer his sense of political injustice either to interfere with his appetite, or detach his mind from the pursuit of those avocations by which he is enabled to gratify it. With an unfurrowed cheek and a rotundity of body, that bears no indication of spare meals, he continues at his employment while he discusses the wrongs of his country. Opposite to him sits Mr. Hume, most appropriately employed with slate and pencil, calculating how much might be pared from the salaries of the government clerks, and how far the "tottle of the whole" thus obtained would go in providing cucumber and cabbage for all the tailors in Great Britain. His shears by his side are intended to shew that his peculiar talent lies in clipping. Between them sits Mr. Roebuck, an admirable personification of that discontent and envy which

disqualify a man from pursuing any calling with satisfaction to himself, or advantage to his employer. He looks as if he had struck for wages, and was living idle upon principle. He would rather fret over a grievance than look out for a job. He wears his hat, wherever he may be, to shew his independence; and never smiles, lest he should thereby diminish his sense of his own importance as "one of the people." It is easy to see that, though a general feeling of dissatisfaction with "things as they are," connects these three persons for the present, yet, as substances of different properties, which are held in solution in some common medium, may be separated by the introduction of other matters, for which those substances have a stronger affinity; so, if the common medium be withdrawn, and the proper tests applied to the three *simples* in the present sketch, they would no longer remain compounded. One would be resolved into an inflammable gas, another become a dry sediment, and the third remain a powerful acid.

CCCCXCII.

RE-ORGANIZING THE LEGION.

The death of William IV. in June, 1837, occasioned a dissolution of Parliament, and a general election immediately afterwards. Sir Francis Burdett withdrew from Westminster, and the candidates were General Evans, Mr. Leader, and Sir George Murray. General Evans had just returned from Spain, where he certainly had not been able to add much to his military reputation; and as the appearance of many of the British Auxiliary Legion, parading the streets as mendicants, in the most deplorable condition, diminished, in some degree, his popularity among his constituents, it was conceived to be

a good electioneering trick on the part of Sir George Murray's committee to give his placards into the hands of some of those very mendicants to carry about, and advertise at once the eligibility of the Conservative candidate, and the disqualifying circumstances respecting his opponent.

We have accordingly, in the present sketch, a sample of the British Auxiliary Legion, as it returned from Spain. The pivot-man holds, on a board, a fac-simile of a placard, which was posted all over the town, representing General Evans in the act of running away from the enemy, and by a happy coincidence, the name of the place where his defeat took place was Irun. Sir George Murray, unlike Sir John Falstaff, is not ashamed of his ragamuffins, but is about to march with them, not indeed through Coventry, but through Covent-Garden.

CCCCXCIII.

GRINDING YOUNG.

Sir Francis Burdett having accepted the challenge given him by Mr. Leader, to stand a contest for the representation of Westminster, having entered the ring and beaten his man, as already explained, considered probably that it was better to be satisfied with his victory, than to try another battle; he, therefore, took leave of the electors of Westminster in a letter, in which he assigned ill health as the ground of his coming to that resolution. It happened, however, very shortly afterwards, that a requisition was addressed to him by the freeholders of North Wiltshire, to allow himself to be put in nomination for that division of the county, which he consented to do, and was thereupon elected without saying a syllable of his bad state of health.

This was a happy subject for H. B. The worthy baronet

is leaving Westminster on crutches, to enter the mill for grinding folks young; and on the other side is tripping out upon North Wilts with all the elasticity of youth.

CCCCXCIV.

THE NEWEST UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

Why will people die? Surely the prevalence of the practice is the most convincing proof of the perverseness of human nature; for there never is a period when mankind is suffered to remain unprovided with an infallible remedy for all complaints. One succeeds another, as certainly as a new moon follows an old one. To go back no farther than the last five-and-twenty years, and to pass by all the special cures for particular ailments, we have had three universal remedies and have now a fourth. Turner's white mustard-seeds gave place to St. John Long's embrocation; St. John Long's embrocation was superseded by Morison's pills; and Morison has scarcely retired to his elegant mausoleum in the Harrow-road, when Lee comes upon the stage with an old piece, new revived, under the title of Brandy and Salt.

The ground upon which the late Lord Durham is here represented, in the character of a quack-doctor, is a letter which, upon the eve of the general election in 1837, he addressed to the electors of North Durham, advising them, and through them the whole constituency of Great Britain, on their choice of representatives. H.B. has even gone farther than the noble Earl did in his letter, and has represented, him as prescribing for the newspapers (as appears by the pill-boxes in the chair), and for the Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Daniel O'Connell. As among quacks in medicine, the same thing is recommended for an ague and a fever, a scratch, and a dislocation, it is quite con-

sistent with truth for political quacks to be exhibited as ready to undertake the cure of both Tory and Radical, High Church, and voluntary principle.

CCCCXCV.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

At the general election, in 1837, Mr. Roebuck lost his seat for Bath. With an exquisite relish for fun, H.B. has sketched him in the person of the

> ——————— "Poor sequestered stag
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> And came to languish ;"

and, still to heighten the humour of the piece, has stretched Lord John Russell upon the ground, in the character of the melancholy Jacques, moralizing the spectacle—

> ——————— "Of his being alone ;
> Left and abandoned by his velvet friends.
> 'Tis right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
> The flux of company.'"

In the back-ground of the picture, we see the more successful members of his party passing by without bestowing on him even a moment's consolation ; and Lord John Russell, secure of his seat for Stroud, and fully at leisure to indulge his contemplative mood, is exclaiming—

> "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
> 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
> Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"

CCCCXCVI.

THE REJECTED OF KILMARNOCK.

An excellent portrait of Dr. Bowring, who, in the pre-

ceding Parliament, represented the Borough of Kilmarnock, but lost his election at the contest in 1837. It was not H.B. who christened the learned Doctor "the rejected of Kilmarnock," but some more wicked wit among those of the Radicals who were lucky enough to find seats, and preserved their good-humour, according to the proverb which says, "let those laugh who win."

CCCCXCVII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LIKENESS.

This sketch refers to the *Times* of the 3rd of August, 1837. The passage referred to is the following extract from the speech of Sir Henry Hardinge, at a meeting of the electors of Cornwall:—

"He (Sir Henry Hardinge) had sat, for ten years of his Parliamentary life, on the same side of the House of Commons, from 1820 up to the last vote on the Pension List, in November, 1830, with Sir Hussey Vivian, for which Tory Pension List Sir Hussey Vivian voted. He never knew a better Tory; and, if he were to judge of him by his votes for ten years, he had a right to claim his gallant friend as a most resolute and determined Tory. That a gentleman who had been ten years a Tory, whilst Tories were in power, and only seven years a Whig, from the day that the Whigs came into power, should lend himself to such a device did somewhat surprise him."

With a few of these striking and masterly touches, Sir Henry Hardinge, assuming for the occasion the pencil of our friend, H.B., is sketching a political portrait of Sir Hussey Vivian, and seems well satisfied with his performance, particularly as it has the good fortune to obtain the approbation of so eminent a critic as the Duke of Wellington.

CCCCXCVIII.

AWFUL SCENE FROM TOM THUMB.

The Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover,) is shocked at the appearance of the Constitution which was granted to that kingdom by William IV., in 1833, but which was pronounced by Ernest to be illegal, and abrogated accordingly. The reader will remember, no doubt, the appearance of the ghost in Tom Thumb, and the consternation of King Arthur; and, more especially, (if he ever had the good fortune to see the character filled by the late Mr. Fawcett,) will recollect his manner of pelting the ghost with the cushion of the sofa. The ghost rising from the floor, like that of Gaffer Thumb, must be intended to represent the deputation of the Constitutional Chambers, who came to present themselves to His Majesty on his arrival, but were denied a reception, because of the alleged illegitimacy of their origin.

CCCCXCIX.

GREAT WESTERN GENERAL BOOKING-OFFICE.

The following extract from a most piteous paragraph which appeared in the *True Sun*, and in the *Examiner*, of the 6th of August, 1837, will help to elucidate this admirable sketch:—

"The losses of the reformers. There are four members of the late House of Commons likely to be excluded from the next Parliament; we allude to Mr. Roebuck, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Ewart, and Dr. Bowring. We call upon Mr. O'Connell to use his known influence for the purpose of replacing them. Mr. O'Connell has the power of securing for the nation the services of all these

gentlemen, and we can scarcely conceive that he will neglect such an opportunity of proving to the world that his patriotism is not merely provincial but national—that the object of his love is not merely Ireland, but mankind."

Foolish and ungrateful Great Britain! that left it to the arbitrary will of an Irish individual to secure for thee the invaluable services of these immense patriots!! How could such wholesale charity be expected? There stands the "individual," *(See* No. CCCXCIII. for the term "individual,") the seat-owner for Ireland, in the capacity of a book-keeper at the Great Western Railway-Office, and before him stand the rejected of Great Britain, more than are named by the *Examiner*, supplicating for seats. The supply, however, is much less than the demand. The diminutive person of Mr. Roebuck, who appears to have travelled from Bath, on foot, and resembles the Honourable Richard Dowlas, in the comedy of the Heir-at-Law, with all his luggage tied up in the Honourable Richard Dowlas's red and white pocket-handkerchief, is ludicrously contrasted with the gigantic figure of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who had just lost his seat for Weymouth. Dr. Bowring, looking through his spectacles, is a perfect model of patience, though not of *resignation*. The only fortunate applicant is Mr. Joseph Hume, who is walking off with a ticket inscribed Kilkenny, where the office-keeper has just booked him for a seat. At the door are seen two other gentlemen, whose "services" their ungrateful constituencies have respectively thought proper to decline, namely, Mr. Emmerson Tennent and Sir James Graham; but though the former has lost his seat for Belfast, and the latter his seat for East Cumberland, they seem to have no intention of entering this office, being well aware that it is not the office for Conservatives.

D.

FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATION OF THE LATE CATASTROPHE.

On the 24th of July, 1837, a Mr. Cocking ascended from Vauxhall in a parachute, of his own contrivance, attached to Mr. Green's great Nassau balloon, and, in descending, lost his life. The person appearing in this sketch, in the character of the ill-fated æronaut, is Mr. Hume. The great balloon, inscribed "Middlesex," which has lately carried him into the regions of political importance has gone away from him, and he is being precipitated to the earth. His fate, however, is not quite so hard as that of poor Cocking, for the soft bog of Kilkenny is about to receive him; as will be seen in the next sketch.

DI.

SHOOTING RUBBISH.

At the general election, in July, 1837, a new candidate appeared for Middlesex, in the person of Thomas Wood, Esq., and Mr. Hume was beaten by a majority of about two hundred. The English Radicals made a strong appeal to Mr. O'Connell, not to allow so useful a member as Mr. Hume to be without a seat; and Mr. O'Connell, very good-naturedly, recommended him to the electors of Kilkenny, for which borough he was shortly afterwards returned.

DII.

SATAN PLAYING AT CHESS WITH MAN FOR HIS SOUL.

The execution of this sketch is admirable. The design,

it will be readily perceived, is a parody of the well-known and justly-celebrated etching on the subject, by the great German artist Retzsch, whose outlines from Shakspeare are so popular in this country. The likeness of Mr. O'Connell, in the character of Satan, is inferior to none in the whole series, and the cool and confident expression of his countenance contrasts, in the most striking manner, with the intense anxiety that displays itself in the features of his antagonist, Lord Melbourne. The genuine distress of Britannia, as she regards the infatuation of the gamester, playing for such a stake, and against such frightful odds, is relieved by the burlesque leer of the triple-headed dog supporting the table. The figures on the chess-board deserve particular notice. Among those with which Lord Melbourne is playing, we see the Queen, two knights, who are the representatives of the Aristocracy, a bishop, and a figure filling out a large waistcoat, and looking like the ordinary pictures of honest John Bull. Among Mr. O'Connell's figures we see the Pope, and behind him an Irishman dancing "A la Donnybrook," while the player is stealthily withdrawing a figure of Justice, and pushing forward a figure wrapped in a cloak, and very much resembling the great Agitator himself.

DIII.

A GAME AT CHESS (AGAIN).—THE QUEEN IN DANGER.

The players in this sketch are the Queen and Lord Palmerston, and the gentleman who looks so anxiously over the back of Her Majesty's chair is her Prime-Minister, Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty was reported to be very fond of chess-playing, and, as Lords Palmerston and Melbourne were very frequent visitors at the Palace,

they might probably enjoy the honour of playing with the Queen. H.B. may be permitted to use, in mere sportiveness, the expression of "the Queen in danger," referring as well to the Queen as to the game, when so young and inexperienced a player is matched against one of long practice and consummate skill.

DIV.

SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS.

Her Majesty has always shewn a great partiality for equestrian exercise; and, at the date of this sketch, generally rode out every day, attended by several of the nobility, among whom were, frequently, Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. The innocence and purity of the youthful Queen are the grounds on which H.B. has applied to her the name of Susanna (from the Apocrypha), and the respective ages of her two Ministers, so commonly seen among her equestrian attendants, warrants him in appropriating to their use the title of "the elders."

For the sake of those who are not acquainted with the persons of the two Ministers it may be proper to add, that Lord Melbourne is riding by the Queen's right-hand, and Lord Palmerston by her left.

DV.

HIGH-LIFE BELOW-STAIRS—(INVERTED).

This sketch seems to imply a rivalry between the two noble Lords here represented (Lords Melbourne and Palmerston) in their endeavours to obtain the regard of their Royal Mistress; for their prototypes in Garrick's farce of High-Life Below-Stairs, namely, my Lord Duke and Sir Harry, appear to be rivals in their pretensions to the good

graces of Mrs. Kitty. Lord Melbourne, as my Lord Duke, speaking as a member of the House of Peers, treats Sir Harry with considerable *hauteur*, while Sir Harry retorts upon him with the peculiar privilege of the House of Commons to stop the supplies. Her Majesty, behind the curtain, is apparently enjoying their contention.

But what, gentle reader! do you suppose to be the cause of so much pride displayed in the speech and manner of the representative of my Lord Duke? It is that H.B., in the exuberance of his playfulness, has dressed him in the state-livery of the sheriff of London. The Court Circular, a short time previously to the date of this sketch, acquainted the public that the liveries of the sheriffs had been sent to the palace, to be exhibited as proofs of the high state of perfection to which English manufactures had been brought, and that the queen, to whom such an exhibition was novel, had been pleased to inspect these evidences of the skill of English workmen. H.B., in the exercise of his vocation of extracting harmless mirth from every subject that presents itself, has made it appear that, in order to give due effect to the exhibition, and display the excellence of the workmanship to most advantage, Lord Melbourne has put on one of the full-dress suits, and Lord Palmerston one of the undress.

DVI.

THE RIVAL QUACKS.

In the debate on the address, at the commencement of the first session of Parliament after the accession of Queen Victoria, Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, Mr. Hume, the member for Kilkenny (formerly for Middlesex), and some other Radical members, complained loudly that

neither the Queen's speech, nor the address, held out any prospect of the government bringing forward those measures which were considered by the Radicals of essential importance, and they strongly urged Lord John Russell to adopt their views with respect to the ballot, the extension of the suffrage, the duration of Parliament, church-rates, law of primogeniture, &c. &c. &c. His Lordship, thus urged, spoke out very plainly, and gave a flat refusal to lend his countenance to any one of these projects; a piece of candour which the whole body of Scotch and English Radicals took in very great dudgeon. Mr. O'Connell, however, joined not in this attack on Ministers; for, as the sketch represents, he had his own nostrum to recommend, and he did not expect that the patient's swallow would be too great for that.

The figure of Lord John Russell, rebelling against his too importunate doctor, Mr. Wakley, is admirably conceived, and as admirably executed. Mr. Hume, with his hat under his arm as usual (*See* No. CCCLXXXIV.), is for humouring the patient, on account of his pitiable ignorance of what is good for him; and Mr. O'Connell, acting on his own behalf, is pouring out a draught, which, by the label, appears to be a "villainous compound."

DVII.

A PLEASANT REMINISCENCE.

H. B. has, in this sketch, made an admirable use of the following passages from the report of a debate in the House of Lords, on the subject of the address, at the opening of the first session of Parliament in the present reign.

The Duke of Sussex, in the course of his speech, said, "and I must be permitted further to observe, that I, with

the illustrious prelate, now at the head of the Church, and the noble Duke, then President of the Council, were among the first to witness the birth of that illustrious princess."

To which the Duke of Wellington, before concluding his speech, replied, "His Royal Highness has been pleased to refer to a certain fortunate event, at which I was present at the same time as His Royal Highness. I perfectly recollect that event, and I have always considered, with the utmost interest, the object of it."

Clothe the speakers as H.B. has clothed them, and give to their countenances (preserving still, as H.B. has done, the most faithful resemblance) the peculiar expressions which a few strokes of his all-powerful pencil has effected; and that which appeared in the House of Lords like a grave and loyal reflection, not unworthy the dignity of statesmen, sounds like the twaddle proper to two old nurses.

DVIII.

POPE JOAN (JOHN)—A DEVOTEE DOING HOMAGE.

From the period at which this sketch is dated, a "compact alliance" (to use the expression of Mr. Shiel) appears to have existed between Mr. O'Connell, as the head of the Irish Reform Party, and the Government of Lord Melbourne; and this sketch represents Mr. O'Connell acknowledging the supremacy of Lord John Russell, as Leader of the House of Commons, after the manner of a popish devotee at the foot of the papal throne. The figures of the Marquess of Normanby on the Pope's right, and Lord Morpeth on his left, are exceedingly droll, and strictly appropriate, the former being the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the latter the Chief Secretary.

DIX.

GOOD-BREEDING *versus* EDUCATION.

The opening of the session of Parliament (November, 1837), in the House of Lords, was marked by the decisive hostility of Lord Brougham to the Melbourne Ministry; and one of the first skirmishes between the noble and learned Lord and the Premier, which took place on the subject of the allowance to be made to the Duchess of Kent, forms the subject of this sketch. Lord Brougham, in speaking of Her Royal Highness, used the term "Queen-Mother," which Lord Melbourne immediately corrected, and substituted the words "the mother of the queen." Lord Brougham, while he admitted the correction, took the opportunity of saying that such nice discrimination in the use of courtly phraseology belonged rather to Lord Melbourne than to himself; that, for his part, he admitted that his tongue was not hung to courtly airs; that he could not gloze and flatter; but must leave such arts to his rivals. To this Lord Melbourne replied, that he knew of no person, no, not one, who could gloze and flatter, and cringe, and bend the knee, when he had an opportunity of practising such arts, more successfully than Lord Brougham himself, and that he felt quite unable to compete with the noble and learned Lord. Lord Brougham, however, who generally has the last word in a dispute, if not always "the word that lasts longest," rejoined, by asserting that the charge against him of flattering and bending the knee was absolutely and utterly unfounded.

The exhibition thus described, as it will be found in the records of parliamentary proceedings, was calculated to bring to mind the *rencontre* between Peachum and Lockit in the Beggar's Opera; and it is very happily entitled

"Good-Breeding *versus* Education," Lord Melbourne being acknowledged one of the most polished of courtiers, and Lord Brougham the invariable advocate of national education.

DX.

A TICKLISH SUBJECT.

Lord Glenelg (the Colonial Secretary) was so commonly charged by the opposition papers with indolence and torpidity, that H. B. has very seldom introduced him into any sketch otherwise than fast asleep. The present sketch, which represents Lord Brougham in the act of waking him with a roll of paper, on which is inscribed the words West Indian Affairs, refers to a motion made by his Lordship for certain returns relative to the West Indies, to enable him to found a motion for securing the immediate emancipation of the slaves, instead of the continuance of the apprenticeship first agreed upon. The third person is the Earl of Aberdeen, who always takes a prominent part in debates relating to foreign and colonial policy.

DXI.

BALLAD-SINGERS.

The inhabitant of some secluded village or small country town, in which the appearance of a traveller driving through is such a rare event, that it brings a face to every door and window, if perchance he visit London, is apt to look for lodgings in Cecil-street, or Norfolk-street, or Arundel-street, or some such street which, being no thoroughfare, will, he thinks, afford him a retreat from the noise and confusion that so distract his mind and distress his nerves in the Strand. It is only on his first visit that he com-

mits this blunder; he remembers ever afterwards that these quiet-looking *culs de sac* are so many traps to the inexperienced quiet-seeker; that they are the favourite places of resort for people who make the most unendurable noises, amongst whom the Ballad-Singers are the most painful and persevering. John Bull, in this sketch, appears in the character of an unfortunate country gentleman caught in the trap. A melancholy group of howlers, facetiously called *Glee* Singers, have taken possession of his peace, and are breaking it (as Hood would say) into pieces. Their voices are at full stretch, and the ballot is most probably the subject of the strain. Their garments seem to be as threadbare as their topic, and both may be supposed to have been cast off by others, who have worn them so long as they have retained anything of a gloss; for we miss the Member for London, Mr. Grote, and several others who brought the cry of *vote by ballot* into fashion. The performers, taking them from the left-hand, are Mr. Wakley, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. D. W. Harvey, Mr. Hume, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Roebuck. Poor John Bull has submitted to it as long as he could; and now, at the very extremity of his patience, calls for the remedy wherewith he has been wont to interrupt the amorous serenades of the four-footed musicians, when contending, in melodious rivalry, for the favours of some "pensive Selima." The dangerous tendency of the ballot, and the intellectual blindness of those who regard it as a preventive to bribery and intimidation, are significantly pointed out by the burthen of the ditty—

> "Row, brothers, ROW, the stream runs fast;
> The RAPIDS are near, and the DAY-LIGHT's past."

DXII.

JAFFIER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

Lord Brougham, about this period, began to exhibit symptoms of hostility towards the policy of his former colleagues; and as the grounds of his dissatisfaction appeared to be identical with those on which the extreme Radical party had already taken their stand, it was conjectured that his design was to place himself at the head of that party. Such a design, if it had been really entertained, would have been very properly compared with the conduct of Jaffier, in joining the conspirators against the Venetian Senate. The personal wrongs endured by Belvidera's husband, from the hands of her father Priuli, would have been a parallel cause with the umbrage taken by Lord Brougham, at the treatment that he had experienced from Lord Melbourne; for that is the name with which the blank in the fourth line must be filled up.

In these parodies, if a striking resemblance be found in one or two principal features, or in the *ensemble*, we must be satisfied, and not expect to find it in every minute particular. There is quite enough of similitude between Lord Brougham and Jaffier to warrant the comparison, and, therefore, we are not to enquire why Mr. Roebuck fills the character of Pierre, or Mr. Whittle Harvey, half-drawing his dagger, is the suspicious, blood-thirsty, and incontinent Renault; or, in short, how the minor parts of Bedamar, Spinoza, and Elliot, are distributed between Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Charles Buller, and Mr. Hume.

DXIII.

A SCENE FOR A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

This sketch relates to the repeated motions of Mr. D. Whittle Harvey, the Member for Southwark, for a committee to revise the Pension List, which motions it generally fell to the lot of Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, either to resist or evade.

No young gentleman, just released from school, ever whipped his top with more glee and perseverance than did Mr. Whittle Harvey lash away at this subject; nor did any top ever spin with more vivacity, while the whipping was kept up, or lie down with more indifference during the intervals, than did the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose face is sketched in such lachrymose touches on the surface of the top. Lord Brougham is well represented as that universal lover of fun and mischief, the clown of a Christmas Pantomime, for he never appeared to be a hater of pensions, in particular, or a personal foe to Mr. Spring Rice, and therefore his enjoyment may be supposed to arise from an inordinate love of sport in the abstract.

DXIV.

A CANADIAN GROUP.

This sketch contains the portraits of the persons chiefly concerned in the rebellion which at this period took place in Canada. The name of each is written under his figure.

DXV.

A CANADIAN WINTER.

Many are the points of comparison which will occur to

every reflecting mind between a Government and a sheet of ice:—its slipperiness, its frailty, the springs below that undermine its strength, the depths to which those are precipitated under whose feet it gives away, and their small chance of rescue and resuscitation. The unfortunate man who is up to his neck in the water is Lord Glenelg, (lately Mr. C. Grant,) who was the Colonial Secretary at the time of the Canadian revolt; but, though he is the only one of the skating party actually "in for it," it is evident that the whole concern is breaking around him. Lord Melbourne, who hands him his walking-stick, is up to his knees, and Lord John Russell and Mr. Spring Rice, who are holding fast their leader, are already ancle-deep. The figure of John Bull, who seems to be calling for help, may indicate the popularity of the Ministry, even in its sinking state; or it may be intended only to shew that, in the desperate condition to which they seem reduced, they were not wholly unpitied. The contrast between Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington is, however, exceedingly striking. While the former looks on with manifest satisfaction, at a calamity which vindicates his reputation as a prophet, the latter, regardless alike of the past and the future, comes down, like a Royal Humane-Society man, with the proper implements, to rescue the sufferer from a watery grave. Whether the complacency which is shewn in the countenance of Lord Glenelg, and his resolution to await the event in perfect tranquillity, be the result of his confidence in the Duke of Wellington's power to save him, or of a frigidity of temperament, which renders him unconscious of his danger, it is difficult to say.

DXVI.

THE ROYAL COSSET.

Cosset. A lamb, &c. brought up by hand.—*Bailey's Dict.*

The Royal Shepherdess (Queen Victoria) offering food to her pet-lamb is a beautiful representation of rural simplicity. The V. and crown, which are not to be seen on any other of the animals, and the smallness of the Shepherdess's basket, would shew, plainly enough, that there is but *one Cosset*, if the fact were not corroborated by the longing looks of the other six white sheep who bear respectively the likenesses of Lord John Russell (beginning on the left-hand), Mr. Spring Rice, Sir John Hobhouse, Lord Cottenham (in the back-ground), Lord Duncannon, and Lord Glenelg, whose proverbial indolence is signified by his recumbent position. The black-faced wether, turning his tail towards the party, is Lord Brougham, who characteristically explains his own exclusion from royal favour by a compliment to his own sincerity. The words, "my tongue is not hung to courtly airs; I can't gloze," were reported to have been uttered by him in the course of a debate in which he taunted the "Cosset" with being too great a courtier. (*See* No. DIX.)

DXVII.

THE LION'S SHARE.

Mr. O'Connell's praise of the Marquess of Normanby, (late Lord Mulgrave,) for his administration in Ireland, was unsparing and unqualified. It is insinuated by this sketch that it was purchased by a division of the patronage, made on the same principle as that which

every school-boy recollects to have been adopted by the Lion, when he condescended to admit the fox and other beasts into his company on a hunting excursion. Let it be observed that the great appropriator, in expressing his approbation of the fox's division of the spoil, uses the term, "so *justly*." By the choice of this expression, H.B. probably means to acquaint us with the true meaning of Mr. O'Connell's often-repeated cry of "Justice for Ireland."

DXVIII.

THE THREE SINGLES.

Lord Brougham had strenuously opposed the Government measures relating to Canada, on the grounds of their being arbitrary and unnecessarily severe. For some time, however, he stood alone in his opposition, and it was not until the Bill for Abolishing the Canadian Legislature had made considerable progress, that he found himself supported by Lords Mansfield and Ellenborough. Hailing with delight this accession of company, he thus addressed the House:—"When he reflected on the position he had occupied in that house during all the previous stages of the Bill now before their Lordships, and compared it with the position in which he was happy on that night to find himself, he must say that the contrast was both striking and pleasing. One of his supporters had denounced the arbitrary nature of the measure, and the other had actually signified his intention of voting against it. And who were they whom he now reckoned among his supporters? Two who were descended from and bore the honoured names of the brightest luminaries of the House; the greatest props that ever justice had in the country, and who had left to their descendants a prouder

inheritanee than the titles they had won for themselves, and bequeathed to them their unquenchable love of liberty and country, and their abhorrence of injustiee and oppression."

Lord Brougham is here represented in the situation of which he declared himself so very proud; with the late Earl of Mansfield on his right arm, and Lord Ellenborough on his left. But though acting together on this occasion, each had his own separate motive and argument, and, perhaps, there were not then three Members of the House of Peers who better deserved to be considered as acting singly and without party connection. So that the application of the well-known characters of Pertinax Single, Peregrine Single, and Perceval Single, in the farce of Three and the Deuce, to these three noblemen, is very fair, and quite in point.

DXIX.

A DISAGREEABLE POSITION.

This sketch refers to the same subject as that of No. DXV. Lord Glenelg, as Secretary-of-State for the Colonial Department, had to bear the brunt of Parliamentary censure on the occasion of the revolt in Canada, and such was the storm which assailed him on all sides, that a comparison between his situation and that of a man in the pillory is not very extravagant. In political warfare such things as generosity and forbearance seem to be scarcely known. Perhaps the couplet which was applied to the battles of the feudal Lords of the olden time is equally applicable to the wordy war of political chieftains:—

> But while these bloody fields were fought and won,
> Nothing in hate, all was in honour done.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that it looks un-

handsome in Lord Brougham to join with such apparent glee in hurling rotten eggs at an old friend, nor is it quite agreeable to the ordinary notion of gentlemanly conduct for Lord Aberdeen to be flinging a dead cat at his rival, while reduced to a state so helpless and so pitiable. Even the Duke of Wellington, though he is taking no part in the sport, and appears, by the exclamation, "*Unfortunate Man!*" to feel some pity for him, has an expression on his countenance, which, in some degree, belies his lips. Close to the foot of the pillory we see Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Spring Rice.

DXX.

OLD AND YOUNG STAGERS.

A dramatic piece, under the title of Old and Young Stagers, had a great run at the Olympic Theatre, but beyond the title there is nothing in this sketch which has reference to the drama. When Lord Durham returned from Canada, the Radicals, greatly in want of a leader whose rank and talents would shed some lustre on their party, made overtures to him, in the form of addresses, breathing the sentiments which it was desirable that he should acknowledge as his own. Every deputation and address was a sort of net to catch and retain him in bondage to this party; but his Lordship was too wary, and seized the very first opportunity of explaining to the flattering addressers the mistake under which they appeared to be labouring, with respect to his affection for the post which they designed him to fill, and his distaste for the company into which they were endeavouring to force him.

The coach in want of a leader belongs, as may be seen by the cloth on the back of one of the horses, to Roe-

buek, Molesworth, & Co., the most active and influential persons among the Radicals. Sir William Molesworth sits on the box, with his glass to his eye as usual; and his partner, Mr. Roebuck, is explaining to the landlord of the Queen's Head (Lord Melbourne) his reason for returning the Young Stager (Lord Durham), whom we are to suppose he has had upon trial, and for his wishing to take back the Old Stager (Lord Brougham). The respective grooms are Lord Glenelg for the Young Stager, and Mr. Leader for the Old One.

DXXI.

THE MARCH OF SILENUS.

SILENUS,—the foster-father and pedagogue of Bacchus, represented like a little flat-nosed, bald, fat, tunbellied old drunken fellow, riding on an ass; and yet for all this outward deformity, accounted the god of abstruse mysteries and knowledge.

Ainsworth's Dictionary.

Lempriere gives nearly the same account of him, but calls him only a demi-god. He relates also how he was once found by some peasants in Phrygia, after he had lost his way, and could not follow Bacchus, and how the peasants led him to King Midas, who received him with great attention. And he concludes the account by saying that he was often introduced speaking with all the gravity of a philosopher, concerning the formation of the world, and the nature of things.

What resemblance exists between Silenus, as above described, and Lord Brougham, let every one who reads and sees, judge for himself. In person there is certainly none whatever, but on the contrary his Lordship is the very opposite of a "little flat-nosed, bald, fat, tunbellied old man,"—Nor is there the slightest foundation for charging

him with a predilection for the beverage of the Jolly God. *See* No. CCCXXXIV.) It is probable that this sketch is meant to exhibit his progress towards the palace of Midas, when found by the peasants in Phrygia. With his rod flourished above his head, he sustains the character of the pedagogue, but if he is intoxicated, it is only with triumph. His ass is led by his friend, Mr. Leader, and he is supported by Mr. Hume on his right, and Mr. Warburton on his left, both so liberally supplied with ears, that the identical animal is fain to lay down *his*, for very modesty. As suitable attendants in such a procession, carrying suitable emblems, Mr. Grote raises an urn, on which is inscribed "Ballot," and Mr. D. W. Harvey bears aloft a banner with the words "Pension List" written thereon. The energetic little Satyr, blowing the horn, is the satirical Mr. Roebuck, once M.P. for Bath. The other figures have no immediate connection with the procession. Lord Glenelg, on the ground in soft repose, appears as likely to have lost his way as Silenus; but that little long-haired Cupid, who is sounding in his ears something which looks like the drone of a Scotch bagpipe, will find himself very much mistaken if he expects that when he has waked his Lordship, he will be able to lead him just where he pleases. That broad-faced Terminus, that casts such a droll leer at the Demi-god, cannot be any other than Mr. O'Connell, and Lord John Russell is employed in the humble office of bedecking him with a garland of flowers, (query of rhetoric).

DXXII.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

The announcement in the Court Circular (as Mr. George Robins, the Auctioneer, very properly informs his

audience,) will explain the meaning of this sketch. At the period at which it is dated, scarcely a day passed in which the public were not made acquainted with the fact that Lord Melbourne was a guest at the dinner-table of Her Majesty, and when she was at Windsor, he lived almost wholly at the Castle. The desolate state of his own home was the subject of frequent remark in the daily papers, and furnished occasion for a good deal of pleasantry. Among the rest the *John Bull* newspaper contained a *jeu d'esprit* in the form of an advertisement, for the sale of the dinner-service, &c. belonging to a Nobleman who had no further occasion for them, and the present sketch is a graphic representation of the supposed sale. The three persons in the fore-ground, namely, Lord Brougham on the left, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel on the right, attend the sale as Ministers expectant, desirous of buying, at a cheap rate, a lot which they hope they may have occasion for at no very distant day. Mr. Spring Rice and Lord John Russell stand behind watching the eagerness of the bidders, but not choosing to bid themselves for their master's property, lest they be thought too presumptuous. George Robins, in his pulpit, is an admirable likeness, and the advertisement is a still better likeness of the offspring of his luxuriant pen. Towards the latter part it contains allusions to some of the gallantries which have been imputed to the Prime-Minister.

DXXIII.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Mr. O'Connell, in an after-dinner speech at the Crown and Anchor, on the 21st February, 1838, described the union between Great Britain and Ireland as being like

that between the giant and the dwarf, in which the former got all the plunder and the latter all the blows. H.B. has not suffered the great Agitator to endure the wrong which his exceeding modesty had intended to do him in the comparison of Great Britain, or rather her Ministry, to the giant, and Ireland, that is to say himself, to the dwarf, but has restored to each his proper dimensions.

The giant, therefore, is Mr. O'Connell, who, unhurt by the contest with the opposition in Parliament, wields a huge club, exhibiting repeal at one end and patronage at the other (force and persuasion), and carries behind him his bag of plunder, entitled rent. The dwarf, sorely battered by the foe, and shewing no sign of any thing got by it, is Lord John Russell. The story will be found at length in the 13th chapter of the Vicar of Wakefield, and when the reader has perused it, he may satisfy himself how far the comparison is just.

DXXIV.

INTERESTING SIMPLICITY.

This sketch is an introduction behind the scenes and into the green-room. Close by Lord Melbourne's chair lies a copy of his speech on the Canada Bill, a speech of which the newspaper report extended to three columns, or more, and except for some very good hits at Lord Brougham, would be exceedingly tedious and unsatisfactory to read; this was the speech for the audience before the curtain.—When required to explain in the closet, how much more laconic is his Lordship! two words are deemed sufficient; but whether Her Majesty is a jot more enlightened by the *multum in parvo* of the green-room explanation, than the public were by the more lengthy one in the House of Lords, is questionable.

DXXV.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

The person who is unacquainted with Mulready's picture will require to be told that this sketch is a fac-simile of it in all respects except the faces. The wolf is one of those pugnacious boys who "love fighting better than their food." The poor boy, with whom he is picking a quarrel, for the mere pleasure of exercising his fists upon him, appears by the crape on his hat to be an orphan, and his little sister, wearing in her bonnet the same symptom of bereavement, is hastening to summon to his help her widowed mother, who appears at the door of her cottage in weeds of woe. The sketch is an admirable copy of the original; but the analogy between the characters is not perfect. Lord Brougham, it is true, is a man who loves contention; but he is not a savage, nor is Lord Melbourne, when roused, an unequal match for his antagonist, although he is a sort of "*noir faineant,*" and would always rather decline making the effort. The happiest part of the parody is the substitution of the Duke of Wellington for the mother, for he is always ready to interpose between Lord Melbourne's Government and its assailants, jealous, perhaps, of those who, in correcting it, would exercise a power with which he conceives himself to be the only person rightfully invested.

DXXVI.

LAOCOON.

The figures of Laocoon and his two sons are scarcely less known than those of the Belvidere, Apollo, and the Venus de Medicis; and the story of "how Laocoon was a

priest of Apollo, and how he warned the Trojans against admitting the wooden horse, and how he profanely struck it with a spear, and how it uttered an inward groan, and how Juno, for all these faults, sent two great serpents to destroy him and his two sons;"—if it be not as familiar to the memory as household words, it may be read at length in Lempriere. That Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham did twine themselves round the Ministry, and pinch and bite, as if they had been resolved on its absolute destruction, is true enough, and so far the sketch bears resemblance to the facts; nor is the agony of the sufferers pure fiction: and this being the case, it is, perhaps, unnecessary that any other points of comparison should exist between the priest and his sons, on the one hand, and Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Spring Rice, on the other.

DXXVII.

A DIS—ORDERLY.

The ballot was not an open question, in the Melbourne Administration, until after the shock which the Cabinet sustained in 1838, by the division on the Jamaica Bill; and so long as the ballot was opposed by the entire Cabinet, every subordinate member of the government was presumed to be under an obligation to vote against it. Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, however, Master-General of the Ordnance, and Member for Cornwall, which seat he was said to owe, in some measure, to the influence of Sir W. Molesworth, a great advocate for the Ballot, stood in the disagreeable situation of a man who has two opposite duties to perform—his duty to the Prime-Minister requiring one thing, and his duty to his parliamentary patron another. On this occasion he voted for the Ballot, thus propitiating the parliamentary friend, and taking his

chance for a reconciliation with his superiors in office. Rumour said that he ran very little risk of suffering unpleasant consequences for this breach of discipline; for that his connections in Parliament, who would have resented any harsh measures towards him, were too numerous to be treated with indifference. Lord John Russell, therefore, howbeit in some danger of being run over by the refractory cavalier, was forced (in his own language) to give way, much to the astonishment of the stiff old soldier (the Duke of Wellington), looking on, who certainly would never, as a politician, have overlooked such a gross piece of insubordination; or, as a soldier, have suffered any one of his "orderlies" to be so dis-orderly.

DXXVIII.

MEDEA.

Lord John Russell is here represented in the character of Medea, more notorious for infanticide than any parent upon record, not even excepting the animal mentioned in Macbeth, as having "eaten her nine farrow." That Lord John Russell has somehow made away with a considerable number of his political progeny cannot be denied; and if this species of child-murder were punishable at law, his Lordship could not hope to escape. The present is not a case of simple desertion, but of absolute and active murder. The preamble to the Canadian Bill, and the Appropriation Clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, were served with scarcely less barbarity than the nephews of "crooked Richard" in the Tower; they were smothered and buried, not indeed under the stairs, but under the table. If there be anything which can mitigate the horror with which all well-regulated minds must regard such inhuman conduct, a glance at the victims is calculated to do

so; for though it must be confessed that no creature is responsible for its own ugliness or deformity, yet, it somehow happens that we can see, without a shudder, the crushing of a poisonous reptile or a noisome insect, when the sacrifice of some beautiful bird would shock our sensibility. This may be wrong, but, as Corporal Trim says, "it is human nature;" and it is not in the power of human nature to sympathize with such mis-shapen objects as those whom, in this sketch, their mother is carrying to their doom.

DXXIX.

A MELANCHOLY ILLUSTRATION OF THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

The subject of this sketch (the Hon. Frederick Byng,) is distinguished from the Member for Middlesex by an addition to his name, in reference to which he is shewn in the attitude of a docile *poodle*, taught to sit on its hams and beg; and his two hands are converted into fore-paws. This gentleman was a victim to misplaced confidence. Though himself a member of the Established Church, he advocated the voluntary principle—a principle much too convenient for all parties to lack support from a very great majority of rate-payers, whether Churchmen or not. Being in office as churchwarden of the parish of Saint James, he declined to make a rate, and attempted to raise the needful sum for the expenses of the church, by making an experiment of the voluntary principle. It is unnecessary to say that the attempt was a woeful failure, and the consequence, on his own part, a pecuniary sacrifice.

DXXX.

UNA AND HER LAMB.

This sketch is an escape from politics, or perhaps it is better to call it a retreat into poetry, with politics visible from the distance.

> "'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
> To peep at such a world; to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
> To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
> At a safe distance, where the dying sound
> Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

There is nothing in the story of Una, and her ass, and her pet-lamb, and her dwarf, that bears a close and particular resemblance to the history of Great Britain's Queen and her Prime-Minister; yet there are "comparisons," as Captain Fluellen says; for Una is a maiden, young, innocent, and beautiful, and so was Queen Victoria, and she had a pet-lamb, and the Queen's Minister (Lord Melbourne) was a Lamb, and both were attended by a small person (Lord John Russell), who did the work of the journey, while the lamb did nothing but eat and drink:—and Una rode on an ass, which was led by the lamb; and the Queen rode on John Bull, a patient and useful beast, who also was led by her Lamb, and, by some, was thought to be an ass for being so led.

DXXXI.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

This sketch refers only to the general and systematic attacks made by Lord Brougham on the Ministry, on points which generally obtained for him the concurrence and

approbation of Sir W. Molesworth and other extreme Radicals.

It is impossible to look at the picture without being reminded of some of the lines of Thompson, in his admirable description of the operation of Sheep-Shearing :—to look at Lord Melbourne under the inexorable shears of Lord Brougham, and not exclaim,

> "How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
> What softness in his melancholy face!

while Sir W. Molesworth on the opposite side, with Lord Glenelg under his hand,

> "Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
> To stamp his Mistress' cypher ready stands."

That these two "gentle shepherds" should concur in opinion as to the badness of the flock, is natural enough, for doubtless each would be happy to receive a commission from their Royal Mistress to provide a better; but that such as their taste and judgment would lead them to select would not be coarser still, and more cross-grained, will be thought by many exceedingly improbable.

DXXXII.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Much to the astonishment of a very considerable portion of the public, Mr. Shiel, Member for Tipperary (the present Vice-President of the Board of Trade), a Repealer and a Roman Catholic, a barrister, and, ins hort, a man who, well known as he was to the public, was known only as a lawyer, an author, and an orator, was appointed to the governorship of Greenwich Hospital. Well might that old Trafalgar man, with his wooden leg, stuck out in perfect indifference as to whom it may trip up, consider the new governor as a "strange sail!" The conjecture of the

other old tar is a shrewd one, and shews him to have been a good man in his day, for the look-out station at the mast-head. Mr. O'Connell, to whose influence the new governor may be supposed to owe something on account of his appointment, is struck with the beauty of his own work, and almost envies the creature the happiness in being so created.

DXXXIII.

TOO LATE FOR THE COACH.

On the 27th March, 1838, Lord Eliot, the Member for Cornwall, brought before the House of Commons the question of Spanish Policy, and moved for an address to Her Majesty in condemnation thereof. The debate was adjourned, and it was expected that it would last for several nights. The proceedings of the House on the following day are thus reported:—

"The Speaker, having gone through the paper, and having postponed the Bills, for the purpose of resuming the adjourned debate on the Spanish question, formally read the resolution moved by Lord Eliot.

"No one having risen to commence the debate,

"The Speaker put the question.

"Both sides answered:—the Conservative "aye," and the Ministerial "no."

"The Speaker declared the "noes" had it, amidst much surprise, confusion, and laughter.

"The gallery was cleared, the House divided, and there appeared—

"For Lord Eliot's Resolution .	62
"Against it	70
"Majority . . .	8

A scene of most admirable confusion ensued. Attempts were made to renew the debate. One suggestion was followed by another, each tending more than its predecessor to confound all knowledge of Parliamentary precedents. The division was at length admitted to be final."

This sketch admirably represents the scene of confusion. Mr. Abercrombie (now Lord Dunfermline), the Speaker of the House of Commons, is the keeper of the Coach-office, and several Conservative Members, who had expected to turn out the Ministers, are represented as complaining that the "Coach" has gone off without them. Sir Robert Peel, who was expected to resume the subject on the night in question, stands foremost, and declares that he was only half-an-hour behind his time. Lord Stanley, who by the quantity of his luggage, appears to have intended making a long stay in office, declares that his place was booked; behind him is Sir James Graham, for whom an inside-place would no doubt be secured. Lord F. Egerton innocently enquires what is to be done; and Sir William Follett replies, that they ought to follow the coach, and claim their places. The gravity of the office-keeper is inimitable. It is quite impossible to detect the least appearance of a smile upon his countenance, and it is almost conceivable that he is sorry for the disappointment of the gentlemen. But the satisfaction which *he* has so ably suppressed beams openly in the visage of that saucy groom (Mr. C. Buller), who leans against the post with his arms folded, displaying his great delight, partly at the vexation of the discomfited Conservatives, but chiefly at the sight of his master's great trunk which stands under the table, indicating that he is booked for a journey to Canada (being appointed Secretary to Lord

Durham), and means not to lose his place by being too late.

DXXXIV.

A GOOD SUBJECT.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.—The high reputation sustained by His Royal Highness, during the period of his filling the elevated station of Viceroy of Hanover, and his amiable character in private life, entitle him to be considered as a "Good Subject," in whatever sense the word is used.

DXXXV.

A LEADING ARTICLE OF THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Sir William Molesworth, a wealthy baronet and member for Leeds. An "article" is a title not badly chosen. Sir William Molesworth, if report say true, is a great contributor, in more ways than one, to the support of the Westminster Review. His literary contributions are, indeed, openly avowed; but for those of a different kind all that can be said is, that if a perverse and obstinate public will not follow where the "articles" lead, the leaders must either give up, or go on at their own proper cost.

DXXXVI.

JOHN BULL LABOURING UNDER NIGHTMARE.

This sketch is an admirable illustration of the practice of the Conservatives in keeping up, during the recess, a

succession of political dinners, and stimulating their supporters all over the kingdom with spicy declamation on the dangers that threaten both Church and State while the Whigs continue in power. John Bull has resigned himself to sleep, his stomach oppressed with the quantity and variety of good things which he has swallowed, and his brain bewildered by the frightful images that have been presented to his mind in the fervid harangues of Sir F. Burdett and Sir George Sinclair. Thus predisposed to Nightmare by a combination of patriotism and dyspepsia, it is not surprising that a frightful dream of Mr. O'Connell with Lord John Russell, as an involuntary coadjutor in his arms, should disturb his peace, and strike terror into his soul.

DXXXVII.

A BLACK NORTH-EASTER, AND A HEAVY SWELL ON THE ATLANTIC.

The figures in this sketch are three of the most important of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the serio-comic interlude called a *Trip to Canada and back again.* The late Lord Durham, the Governor-General, wrapped up in his cloak, and with his travelling-cap drawn over his brows, is a perfect personification of a "black North-Easter,"—no Coal-pit in Durham could present an aspect darker or more dismal. The time chosen for this sketch must be during the voyage home, for never did Governor-General, since the days of Sancho Panza, go off to his government with such puffs of approval to push him forward, or return in a more disastrous plight, or against such a hail-storm of reprobation. The heavy swell, Mr. E. Ellice, excites no sympathy, for he seems perfectly at his ease, and in a condition to bid the swell of the Atlantic do its worst.

The poor man (Mr. Turton) leaning over the stanchions brings to mind the situation of Don Juan, as described by Lord Byron,

> "A mind diseased no remedy can physic"—
> Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.

And well enough may his stomach heave at the thoughts of returning, after the handling that his appointment underwent in the House of Lords, of which it would be hard to say whether the attack by Lord Winchelsea, or the defence by Lord Melbourne was the more painful.

DXXXVIII.

ANCIENT CONCERTS—REHEARSAL.

In politics, as well as in music, it is impossible to produce the desired effect, unless the parts be individually well sustained, and, at the same time, well blended by the precision, taste, and skill of an able conductor. It was said that, on some occasions, the Conservatives failed to make that impression on the country which they had anticipated, and that their failure was owing to the want of a perfect understanding among themselves. In short, the speech which the conductor, the Duke of Wellington, is addressing to his band, is a close translation into musical terms of the language held by the Ministerial papers on the subject of Conservative tactics. The discrimination and humour of H. B. are very conspicuous in the selection of instruments for the several performers. Sir Robert Peel is, of course, the leader, and plays first violin; but Lord Stanley, at his side, handles his bow with the air of a performer, who knows that the leader of the second violin is very little less important in his place than he who leads the first. Just below Lord Stanley, is Sir William Follett, more conspicuous as second flute than Sir Frederick

Pollock, who sits lower still, and who, of course, is the *flauto primo*. Above these are the *Corni*, Sir Henry Hardinge, Lord Wicklow, and Lord Londonderry, who are requested by the conductor to subdue their tones till he shall give them the signal, being too apt to blow away *fortissime* without attending to the directions of the composer. The quiet and masterly air which distinguishes Lord Lyndhurst at the piano-forte is exceedingly good. Behind Lord Lyndhurst sits Sir James Graham, handling with graceful ease his double bass. Does the artist by this insinuate a pun on the baronet's tergiversation? Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ellenborough are the violoncellos, the latter, who sits on the right, has an easy independent air, but Lord Aberdeen keeps his eye entirely fixed upon the conductor, anxious only to follow his direction. The Duke of Wellington's love of music has already been noticed at No. XXIII. His Grace is one of the Directors of the Ancient Concerts, and of the Royal Academy of Music.

DXXXIX.

THE AGE OF *LEETLE* MEN.

About the period when this sketch is dated, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of the Scottish Church, delivered at the Great Rooms, in Hanover Square, a series of lectures to recommend the establishment and extension of national churches, as the most effective means of spreading Christianity; and in one of his lectures, after contrasting, with all the aid of his vigorous and sparkling eloquence, the miserable "spirit of the age," as it is termed; the poor calculating economical spirit, which prevails in modern times, with the munificence of those days in which churches, colleges, and other institutions, for the promotion of religion were so liberally endowed, expressed

his regret that we had fallen upon an age of little men, or, as H. B. has spelt the word, (in order to convey the Doctor's pronunciation,) "*leetle* men."

H.B. has humourously transferred the application of the term "little" from the mind to the body; and as the three foremost of the Ministers whom he has sketched walking into the House of Commons, namely, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, and Sir John C. Hobhouse, are decidedly below the middle stature, and the fourth (Lord Howick,) not above it, he has brought them together as the *leetle* men alluded to by Dr. Chalmers. To add to the humour of the piece, H.B. has stationed among the by-standers, in the lobby, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, whose height cannot be less than six feet four inches.

DXL.

A CASE OF CONSUMPTION.

The history of the renowned appropriation-clause is partly told at No. CCCXCII. It was the lever by which the government of Sir Robert Peel was overthrown. When the Irish Tithe Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, while Sir Robert Peel was still in office, Lord John Russell moved a resolution to the effect, that no settlement of the Irish Tithe Question would be satisfactory which did not provide that any surplus, after making due provision for the support of the Church, should be applied to other national purposes. The resolution was carried; Sir Robert Peel resigned; and the Whigs came back again to office; but the Irish Tithe Question still remained to be settled, and the Whigs, now Ministers again, had bound themselves to embody in any bill for its settlement, the resolution on which they had defeated their opponents. To the clause for this purpose,

called "the Appropriation-Clause," the House of Lords would never agree, and hence the Tithe Question remained unsettled till the majorities in support of it growing less and less, its own parent, Lord John Russell, at length gave it up, and brought in a Bill to settle the Tithe Question without the appropriation-clause. Whether the mother felt, indeed, those pangs, the expression of which is here so well depicted on her countenance may be doubted. It is more than probable that its death was considered as a "happy release." The nurse stirring the pap is Mr. Spring Rice, and the other is Lord Morpeth, and as both were officiating at the birth of the bantling, they claim a right to assist in closing its eyes. The three quacks, in consultation in the corner, are Mr. Warburton, M.P. for Bridport, Mr. Hume, and Mr. O'Connell. The fourth, and disappointed empiric, who looks in at the window, and brags of what he might have done had he been called in, is the noble and learned ex-Chancellor Lord Brougham.

DXLI.

CHURCH-REFORM; OR, THE BISHOPS' SATURDAY-NIGHT.

This sketch was really, as is set forth, designed for H.B. by the Rev. Sydney Smith, as the following extract, from his second letter to Archdeacon Singleton, will shew:—

"There is some safety in dignity—a Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it, when an institution is associated with mean and not with elevated ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H.B. I would intitle the print, 'The Bishops' Saturday-Night;' or, 'Lord John Russell at the Pay-Table.' The Bishops should be standing before the Pay-Table and receiving their weekly allowance.

Lord John Russell and Mr. Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns; and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the Deans and Canons should be in the back-ground waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them a Canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such-like ecclesiastical gear."

The idea was worthy of H. B.; and H. B. has done justice to the idea, and this is praise enough for both.

DXLII.

COURSING-EXTRAORDINARY.

Lord Melbourne, though formidable when he stands at bay, is but seldom reduced to that extremity, and seems to prefer flight to battle. There were so many subjects, about this period, on which he was (as it may be said,) *hunted,* night after night, by Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, that his lot seemed scarcely less pitiable than that of the poor hare in this sketch; and the eagerness of the noble and learned Lords, in following him up, might well be compared to the running of greyhounds, not only because they always seemed, at first, more than a match for their prey, but because, as it often happens in coursing, by the skill of the old hare, in doubling, when nearly caught, the dogs frequently overshot the mark, and thus the game would escape.

DXLIII.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Sir Robert Peel is the operator in Animal Magnetism, and Lord John Russell is the patient. The manipulation is most successful; and, if there are persons so sceptical as to doubt the truth of this science, the proceedings of Government, under the influence of the Conservative operators, throughout the whole of this session, must surely convince them. The Home Secretary is in the somnolent state of the affection, and so it always fell out; how lively soever were the resolutions of Ministers, as first formed and expressed, the waving of Sir Robert Peel's all-potent and spell-like arm would certainly drowsify them. So insensible has Lord John Russell become, that the past and the present have both ceased to live in him; as if the well-known resolution of 1835 had never existed, he drops even the Appropriation-Clause, to the utter alarm of his colleagues and supporters, who, nevertheless, seem to feel the magnetic influence creeping over them.

DXLIV.

A BALL-ROOM SCENE.

The whole power of H.B. is here concentrated upon a single figure; even royalty itself—the unaffected ease and grace of the youthful Queen, are but foils, to exhibit in greater brilliancy the peculiar graces of her partner, Lord Morpeth. It is impossible to look at any other figure in the group, nor is it possible to satiate the eye with the sight. Lord Conyngham (on the extreme left) looks on with envy and with admiration, notwithstanding

his own enviable fortune, in having the Duchess of Sutherland for his partner.

DXLV.

FORBIDDING THE BANNS.

"I am happy to find, in connection with the subject of disagreement, that I have this admission from the noble Lord opposite, that I have had the good fortune to introduce *proposals* for its adjustment, all of which were deemed satisfactory, with but a single exception, namely, that for the determination of the value of the franchise."—*Speech of Sir Robert Peel, 26th June,* 1838.

The above extract shews, that the Conservative leader, who is the bridegroom in the sketch, had actually "proposed," and that his offer was on the point of being accepted by the bride (Lord John Russell), with only one little reserve, just enough to satisfy a due proportion of maidenly coyness, when the hard-hearted and intriguing old guardian of the Ministry (Mr. O'Connell) found a pretext for Forbidding the Banns, and the union, broken off at this particular juncture, has never taken place, nor seems likely to do so, the *parties* having since cooled very surprizingly towards each other, or, if heated, having been heated only by animosity. Mr. Spring Rice and Lord Morpeth, the latter supporting the fainting bride, are most fitting bridesmaids for such a wedding. The parson looks very like the Speaker of the House of Commons; the clerk is Mr. Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin; and the beadle is the Duke of Wellington.

DXLVI.

CUPID BEFORE PSYCHE.

The story on which this sketch was founded is very

little more than what is told by the sketch itself. It was said that, while at Paris, Lord Brougham was commissioned by his lady to purchase for her a bonnet of the very newest fashion; and that he walked into a Magazin des Modes, and requested to have such a bonnet shewn him; which done, he forthwith put it on his head, and walked straight to a full-length mirror to see how he looked in it. If the story be true, those who are personally acquainted with his Lordship will think the astonishment expressed in the countenances and attitudes of the fair Modistes exceedingly natural.

DXLVII.

NEW CORONATION MEDAL.

This sketch parodies the reverse of the medal struck in commemoration of Her Majesty's Coronation. Three figures, personating England, Scotland, and Ireland, are presenting her crown to Victoria, seated on her throne and guarded by the British Lion. That Her Majesty's three kingdoms should be represented by the three peers, Lord Melbourne, Lord Normanby, and Lord Glenelg, is matter of mirth, and, therefore, within the fair limits of caricature; but there are persons who will regard, as both serious and ominous, the substituting of Mr. O'Connell for the British Lion. The slight change in a letter of the motto, altering, as it does, its whole sense so as to suit exactly with the alteration of the persons and circumstances, is very cleverly conceived.

DXLVIII.

IM—PATIENCE IN A PUNT.

In addition to a great many very radical sentiments to

which Lord Brougham was in the habit of giving expression, about this time, he declared his hope that the Ministers would have a proper regard to the public purse in the affair of the Coronation, and limit the expense of it as much as possible. These expressions were by many regarded as baits to catch popular praises, and, accordingly, the idea has been seized by H.B., who has sketched his Lordship in the act of angling for public applause. The gentleman who bears him company is Mr. Charles Phillips, the barrister, a great personal friend and admirer of his Lordship. The admirers of Bunbury will not need to be reminded of his capital picture of "Patience in a Punt;" and if they happen to have a copy, will place this sketch by its side, as a suitable companion.

DXLIX.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

When Marshal Soult was in London, as the representative of France upon the occasion of Her Majesty's Coronation, he met Lord Hill at the Duke of Wellington's, and an anecdote was related in the newspapers of his having thus accosted his old antagonist:—"At last, then, I have the pleasure of meeting your Lordship, you whom I once pursued for so long a time in vain," alluding to the Peninsular War, when Lord Hill retreated before Soult, who attempted, without success, to overtake him. The story, however, is considered to be apocryphal. La Belle Alliance is well-known as the name of a particular spot, which was one of the points of attack at the Battle of Waterloo. The meeting here commemorated, is a new version of "*La Belle Alliance.*"

DL.

JONAH THROWN OVERBOARD.

The ship in distress is the Melbourne Administration, and the countenances of Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, with cheeks distended, frowning from two portentous clouds, and blowing a hurricane with all their force, plainly indicate the danger to which the vessel is exposed. The victim who is undergoing the sentence of Jonah is Lord Minto, and, on reference to the debate in the House of Lords on the 10th of July, 1838, it will be found that the storm arose from a rumour that Lord Minto, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had issued instructions to British cruisers to stop all Sardinian vessels carrying warlike stores to Don Carlos, which induced Lord Brougham to move for a copy of the instructions; his Lordship observing, that if the fact were, as reported, it was more owing to good fortune than otherwise that we were not involved in hostilities, which we should not find it very easy to cope with. Lord Melbourne deemed it prudent to resist the motion, but was compelled to admit the risk incurred by the course which the First Lord of the Admiralty had adopted, and, in short, to make use of the political slang proper for such occasion, to "throw him over." Lord Melbourne, as the captain of the vessel, is the principal agent in putting over the unhappy victim, and while Lord Lansdowne is helping at the head, Lord Palmerston hands out a leg, and Lord Duncannon pushes at a foot. The slender figure of Lord John Russell appears behind, clinging to the mast. His countenance expresses some concern for the fate of his colleague, but he rejoices in the security of a small person, and feels certain that he would be one of the last to be thrown overboard, merely to

lighten the ship. Tumbling and tossing in the yeasty waves we see the Duke of Wellington, as the whale, prepared to swallow Jonah; but his Grace, though powerful, delights not in destroying, and, after all, will lodge poor Jonah safe on the dry land. Yes, it is even so. Referring again to the report of the debate, we find that the Duke of Wellington, though he plainly proved that Lord Minto had been wrong, agreed to vote for withholding the copy of the instructions, and thus let the delinquent escape.

DLI.

DRY-NURSES.

The position of parties, and their relative numbers and strength, produce some very curious results. The Radicals, regarding the Tories with that sort of feeling with which a rat regards a terrier, or a vagrant eyes the hat and staff of an authorized street-keeper, were ever ready to support Ministers when the Tories agitated a question in which the security of the Ministry was involved; but when the same Radicals, presuming on the value of their services in the hour of need, would push their demands for organic changes, and projects which Ministers were not disposed to encourage, the latter had only to cry out "Constitution in danger," and the Tories would come instantly to the rescue, and the Radicals be driven back discomfited. This was all notoriously true of the parties, collectively considered. Nevertheless, there were individuals, and even small sections of the extreme parties, namely, the Tories and Radicals who did not join heartily, and sometimes would not join at all, in supporting Ministers, but "took a pride to gird at them" on every occasion, careless of any consequences.

This sketch illustrates the truth of the above represen-

tation of the state of parties. Lord John Russell, in the arms of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne, under the protection of the Duke of Wellington, is taking shelter from the attacks of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, who, being extreme members of the extreme parties, prove the truth of the proverb that extremes meet. The occasions on which the Duke of Wellington has interposed between his own party and the Queen's Ministers, have not been few. In the debate which forms the subject of the preceding sketch "Jonah thrown overboard," Lord Brougham said, "that he had a presentiment that the noble Duke would be, in this case, as he had been, over and over again, the Saviour of Her Majesty's Ministers; he felt convinced that he would come and save them in their extremity." Lord John Russell is evidently ashamed of his weakness, and seems to remonstrate with destiny on the hardness of his lot, in being a Minister, and a wilful and wayward one, too, but yet unable to run alone. Lord Melbourne is evidently a spoiled child, and fully sensible of the advantages of being one.

DLII.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Neither the land-owners of Ireland, nor their tenants, would pay their tithes; the clergy had nothing to live upon; they had recourse to law, but the land-owners and tenants conspired to set the law at defiance. "We will settle this question of tithes to the satisfaction of all parties," said the Government; but it was not easy to find a course of which all parties would approve. In the mean time, who would pay tithes, even if otherwise willing, when in a short time the question was to be settled? So nobody would pay, and the clergy were starving. Out of

the taxes drawn from the whole community did the Government first lend, and then give, a round million, to pay to the Irish Clergy the debts due to them from the Irish land-owners. It is no disparagement of the skill and power of H.B. to say, that the face of the milch-cow (the British community) expresses not the hundredth part of the chagrin and mortification which were felt by some good English Protestants on this occasion. Here we have Mr. Shiel, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. O'Connell, and Sir Robert Peel, each with his *Measure* for draining the udder of the patient old cow. The difference of the motive, or more properly speaking, the argument, is expressed on their several vessels. Sir Robert Peel considers that the Irish Clergy must have their due; so if they, who ought to pay, will not pay, they, who can pay must pay, whether they ought to pay or not. Mr. O'Connell cares not who pays, or whether there is paying, or no paying; but, resolved that those who ought to pay shall not pay, he brings his pail to obtain the needful from another source. Mr. Spring Rice undertakes the Ministerial office of milking the public till the Exchequer will yield the required supply; Mr. Shiel is quietly walking off to his retreat at Greenwich, (*See* No. DXXXII.) with just so much in his can as will make a good pudding for himself.

DLIII.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

The idea of this sketch is borrowed from an engraving of a beautiful picture by Edwin Landseer, entitled "The Forest Joust," which engraving forms the frontispiece to "The Art of Deer-Stalking," by W. Scrope, Esq., a very classical sporting book, published by Murray. In the original, the buck, whose feet are within a few inches of

the verge of the precipice, looks very unlike the victor; the superior size and weight of his antagonist seem to have produced the expected result of pushing him into a position, from which one effort more will hurl him to the shades below; nor is there anything in the appearance or manner of the "little buck," which begets a hope that he may yet avert his doom, much less that he may eventually overcome his enemy. But the "little buck" of the parody (Lord John Russell), as every body knows, still has the best of it, obtaining the smiles of the fair spectators in the back-ground, which have been denied to his rival, Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps the very danger of his position, the gulph that lies beyond him, and the impossibility of retreat, may have been one cause of his prowess and his success; for, as Hannibal said to his soldiers, "There is no middle course between death and victory."

DLIV.

A TRAP-IST ON RETREAT.

So much of the influence of Mr. O'Connell over the uninformed Irish depends on the co-operation of the Catholic Clergy, that he has always evinced towards them the profoundest reverence. On his visit to Ireland, about the period of the date of this sketch, he was reported to have paid a visit to the establishment of the Trapist Monks, in the county of Waterford. What sort of a *Trap*-ist Mr. O'Connell is in his worldly character, is insinuated by the new plan of agitation lying on the table, along with the hat, wig, and gown—other components of the outward man. The Precursor Society, which Mr. O'Connell had boasted should soon amount to two millions, each of whom was to pay 1*s.* for the enrolment of his name, was the subject of animadversion in the House of Lords; when Lord Melbourne, with a view to quiet ap-

prehension on the subject of the prodigious numbers of the society, explained that the plan meant only so many shillings. The *trap*, however, did not catch well, and the society was soon afterwards dissolved.

DLV.

A SCENE FROM DON GIOVANNI.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the scene from the Opera of Don Giovanni corresponding to this sketch, is the one in which the gay Don finds himself at the foot of the statue of Don Guzman (whom he has killed), and obliges his servant, Leporello, to invite the statue to supper, which invitation, to the great diversion of the master, and the utmost dismay of poor Leporello, the statue accepts by a nod.

The subject referred to is the proposed erection of a statue in honour of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Rutland, who is the Don Giovanni of the sketch, being the most active member of the committee appointed to carry the design into execution, with Colonel French for his Leporello, had preferred the design of Mr. Wyatt, who had commenced the necessary preparation for the work, when an objection was raised to Mr. Wyatt's design by several members of the committee. The Duke of Rutland and Colonel French maintained that all such objections were then too late—that due notice had always been given of the proceedings of the committee, and that when certain members, who had given their time and attention unremittingly to the subject, had been permitted to make an engagement with an artist, and that artist had actually commenced his work, it was no longer competent to other parties, who had previously given a tacit consent to the proceedings, to come in and reverse them.

The sketch appears to be an expression of the sentiment

entertained by the mal-content members, and propagated by the *Times* newspaper. The Duke of Wellington is frowning on the Duke of Rutland and Colonel French, even as the statue of Guzman frowns on his murderer Don Giovanni and his attendant Leporello; while the latter exclaims from the Opera, "Heavens! see how frowningly he looks this way, he seems alive; he seems to hear us,—nay, he seems about to speak!"

DLVI.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.—UNNATURAL OFFSPRING.

The Ministers are represented in this sketch as evincing a natural tendency to Conservatism, notwithstanding the fact of their being indebted for existence and protection to the care of Mr. O'Connell; just as a brood of young ducklings, hatched under the wings of a hen, instinctively shew their fondness for water as soon as they are able to go alone. The foremost of the brood is Lord John Russell, who, it will be recollected, took the occasion of the debate on the address to announce his determination to resist the measures recommended by Mr. Wakley. *(See* No. DVI.) Next to Lord John Russell is Lord Howick, and close behind is Lord Cottenham. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and some nameless little ducks, are running down one side of the bank, while down the other side come Lord Holland, Lord Landsdowne, Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), Lord Morpeth, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Melbourne. Lord Glenelg, with his accustomed inactivity, still squats on the old nest, close behind Mr. O'Connell, the hen.

DLVII.

THE FATE OF MARSYAS.

It may be doubted if Lord Durham ever seriously entertained the design of "trying conclusions" with Lord Brougham. If he had attempted it, he would most assuredly have failed as signally as Marsyas in contending with Apollo, and if sarcasm signify a peeling off of the skin, Saint Bartholomew himself, in comparison with the noble Earl, would have been a man to be envied; for Lord Brougham's sarcasm is not such a delicate kind of peeling as a skilful operator would effect with a keen knife and a pair of forceps, but it is a process as rough as a rasp, a file, a piece of pumice-stone, or a scraper,—tearing, not skin alone, but muscle, nerve, and tendon. The occasion of the supposed trial of skill, and its natural consequences, was Lord Durham's return from Canada, when it was thought that he must reply to the many severe things said of him in his absence by Lord Brougham. Assuming that Lord Durham would reply to the learned Lord, and that the learned Lord would vanquish him in a rejoinder, his fate is here sketched, and, we behold him bound, like the conquered Marsyas, to a tree, to be flayed alive. That handy little assistant, who is behind the tree, drawing tight the ropes, is the present Lord Monteagle. The practiced operator, who is drawing the razor across the palm of his hand, is Lord Melbourne; and, a little below, is an admirable portrait of Lord Glenelg, regarding the victim with his usual apathy. The figure on his knees, in the fore-ground, may be anybody; but, in the Apollo, it is not possible to mistake Lord Brougham.

DLVIII.

THE BROKEN HONG MERCHANT.

A resolution, submitted to the House of Commons by Mr. Gillon, the Member for Linlithgow, to increase the allowance to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex having been negatived, a letter appeared very shortly afterwards in all the public papers, in which His Royal Highness announced his intention of resigning his seat as President of the Royal Society, and assigned pecuniary difficulties as one of the causes of his taking this extraordinary step. This letter created no little surprise; and, to a generous public, it seemed very distressing that a Prince of the blood-royal, and a Prince who had enjoyed through his whole life no small share of popular favour, should be so straightened in his means, as to be compelled to give up a post which confers the highest honour upon him who fills it, for no other reason than the want of a sufficient income to meet the expenses which unavoidably belong to it, particularly as it was understood that very little expense was attached to the office, beyond that of holding a certain number of meetings at the President's house, when the custom was to give no other refreshment than tea. To perpetuate the melancholy circumstance of His R. H.'s surrender of the President's chair, he is here represented as a "Broken Hong Merchant," with an empty tea-chest, and without the means of replenishing it.

DLIX.

WOT *WAS* A JOB, AND *IS* A HACK.

Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, late M.P. for Southwark, was

a thorn in the side of Ministers until removed and planted in the office of Registrar of Hackney-Coaches, Cabs, &c. under an act of Parliament passed in the Session of 1838. Whether the place did not suit him, or he did not suit the place, is doubtful; but that he resigned it after a few months is certain, and shortly afterwards he obtained the appointment of Commissioner of the City Police, and retired from Parliament. The sketch represents him, as he was often seen in the House of Commons, *driving* the leader, Lord John Russell.

DLX.

A CONTRAST.

Lord Melbourne, on his treasury-seat sits in perfect security between two opponents; one (the Duke of Wellington) having only the power, and the other (Lord Brougham) only the will, to dislodge him. Perhaps the representation is not strictly true of either, and the Premier may have nothing to fear, even from the coalition of his opponents. If he who "could if he would" were to set about it in earnest, the other, who "would if he could" would, probably, lend his aid to defeat the intention; while he who "could if he would" is a person less likely to alter his mind than to prevent the other party from proceeding in earnest to upset the Ministry and take their places. To judge, however, by the public conduct of both, the case would seem to be exactly as the sketch imports.

DLXI.

VAN AMBURGH OUTDONE.

A few years hence it may be forgotten that a certain

Van Amburgh exhibited, at Drury Lane Theatre, the spectacle of a cage full of wild beasts so much under his controul that he used to go in among them, make them jump through hoops, and over sticks, and perform, at his bidding, various other exploits, punishing them with the utmost severity if they did not yield him the most implicit obedience. H.B. has seized this occasion to exhibit a bold representation of the bondage of the Melbourne administration, and the supremacy of Mr. O'Connell. The Prime-Minister, as the monarch of the beasts, lays his royal head under his keeper's foot. Lord Cottenham and Lord Lansdowne, on the left, seem tamed down to a state of stupefaction. Lord Howick and Sir John Cam Hobhouse are looking up with an expression of countenance which seems to say "what would you have us to do?" Lord Palmerston, close to the keeper's knee, seems by no means unhappy in his condition, so long as his daily rations are supplied. Lord Monteagle, ever the most vivacious and frisky of the set, exhibits his docility by leaping on his master's shoulders. The Marquess of Normanby fawns on him, and Lord Morpeth would imitate his example, but that the great master not approving of too much sweet at once, checks his advances by a box on the ear. Lord Glenelg is in his accustomed state of somnolence; and Lord Holland, too old to frisk it, looks as if he were really unconscious of his abject state.

DLXII.

A SCENE FROM MACBETH.

So much of the history of the late Lord Durham's mission to and return from Canada, as is necessary to elucidate this and several other sketches referring to the

same subject, is told at No. DLXIII. Lord Durham is here represented as Banquo, who, though "the brains are out," is not dead, but comes back to "push Lord Melbourne from his stool." The resemblance between Lord Durham and Banquo is but too close. There he sits, pointing to his wounds, "the least a death to nature," —stabbed in the dark—when his back was turned—and when no friendly hand was by to avert the blow. Lord Melbourne, as Macbeth, exclaims, "thou canst not say I did it."—No,—it was not Lord Melbourne who did it; the hand that struck the blow was Lord Brougham's: nor is it quite fair to Lord Melbourne to insinuate, by placing him in the situation of Macbeth, that the blow was struck at his instigation. The worst that can be said is, that Lord Melbourne did not interpose to save his absent friend.

The part of Lady Macbeth is filled by Her Majesty, and the guests are (beginning from Lord Melbourne on the left,) Lord Palmerston, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Monteagle, and Lord Morpeth; and on the right, (beginning from Lord Durham,) the late Lord Holland, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Duncannon, Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, and the Marquess of Normanby.

DLXIII.

A ROW IN THE PLAY-GROUND.

To adjust all the points that, in 1838, were the subjects of dispute between the Canadians and the Mother-Country, the late Lord Durham was sent out as Governor-General of both the Canadas. His powers were extensive, but nevertheless it appeared, before he had been long there, that he had exceeded them, and the matter having

been brought before the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, all parties, not excepting the Ministers, agreed, that in transporting certain offenders to other colonies, and in a proclamation which threatened, with the punishment due to convicted rebels, certain persons who had fled without having been tried, he had acted unlawfully, and stood in need of an act of indemnity. Such an act, therefore, was brought in and passed by both Houses, the Ministers asserting, at the same time, their full conviction that the effect of this, clearly implying censure on the government of Lord Durham, would be his immediate return. Their prophecy was fulfilled, and as soon after he received the news of the proceeding in the British Parliament as he could make ready for his departure, Lord Durham left Canada and returned to England.

With this short account of Lord Durham's expedition out and home again, the present sketch will be perfectly intelligible. On the ground, split into pieces by the force of the collision with the Governor's *caput*, lies the Indemnity Act, recently launched from the hand of Lord Brougham, who, from a distance on the right-hand (he not belonging to the associated group), congratulates himself on the success of his aim. The victim is evidently hurt, no less by the missile than by the ill-nature of his play-fellows, whom he accuses of neglecting the means to avert the blow. The Court-plaister which is offered by Lord Melbourne refers to an autograph letter, said to have been written to his Lordship by the Queen, and the gentlemanly air of this—the head boy of the school—is admirably contrasted with that of Lord Monteagle, who stands close by him with his hands in his pockets. Every school has in it some boy of the species to which the figure belongs. He reproaches his suffering companion for the tenderness of his skin, his own being of a comfortable degree of

thickness and proportionate insensibility; and, so far from thinking an Act of Indemnity a grievance to cry for, he only wishes he may get no worse when he himself shall do any thing to require one. The self-sufficiency of the Radicals, ever puffing their political nostrums, is well typified by Sir William Molesworth offering a piece of Poor Man's Plaister, as if so discriminating, and so dainty a gentleman, as the Governor-General, were likely to take it in preference to that which Lord Melbourne has brought direct from a "a nice young lady" at Court. Close behind Lord Melbourne is Lord Glenelg. The boy in the cap, looking round from behind the tree, is Lord Howick, and in the back-ground are the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

DLXIV.

DEMOSTHENES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

This sketch relates to a story which was gossiped about, and appeared in some of the newspapers, that Lord Brougham, while on a visit to the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle, amused his Grace with an anticipated speech of Lord Durham, to be made as soon as he should return from Canada, and take his seat in the House of Lords. The Duke, as the story continued, highly pleased with the imitation of Lord Durham, was not disposed to qualify the pleasure by sustaining a real Broughamiade, and therefore declined to hear the reply.

DLXV.

THE DUENNA.

The late Lord Durham, it is well known, was the personal friend of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, and, after

his decease, continued to be the confidential adviser of Her Royal Highness the Duchess. It was, therefore, probable that on his return to England, under the circumstances detailed at No. DLXIII., he would seek an audience of the Queen, and avail himself of the esteem in which Her Majesty had been taught to hold him as a private friend, to improve the situation in which the unfortunate issue of his Canadian government was likely to place him before the public. Lord Durham is, therefore, represented in this sketch as a lover, endeavouring to gain the ear of his mistress by a serenade; and Lord Melbourne as a Duenna, interposing to thwart his design, and driving away the young lady from the window.

DLXVI.

ANOTHER PEEP INTO THE PLAY-GROUND.

This play-ground scene relates to the conduct of the Ministry in not attempting to justify or defend the acts of Lord Durham, as Governor-General of Canada; but leaving them and him to the mercy of his adversaries, as if he had been "none of their child." This is a game often played at the expence of some poor boy, who has the misfortune to become a mark for the mischievous. He is got into a ring of the old boys, and shouldered from one to another, with no care for his equilibrium, every one exclaiming, as he gives him a push, "You're none of my child." Lord Melbourne, as the head boy of the school, is very conspicuous, being in the act of shouldering the victim. Can anything speak more plainly of the happy condition of a favourite, than the appearance of this saucy, merry, clever, idle, care-for-nothing and good-for-nothing boy? We see at a glance that he is the pet of the school-mistress, sits by her at dinner, and is helped to the choicest bits—that she laughs at

his wit, and encourages his mischief. The boy who turns his shoulder, to catch the victim on the rebound, and send him off again with "You're none of my child," is Colonel Thompson, behind whom is Sir William Molesworth, the only friend the poor victim seems to have in the school; for Lord Brougham is quite ready to join in his persecution, and even the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Lyndhurst, who stand at the extreme right, appear quite prepared for the sport, when their turn shall come round. Lord Monteagle, standing next to Lord Melbourne on the left, is the same pert young gentleman as described at No. DLXIII., and is here as busy and as vivacious as ever. Just above Lord Monteagle is Lord Glenelg, and still more to the left are Lord Duncannon (in a superfluity of neckcloth) and Lord Howick.

DLXVII.

COACH DINNER, CASTLE INN, WINDSOR.

The ill-success of Ministers in some of their most important measures, and particularly those relating to Canada, begat an idea that they must resign, and H.B. has seized, as usual, the ruling topic of the day to discuss it after his own peculiar style and manner. The Ministers, travellers by the first coach (we will call it the Sovereign), are seated at dinner at the *Castle* Inn, *Windsor*. The opposition coach has overtaken them, and the travellers (the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the rest,) are being introduced by John Bull to the same table, somewhat prematurely as it appears, since the Ministers have not yet quitted their places. In fact, not one of them seems willing to move. The table is filled by Lord Holland (whose seat is pointed out by his crutch), Lord Melbourne, on his right hand, Lord Palmerston and Lord Glenelg (expressing

their determination to remain if possible, let who will go), Lord Duncannon, and Lord John Russell. Behind them, as the guard of the coach, stands Mr. O'Connell. Over the shoulder of John Bull appears the head of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

DLXVIII.

A DESERTER.

No sooner was Lord Durham made acquainted with the proceedings in the British Parliament on the subject of the Indemnity Act *(See* No. DLXIII.), than, without waiting to be recalled, he returned to England with the utmost haste. His conduct, in abandoning so precipitately the arduous and important duties intrusted to him, was very freely canvassed, both in and out of Parliament; and there were not a few who deemed it highly reprehensible in his Lordship, let the circumstances have been what they might, to desert his public duty on grounds that seemed to be merely personal to himself.

The difference between a recruit, when first appearing on parade, dressed in a new suit of regimentals, holding up his head, and keeping down his hands, turning out his toes, and fixing his "eyes front," and the same recruit marched through the streets as a deserter, in dirty dress, half military and half civil, hand-cuffed, dejected, hanging down his head, and scowling on all who look at him, bears a pretty close resemblance to the difference between the blaze of glory in which his Lordship set out for Canada, with both Houses of Parliament calling after him, "Who but he?" and the dinginess and melancholy of his return after deserting his post.

The mal-administration of Canadian affairs was brought before the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, and was

left undefended by Lord Melbourne, more especially as the Duke of Wellington pronounced a positive opinion against it. These facts are illustrated by the figure of Lord Brougham as a light-infantry man, who may be supposed to be the active man to track the deserter's steps, and find out his "whereabout," while Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington are the grenadiers who have taken him into custody.

DLXIX.

THE DISOWNED.

About this time was published a letter to the Queen, couched in language exceedingly uncourteous, and discussing public affairs in an ultra-Radical spirit. The letter was anonymous; but partly from something which here and there the writer had said of himself (most probably with the design of misleading the public), and partly from a similarity of style—(an imitation, perhaps, resorted to for the same purpose)—the public drew the inference that its author was Lord Brougham; and Mr. O'Connell, at a public meeting, spoke in the most violent terms both of the letter and of Lord Brougham as the author, denouncing his conduct as disloyal and unmanly. Lord Brougham took the first opportunity of denying the imputation, and the real author remains unknown. For a time, however, the rumour prevailed, and in the present sketch we have John Bull in the costume of a parish-beadle, bringing the foundling letter and laying it at Lord Brougham's door; who, candidly acknowledging that he has not been wholly immaculate, positively disowns the offspring before him. The lady in the bonnet and cloak (the Queen) appears, however, to disbelieve the asseverations of the reputed father, and to be shocked at his profligate avowal of previous peccadillocs.

DLXX.

A COACHMAN WANTED.—CANDIDATES FOR THE PLACE.

Rumours of a change of Ministry were afloat about this time, and here are four of the persons most likely to be candidates for the place of Premier. The label issuing from the lips of Lord Melbourne (on the right) plainly shews the occasion of the rumours: the work is too much for him. He would be willing to keep the place if he could have the assistance, when required, of the old coachman who stands next to him (the Duke of Wellington), but upon what terms he does not say. The old whip is not disposed to become his "double," and flatly declines to meddle with his cattle, or undertake the driving of the coach, except with a team of his own choosing. The surly young gentleman, expressing his ill-will towards one of his brother-whips, is the late Lord Durham, who having never driven four-in-hand, or been used to anything more important than fly-work, is not a likely man to be chosen; particularly after the unlucky break-down of the Canada job. Lord Brougham, of course, is ready to undertake anything from a pony-chaise to a broad-wheeled waggon. He is in every sense of the word an Omnibus man,—and John Bull's mistress rejects him accordingly, as unfit for the delicate business of driving the Royal Mail.

DLXXI.

THE DIS-ORGANIST.

It was universally believed that Lord Durham had come home from Canada in a towering rage, and would give

full vent to his feelings as soon as the opening of the Session of Parliament should afford him an opportunity. In this belief he is here represented playing "a cannon" on the organ. Mr. Roebuck, who, as the agent in this country of the Canadian House of Representatives, took a very large share in every debate on Canadian questions, is engaged in the humble office of blowing the bellows; but the united efforts of Lord Durham and himself produce nothing but discord, owing to the mischievous meddling of Lord Brougham, who has put the pipes out of tune. The listeners are the Queen and Lord Melbourne.

DLXXII.

COMIC PANTOMIME,—CURIOUS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Ministers were so frequent in their visits to Windsor Castle, and such was the festivity prevailing there, that the idea represented in this sketch, of the metamorphosis of the regal palace into a place of entertainment "for man and beast," would not have been too extravagant for a Christmas Pantomime. The Harlequin, by whom the change is wrought, is Lord Melbourne; the "fool proper" is Lord Morpeth; the pretty landlady, opening the door of the tavern, is Her Majesty; the lean and slippered Pantaloon is the Marquess of Normanby; and the Columbine is Lord John Russell.

DLXXIII.

FEEDING THE ANIMALS,—CHANGE OF DIET.

For an account of Van Amburgh and his beasts, *see* No. DLXI. Her Majesty honoured the theatre with a

visit, and accordingly H.B. has carried on the subject of his previous sketch. The creatures, with one exception, are the same as in the preceding one, but the change of food to which the Queen adverts, and the loaf ticketed "cheap bread," refer to the attempts made by the underlings of the Ministry to raise their declining popularity by spreading a report that they intended to repeal or modify the Corn-Laws. There is one beast in this sketch who does not appear in the former one. It bears the face of Mr. Poulet Thompson (now Lord Sydenham), who was a decided advocate of the repeal of the duty on Foreign corn; and his being at issue on that point with Lord John Russell, is represented in this sketch by their making the question literally a bone of contention.

DLXXIV.

THE RIVAL QUIXOTES.

Except that the subject is the successful tilt by which Lord Brougham unseated Lord Durham from his Government of Canada, it is unnecessary to say a single word in elucidation of this sketch; for it tells its own story in a manner so expressive, that language can make no addition to its force. Yet it is impossible to restrain admiration: where shall we begin?—with the beasts, or the riders?—Look at the charger which bears the burthen of the noble and learned Lord! his ears laid back, his tail waving in triumph, his head poised low, and the vigour of his fore-legs, all shew the spirit of an animal not unused to combat, and assured of victory. Compare his confident bearing with the *Sauve-qui-peut* appearance of his rival, with outstretched neck and tail,—oh! what expressions of disaster, dismay, and defeat, of utter hopeless and irretrievable discomfiture are contained in his tail!! *Quis*

TALIA *fando temperet a lachrymis ?* Then for the riders: look at the hero of the everlasting shepherd's plaid ! The resolution to achieve a certain and easy conquest, though it manifests itself in the hand that grasps the spear, and in the toe that presses the stirrup, in the cock of the mambrino helmet, and the confident bend of the eye; yet resides in greatest force in the expression of the mouth. Still it is worthy of remark, that the countenance of the noble and learned rider, though full of most mischievous determination, has not in it one particle of malice. In this lies the exquisite merit, beauty, and truth of the sketch. If the figure could give utterance to the thought that passes in the mind, it would say, " this poke will be quite enough to do your business, my fine fellow ! With this good donkey to carry me, and this trusty weapon, I could upset such a one as you every day in the week, and never, as the Scotch say, *fash my thumb.*"—Such is the easy business-like manner with which the triumphant rider undonkeys his antagonist, that we are under no apprehension for the consequences. We feel quite sure that when he goes off, (for off he must go,—that is quite clear,) he will be able to get up again more ashamed than hurt.

The ability of Lord Brougham, in charging his antagonist, justifies the opinion of the witty Lord Norbury, on the belligerent qualifications of the learned profession of which Lord Brougham is so distinguished a member. Lord Norbury, after reviewing a regiment of volunteers composed of the attorneys and barristers of Dublin, concluded an address to them in these words:—" In short, gentlemen, I never saw a more formidable body of men, and if you can but fire as well as you *know how to charge,* you will be invincible."

DLXXV.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

One of the consequences of the mismanagement of affairs in Canada was the removal of Lord Glenelg from the office of Secretary-of-State for the Colonial Department. That his Lordship was taken by surprise, in being removed, he plainly informed the House of Lords when the subject was first mentioned; and this, joined with many other symptoms of abstraction, served to fix on him the imputation of somnolence. Respected as his Lordship deservedly was for his talents, integrity, amiableness, and for his powers as a Parliamentary orator when roused to exertion, it was impossible, nevertheless, not to enjoy the joke of a man's walking about in a state of open-eyed somnambulism, until in the broad day-light, with his candle in his hand, he fairly lighted himself out of the door of his own office.

DLXXVI.

OLIVER INTRODUCED TO THE RESPECTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

In Boz's (or Dickens's) very popular novel of Oliver Twist, the Respectable Old Gentleman, Mr. Fagin, keeps a normal school for teaching the art of appropriation, not of tithes, but of watches, purses, and pocket handkerchiefs. Oliver Twist is an innocent unsophisticated youth, picked up by one of Fagin's pupils, who bears the title of "the Artful Dodger," and introduced by him to the Old Gentleman, to be initiated into the secrets and practices of the appropriation trade. For a more perfect view of the

scene of the introduction, the reader must be referred to the Novel.

The "Respectable Old Gentleman," in the sketch before us, is Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and Lord Morpeth is being introduced to him as Secretary for Ireland by the Marquess of Normanby, the Lord-Lieutenant. That easy, self-satisfied, thorough-going young appropriator, who sits with his pipe in his mouth, his elbow on the table, and his legs dangling from the ground, has the countenance of Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), and is meant for the Charley Bates of the Novel. Over his head is one who resembles Lord John Russell, while Lord Howick and Lord Melbourne seem to be communicating to each other their opinions of the new introduction.

DLXXVII.

PLAYING OFF A PRACTICAL JOKE UPON AN OLD FRIEND.

The state of unconsciousness in which Lord Glenelg remained, while his colleagues in the Cabinet were resolving on his removal, is explained at No. DLXXV. This is, in every sense of the word, a case of abstraction; Lord Duncannon is abstracting the privy-seals; Lord Melbourne is abstracting the seals of the Colonial-office, while Lord Glenelg is himself abstracted. The Marquess of Normanby entering on tip-toe, and Lord Morpeth looking over his shoulder, are enjoying the sport, and careful not to spoil it.

DLXXVIII.

A TRIANGULAR DUEL,—*NOT* FROM MIDSHIPMAN EASY.

For a full account of the Triangular Duel, the reader

must refer to the second volume of Captain Marryat's Novel "Mr. Midshipman Easy." A few words will tell so much of it as will serve to explain this sketch to those who have not read the novel. Mr. Midshipman Easy has quarrelled with Boatswain Biggs, and likewise with Easthupp the Purser's Steward, and has challenged both. The arrangements are left to the Gunner, on the part of Biggs and Easthupp, and to Mr. Gasgoine on the part of Easy; but time being short, and the Gunner, who is a great mathematician, being somewhat puzzled how to manage a duel between three, (for Easy had insisted on fighting them at once, and not one after the other,) he at length settles it that the three parties shall stand respectively on the three points of an equilateral triangle, and that Mr. Easy shall fire at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp at Mr. Easy. Delighted with this method of solving the difficulty he refuses to listen to any remonstrance from the parties, notwithstanding poor Mr. Easthupp alleges that he has no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and cannot, therefore, conceive why Mr. Biggs is to shoot at him. Nevertheless, Mr. Biggs does shoot at him, and hits him after the manner represented in the sketch, in which Lord Brougham stands for Mr. Easy,—Lord Melbourne for the Boatswain Biggs, and the late Lord Durham for the unlucky Easthupp. The reader will be at no loss to make the application after what has already been said of the Canadian affairs.

DLXXIX.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

The Marquess of Normanby was succeeded in the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, by Lord Ebrington. The appointment brought down on the head of the

Prime-Minister the severest animadversions of the Conservatives, for Lord Ebrington had expressly declared, when giving his vote upon the Irish Tithe Bill, that he did so from a conviction that the Bill would render more vigorous and more effective the war carried on against the Established Church in Ireland. This sketch represents Lord Ebrington seated at a table, and taking instructions from Mr. O'Connell as to the plan of attack on the Irish Church. The Marquess of Normanby, with his hat under his arm, is on the point of taking leave of his Lord-Lieutenancy; but Lord Morpeth, still retained in the office of Secretary, is attentively noting down the instructions of the Generalissimo.

DLXXX.

JACK FROST IN DOWNING-STREET.

John Frost was a draper at Newport, in Monmouthshire, and was created by Lord John Russell one of the magistrates for that Borough. Some of his immediate neighbours, understanding that the town-council had recommended him for this distinction, communicated to the Secretary-of-State such passages in the previous history of John Frost, as, in their opinion, ought to have prevented his appointment. But he was appointed notwithstanding, and gave himself no small credit in consequence. Very shortly afterwards he joined the Chartists, and upon receiving a gentle hint from Mr. Fox Maule, the Under-Secretary for the Home-Department, he wrote a most impertinent reply, and having read both letters to a meeting at which he presided, he boldly declared, that Lord John Russell did not dare to remove him from the commission of the Peace, for that if he should do so, the people would reinstate him. Lord John Russell was at

length under the necessity of putting his threat in force, but not until he had been pinched by Mr. Frost, much after the fashion in which he is represented in the sketch. The Secretary-of-State, albeit uncomfortably placed, seems more inclined to submission than resentment; but Mr. Fox Maule is evidently amazed at the audacity of the Newport draper.

DLXXXI.

H.B. DISCOVERED IN HIS STUDIO.

The title of this sketch might lead a reader to suppose that the "great unknown," — (the author of these sketches,) had so far resolved on dispelling the mystery in which he has thought fit to envelope himself, as to afford the public a glimpse of his person, and thus put them on a kind of Shandean inquiry, "Have I ever seen H.B.? May I, can I, shall I, ever see H.B.? What if I should see him, &c.? But no!! he "keeps the word of promise to the ear, and breaks it to the hope;" and, in lieu of the H.B. who has never been shewn, he gives us an H.B. with whom we are as familiar as with King Charles at Charing-cross. The idea of this sketch was suggested by the following extract from the report of a speech of Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Lords, on the 4th of March, 1839, in a debate on the appointment of Lord Ebrington to the high and important station of Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland:—

"I will not attempt to describe the political character of the noble Lord opposite—I would rather leave that task to the graphic pencil of the noble and learned Lord (Brougham), whose skill in that department of portrait-painting is so well known and appreciated."

Upon this hint Lord Brougham spake, and in the same

debate drew such a flattering portrait of Lord Ebrington, as probably occasioned Lord Lyndhurst to regret that he had put the pencil and pallet into his hands. The noble and learned artist seems, as usual, quite satisfied with his own performance; and Lord Lyndhurst, who is engaged in the humble office of grinding the colours, seems proportionately discontented with himself for having delegated the task to one who has executed it so differently from what he could have desired.

At the foot of the easel stands the portrait of one whom Lord Brougham has never flattered, but whom, in the same debate as that above referred to, he painted in the most odious colours. The reader will immediately recognize Mr. O'Connell.

DLXXXII.

A LEAF OUT OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, WITH SLIGHT VARIATIONS.

To enjoy this sketch, it is necessary to have in recollection the description of the scene between Nicholas Nickleby and his friend Smike, on the one hand; and Mr. Vincent Crummles, the young Crummleses, and the rest of the corps dramatique on the other. The original Mr. Vincent Crummles, an actor and proprietor of a country theatre, on parting with Nickleby and Smike, after the conclusion of their engagement, which has been very profitable to the concern, puts his friends to the blush, and draws down upon them the observation of all the people in the coach-yard by a most theatrical leave-taking. The Marquess of Normanby (in the arms of Mr. O'Connell) is about to quit the stage, on which he has played so much to the delight of the public, and the profit of the manager, that the latter is evidently overcome by grief at his departure, and

would be glad to offer him another engagement if it would be of any use. Mr. Morgan O'Connell (as young Crummles) is straining Smike (Lord Morpeth), in his embrace, after the manner of the senior actor. Lord Ebrington, who has come to the door to bid good-bye to his predecessor, is affected at the sight of so much emotion, not being yet so well acquainted with the parties as to know that it is nothing but a piece of acting.

DLXXXIII.

DENTATUS.

This sketch is a parody of a picture of the death of Dentatus, by B. R. Haydon. The Roman General is here personated by the Marquess of Normanby, who, upon his return from Ireland, was attacked by some of the Peers connected with that country, for his conduct in the Lord-Lieutenancy. H.B. has taken more than a poet's license with the historical facts, and, instead of the treacherous soldiers of the envious Decemviri, has surrounded the hero with his open and acknowledged adversaries, among whom even Lord Brougham may be classed, for he, like Ishmael, has his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; or, to borrow a resemblance from a profane author, fights like Harry Wynd "for his own hand." The Marquess combats stoutly; he has overthrown Lord Westmeath, and seems nothing daunted by the threatening aspect of the gigantic Lord Roden, or the skill and address of Lord Charleville. The Duke of Wellington, though he backs his friends, takes as yet no active part in the fight, and the hero might vanquish single-handed the host combined against him, if it were not for one above (Lord Brougham), who, taking up a position out of the reach of harm, is in the act of hurling down a stone on the head of

the unfortunate Marquess, sufficient to break it, however thick. The stone is the motion made by Lord Brougham, and carried in the House of Lords, for a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland.

DLXXXIV.

CARLO-W SETTING—BRUEN AT THE TOP OF THE POLL.

The election of a member for the borough of Carlow is the subject of this sketch. The candidates were Mr. Gisborne, on the interest of Mr. O'Connell and the Whigs; and Francis Bruen, Esq., on his own interest, possessing considerable influence in the borough. In spite of the utmost efforts of Mr. O'Connell and the government, Mr. Bruen was returned at the head of the poll. The Carlow (or Carlo) setting is Mr. Gisborne, who is encouraged to make a spring to pull Bruin (Mr. Bruen) down from the poll, by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Joseph Hume.

DLXXXV.

WHO'S TO HAVE THE STICK.

On the 21st of March, 1839, the House of Lords, after a long debate in which the administration of Irish affairs during the vice-royalty of Lord Mulgrave (now the Marquess of Normanby) was very freely censured by the Conservatives, and as zealously applauded by the Whigs, appointed a select Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland since the year 1835, with respect to crime and outrage, which had rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire. The appointment of this committee being considered as a censure upon Lord Mulgrave's government, the administration were resolved to parry the

blow by a vote in the House of Commons; and, accordingly, on the 15th of April, Lord John Russell moved the following resolution:—"That it is the opinion of this House, that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have produced the effectual administration of the law, and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom."

Here are the Duke of Wellington, as the leader of the majority in the House of Lords, and Lord John Russell, as the leader of the majority of the House of Commons, contending for the staff of political power. The older and more noble animal, whose collar bears the inscription of "Lords," has just had the trouble of carrying the stick through the troubled water of political debate, and bringing it to land; and the lesser animal, belonging to the Commons, is endeavouring to take it from him. The man behind the tree, who strongly resembles Mr. O'Connell, looks like the master of the little dog, and is encouraging him to proceed in getting away the stick.

DLXXXVI.

DON GIOVANNI IN LONDON.

This sketch is an illustration of the consequences of leading a vicious course of life and keeping bad company. Lord Melbourne, whose political morals are said by his opponents to be on a par with the morals of the celebrated Don Giovanni, is here beset by the Radicals in the shape of fiends, whose assistance he has enjoyed, and to whom he has given countenance, claiming the fulfilment of those implied promises which the Premier never intended to keep, but without the hope of which, the assistance of the fiends would never have been afforded. Mr. Grote, on the right

hand, flourishes a torch, whereon is inscribed his one idea "the Ballot;" Mr. Leader waves "Canada;" Mr. Thomas Duncombe blazes away with "Universal Suffrage;" and Sir William Molesworth threatens with "Corn-Laws." On the other side, the demons are truly frightful, and their torches terrific. The late Lord Durham, with a head like a Gorgon, uplifts "Radicalism" in general, though not specific; Mr. Charles Buller "goes it" with "the whole hog;" and Lord Brougham is ready with and for everything. The scene is faithfully copied from one in the popular burletta of Don Giovanni in London.

DLXXXVII.

A CURE FOR A BROKEN HEAD.

This sketch is a further illustration of the subject of DLXXXV. The broken head is the vote of the House of Lords to appoint a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, the vice-royalty of which the Marquess of Normanby had just quitted; the cure which Lord John Russell is about to apply in the form of a plaister, is the resolution of the House of Commons, which was carried by a majority of 22. The countenance of Mr. O'Connell, as the nurse, expresses more indignation at the assault than pity for the assaulted. Lord Morpeth, leaning over the back of the chair in a melo-dramatic attitude of affliction, has his own peculiar grounds for taking the affair more to heart than the rest, his relative position towards the stricken Marquess being so very near. Even Lord Monteagle (almost hidden by the redundant person of the nurse,) evinces some alarm at the severity of the blow. Lord Melbourne, introducing the doctor (Lord John Russell), looks as if he thought the matter serious, and the doctor seems to have his doubts if the nostrum will be as efficacious as could be

wished. Mr. Shiel, in his Greenwich Hospital coat, presents a larger pair of shears, perhaps under the belief that a larger plaister will be wanted.

DLXXXVIII.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

H.B., like every other man of genius, delights in placing a favourite subject in many points of view, and indulging his vein when the subject is one that affords peculiar opportunity for it. The friend, on whose part Lord John Russell is demanding satisfaction from Sir Robert Peel, is the Marquess of Normanby, and the affront, of which he complains in terms so bitter, was the vote of the House of Lords to appoint a committee, for which vote he seems determined to make the Duke of Wellington responsible, as the head of the Conservative party. Sir Robert Peel, as the Duke's friend, protests that no harm was intended, and as the fight in the House of Commons could not end otherwise than in the defeat of the Conservatives, Sir Robert's desire to avoid coming to conclusions is sufficiently intelligible. How the Whigs persevered in bringing on the battle, how the battle was fought, and how it ended in reparation, so far as reparation was possible, of the wounded honour of the noble viceroy, may be read in the illustrations of Nos. DLXXXV. and DLXXXVII.

DLXXXIX.

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

The speeches of Sir George Sinclair, if not the most edifying, are certainly among the most amusing, that are delivered in the House of Commons. In a debate on the ministerial arrangements, after the temporary resignation

of Lord Melbourne (*See* DXC.), he congratulated the Hon. Member for Finsbury (Mr. Wakley,) upon his being recently elected to the office of Coroner for Middlesex, and added that if, in that character, it should ever become his duty to hold an inquest on the body of the defunct Cabinet, he was sure that he would charge the jury to bring in a verdict of *felo-de-se,* and find that they had committed suicide by constant truckling to their enemies, and frequent treachery to their friends.

H.B. has caught up this idea, and embodied it in the present sketch. Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Leader, sit on the left hand. They are not unanimous, as appears by the expressions on their several labels, except that they all seem to agree that the deceased had violence offered; but the gentlemen on the right, who are Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and Lord Stanley, rather incline to the opinion that the case is one of suicide. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, who sits at the head of the table, does not lead the jury, as Sir George Sinclair supposed that he would, but, with the utmost impartiality, calls on them to give their verdict.

The general opinion seems now to be, that it was neither suicide nor murder, nor natural death; but simply one of those cases which often appear in the newspapers, of a person, in desperate circumstances, throwing himself into a shallow part of the Serpentine River, when the Humane Society's boat, or some passer-by, is near enough to come to his help, whereupon he gets taken before a magistrate to account for his conduct, and thus obtains a capital opportunity of making known his deplorable case, the publication of which very rarely fails to rouse the benevolence of some generous individuals, and procure the necessary relief.

DXC.

WHIST.

This sketch refers to the unexpected resignation, and still more unexpected return to power, of the Melbourne Cabinet, after the vote of the House of Commons on the Jamaica Bill. Nos. DXCI., DXCII., DXCIII., DXCV., DXCVII., and DXCIX., are on the same subject, the history of which may be read at length in the Quarterly Review of this period. Her Majesty having called upon the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to form a new administration, and having suddenly broken off the negociation, is here represented playing at Whist with Lord Melbourne for her partner, against the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert, finding himself over trumped by Her Majesty, when he fancied that the game was in his hands, very innocently suggests to Her Majesty that she has *revoked*, while his partner, the Duke, always taking the shortest and surest method to prove his case, desires to see the *last trick*. No, no, my Lord Duke, if Heaven should spare your life as long as your countrymen pray for it, though your political opponents may prevent your winning the game, you will never live to see their *last trick*.

DXCI.

SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF THE INVINCIBLES.

Any description of this sketch will appear tame and spiritless to those who have seen Morton's farce of the Invincibles, and the rare acting of Fawcett, Bartley, and Madame Vestris. In the second scene of the first Act of the farce, two old soldiers, Brusque and O'Slash, are

charged and driven nearly off the stage by a company of ladies in the disguise of soldiers, and H. B. has sported with the comparison between this incident in the farce, and the rumoured defeat of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel through the manœuvres of the ladies of the bed-chamber.

DXCII.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

This sketch, though it may appear, to a superficial observer, to lack something of the usual playfulness and good-humour which, throughout the whole of these sketches, are so remarkable for sweetening and rendering palatable, as well as wholesome, the sharpness of satire and the bitterness of reproof, requires only to be regarded attentively, to be found as pregnant with mirth as with matter. If we were only to consider the august personage who holds the balance, and the titles of the scales, it might appear as if Her Majesty, on an important occasion (the resignation of her Ministers), had preferred consulting her private feelings to providing effectually for the public service. This would have been neither more nor less than a smart rebuke, which, even had it been merited, it would scarcely have fallen within the province of H.B., consistently with the rules by which he appears to have been guided, to administer. But let us look more closely. The scale marked private friendship contains two female figures—two ladies, doubtless, belonging to the court, and of the highest worth and purest moral character. Can any friendship be less exceptionable? Ought any female to be required to sacrifice such a friendship; and, more especially, any female of the tender age of Her Majesty? And what does the other scale contain?

Some half-dozen of statesmen, who hesitate to undertake a government, while the two ladies are suffered to go about the court and talk without restriction. Is friendship so common, and are statesmen so rare, that two tried and devoted friends should not out-weigh a whole council of administration-makers? H.B. seems to think not; for he has given to the Queen a firm position, an earnest look, and a steady hand. He has made the fulcrum to look as if it were held with an even as well as with a powerful hand; and the state of the scales appears to be the natural result of gravitation.

DXCIII.

THE THIMBLE-RIG.

This is the most elaborate of the sketches on the subject of the change of ministry; and, whether we believe that the matter fell out as it did, without any fraud or collusion on the part of any body, but simply and truly in the natural course of events, or that, from first to last, it was a trick, well contrived, to make fools of the Conservative leaders, and damage their popularity; still we cannot but relish the spirited humour of the scene here represented. In order to do so, we are to take for granted that the whole affair was a sham and a cheat, and never was a group of cheats better exhibited than in the persons of those who surround the Thimble-Rig table. Every race-course presents a similar group. Lord Morpeth, in a waggoner's hat, plays the pretended bumpkin, feigning to be half-drunk, and in a fit condition to be robbed of every shilling of the sum for which he has sold his master's hay, and which he has now in his breeches-pocket. Lord John Russell is the respectable-looking country gentleman who seems to lend countenance to the game,

and is a kind of warrant of "all fair and above-board." Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle,) is one of those who would be ready to enter into the play and bet their money, if they had any; but, having none, confine themselves to advising others to do so. Lord Melbourne is a perfect specimen of the old well-practised thorough-going Thimble-Rigger. We may look at his hat, the cock of his left-eye, the twist of his right-arm, and the expressive turn of his little finger, till we fancy we hear him uttering the jargon of the fraternity. "Now, gent'lm, the hart of this ere game is this,—it all depends upon 'cuteness of wision;—you jist see this ere pea and this ere thimble, and now I kivers the pea vi this thimble, and yer honor don't see it. Vell, now I takes this ere vun, vich contains the pea, and I turns him in through here, and then I turns him there—then here—then there—then here and then back again; and now I'll bet any gent'lm a five, ten, or fifty-pund note, and sixpence for the boy behind, that he neither do name the thimble vich kivers the pea, nor the vun under vich the pea is kiver'd."

The Marquess of Normanby, receiving a whisper from one of three epicene personages, looking like bed-chamber ladies, who have adopted the habits of the other sex, looks very like a member of the swell-mob. The two dupes (Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington), done out of a *sovereign*, need no remark. If there is anything which qualifies the pleasure of looking at a sketch so full of point, it is the sight of the face which is partly concealed by that of the Thimble-Rigger. It is impossible to suppose that the personage in question can belong to the party, or have any concern in the tricking that is going on; and the appearance of a face so modest, and so guiltless, in such company, is calculated to excite emotions of pity.

DXCIV.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM DON GIOVANNI.

If the reader bears in mind the sketch No. DIX., (Good-Breeding *versus* Education,) he will hardly be prepared for the terms "my noble friend" coming from Lord Brougham, and applied by him to Lord Melbourne. The noble Viscount himself is evidently taken by surprise, and is shrinking from the nervous grasp of Lord Brougham's friendship with the same dread that is manifested by every actor who plays Don Giovanni, when clutched by the marble fingers of the Ghost. But here is another instance of that peculiarity in Lord Brougham which is pointed out at Nos. CCXCIII. and DLXXIV., namely, that his most formidable attacks arise from the impulse of the moment; and that, as he never abandons his enemy till he has literally pulverized him, so he appears to bear no malice,—his wrath seems not only to boil over, but to boil away at the same time. This being the case, it was perfectly natural and sincere in him to address Lord Melbourne as "his noble friend," notwithstanding the *rencontre* at No. DIX.

DXCV.

GULLIVER AND HIS NURSE.

After a perusal of that portion of Gulliver's Travels which is referred to in the sketch, the reader will only require to be told, that when the Melbourne administration had regained their places, they still found themselves embarrassed by, or, as the sketch represents, up to their knees in, the question of the Jamaica Bill, upon which the House of Commons had formerly put them into a

minority. The Duke of Wellington honestly told them that he had never thought the vote upon that bill a sufficient reason for their resigning, and, as usual, he helped them out of the difficulty. The young lady who appears to be so much alarmed at the danger of her favourite, is Her Most Gracious Majesty.

DXCVI.

NEW PATENT SAFETY-CAB.

Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, in one of his usual caustic speeches, suggested the idea of a coalition between Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. This idea is embodied by H.B., by placing the rival leaders side by side in a cab, of which the ingenious inventor of the notion is owner and driver.

DXCVII.

CHILD'S PLAY.

The Queen is here supposed to be so ensnared, entangled, and encompassed round about by the ladies of her court, that she has no will of her own, or, if she have any, cannot put it into execution. In other words, she is in a *circle* and "can't get out." This sketch relates to the same subject (namely, the resignation and restoration of the Melbourne ministry) as Nos. DXC., DXCI., DXCII., DXCIII., and DXCV.

DXCVIII.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Soon after the return of the Melbourne Ministry to

office, following their short resignation upon the Jamaica Bill, and while they were scarcely secure in their places, Mr. Warburton, the member for Bridport, made a very earnest and energetic appeal to the Ministers in general, and to Lord John Russell in particular, to say something in order to rouse the dormant spirits of the Radical electors; to make, at least, a shew of a desire to concede some portion of what they were known to desire, such as the ballot, the abolition of the tax-paying clause in the Reform Act, shorter parliaments, or so forth. "For here we go on," said he, "supporting you against your rivals, the Tories, though you yield us nothing in return; and what sort of an account can we give to our constituents, while we play such an unprofitable game?" In this manner did the Honourable Member endeavour to hook the Minister into a pledge of something; but Lord John Russell was not to be caught. He knew well enough that the Radicals had no choice—that they must support him, and could not help themselves; that, between them and the Tories, there was no more possibility of coalition than between the hounds and the foxes; and that, as a party, they had no existence, every one being himself a party, or, to speak more properly, an original. In the basket of the Honourable Member are three or four fishes (simple gudgeons) that he has succeeded in hooking, but the one for which he is now plying his rod with all the skill of which he is master, is no gudgeon, but a wary old Jack, who will not bite. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel stand looking on.

The circumstance which gives a sharper point to this sketch is, that Mr. Warburton is most devotedly fond of that branch of the piscatorial art which has been wittily described as "a stick and a string," &c. &c., and he is known to spend all his leisure in the enjoyment of the Waltonian sport.

DXCIX.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF MINISTERIAL RESUSCITATION.

Lord Melbourne having ceased to exist as Prime-Minister (as stated at No. DXC.) was restored to political life in about four-and-twenty hours. Whether it was a real demise, or only a case of suspended animation, a trance, or a counterfeit, like Falstaff's at the battle of Shrewsbury, is a question on which different opinions are entertained. Whichever it was, his resuscitation appeared to be the work (the miracle, if the decease were real,) of Her Majesty, assisted by her ladies of the bed-chamber. The situation of Lord Melbourne is one for which he may be envied. To be so restored to life, he may well exclaim with Cato—

> How beautiful is death! * * *
> What pity is it we can die but once
> To serve our country!

DC.

A NEW VERSION OF "CAN'T GET OUT."

The gentleman in the ring, and who "can't get out," is Mr. Wyse, M.P. for the Town of Waterford, and the author of a work entitled "Education Reform; or, the Necessity of a National System of Education." The government, about this period, proposed a plan of education which was not approved of by the Conservatives, and the motion made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, for a grant of a sum of money to carry it into effect, was carried by the small majority of two. The Church party used all the means in their power to confine the scheme within such limits as would secure to all, whom it

might embrace, an education in the tenets of the Church of England, while the supporters of government desired so to extend the plan as to admit Dissenters of every class. Mr. Wyse, one of the chief supporters of the government plan, with his primer under his arm, and a pen in his ear, is encircled by the Conservatives, and no more able to get out than Her Majesty to escape from the thraldom of her bed-chamber ladies in No. DXCVII. Sir James Graham, on the left, exhibits a lively interest in the sport. The person next to him has no very distinguishable features, and may not perhaps have been intended for any person of note, but the jolly John-Bull features of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, looking resolutely at Mr. Wyse, cannot be mistaken, especially as he joins hands, behind Mr. Wyse's back, with Mr. Goulburn; next to whom, quite on the right-hand of the picture, is Lord Ashley. Nor is it possible to mistake the next figure, though presenting only a back-view, for where is the head that can compare with that of Sir Robert Peel? but the other back view does not enable us to make so good a guess. The face of Lord Brougham, looking through the window, is an amusing piece of by-play. His anxiety to "get in" prevents him from comprehending the nature of the difficulty of any one, whose complaint is, that he "can't get out."

THE END.

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